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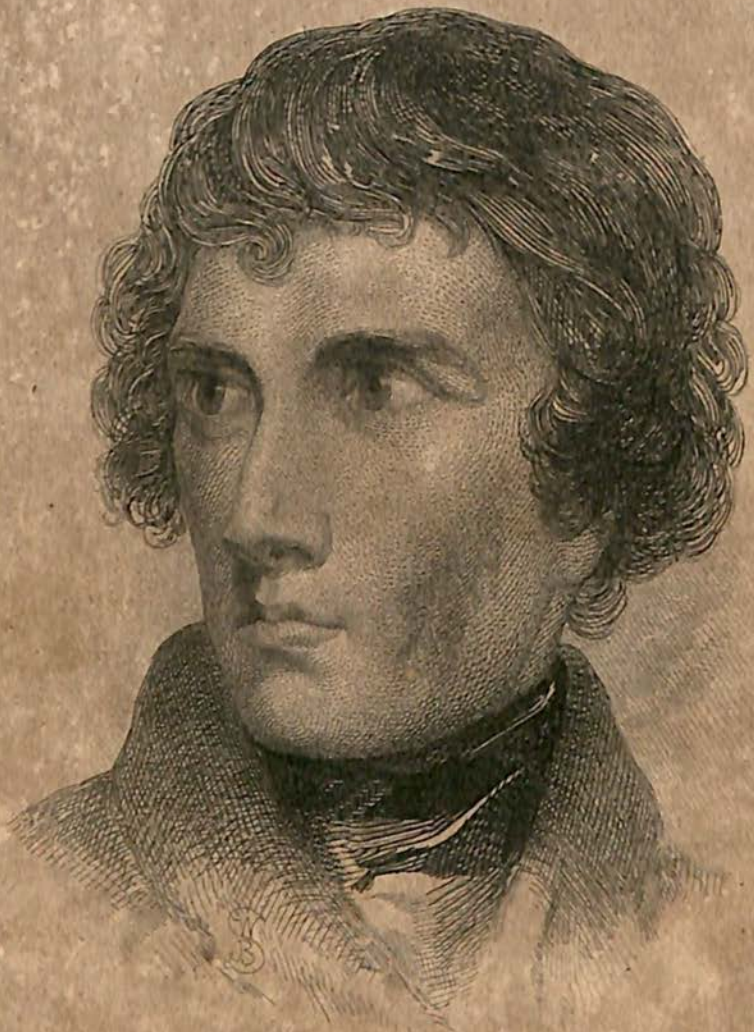

Walter Scott.

Painted by Howitt. 1833.

MEMOIR
— OF —
DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A.

CONTAINING

HIS JOURNAL IN ITALY NOTES ON ART

AND OTHER PAPERS,

WITH SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

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PREFACE.

A few words are necessary by way of Preface to the following Memoir. Its production has been a duty as well as a labour of love. Hence it may be, some particulars of trifling importance to the public may be found in these pages. Such is very likely to be the case, where the writer is nearly allied to the subject of his writing. Nevertheless, if it be so in the present instance, the evil has crept in through the double desire to give a lighter interest to the narrative than it afforded, without some trivial auxiliaries, and to preserve as much fact and circumstance as might be found truly relating to the character of David Scott.

The Journal, Detached Thoughts, Maxims on Art, Poetry, and "Notes on the Technical Peculiarities of Pictures"—whatever portions indeed are from the pen of the deceased himself, stand in no need of apology. The artist, whose genius is simply imitative of the outward, or whose power mainly lies in such imitation, has been again and again found wanting by the philosopher and the literary critic; and although his works are those that give to pic-

tures their popular and commercial value, a higher intellectual character is wanted to support the dignity of art and of the artist. Only by large knowledge and a wise reflection, bent to the lofty aim of representing vital humanity and the soul of man through transitory nature and the drama of history, can the painter be also the poet, and sustain his place in the reverence of the world. He must be in himself greater, not less than his works: his life and his labours must be one. The following Memoir was written under the conviction that such qualities belonged to David Scott, and it is hoped that the unity, concentration, and power attendant on such a nature, will somewhat distinguish it among similar biographies, and recommend the book, in spite of its faults of execution, to those who endeavour to penetrate to the core of things, and value character by its intrinsic worth.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, *January* 1, 1850.

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PART I.

LETTER I. PRELIMINARY.

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LETTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

Oh, thou Lombard shade!
How dost thou stand in high abstracted mood,
Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes;
It speaks no more, but lets us onward pass,
Eyeing us as a lion on his watch.

Il Purgatorio, VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND—It has fallen to my lot to write the life of David Scott. A strange, an almost wonderful thing it seems to me to lay out the paper before me, to review the past of his life, and my own in connection with his; and to commence my task. I can scarcely realize the truth, that he is no more with us: it seems to hover over the mind without alighting; or as if the sky of many years had been dark, and the northern aurora had thrust its spears of light across the heavens—the battle of imaginary giants—nothing more. But he certainly was a reality in the flesh, and as certainly is he so no more. That dominating and determined spirit, with his firm mouth and great eye, will no more stand among us; never more will his emphatic "No" place its veto on this or on any other work, great or small.

Not new or any way surprising is it, certainly, that the sword should wear out the scabbard; that a mind living much in relation to itself, and less in relation to sense—and viewing the outer world, indeed, but as the symbol of the inner, their region of contact being the sphere of art—should gradually relax its hold, lose its sway over the functions of

the body, and cease. Nor is it strange that a man invited by nature to a certain intellectual exertion, unsought-for and uncared-for by the age, called by his ambition to do great deeds in that walk, should be baffled, and die, and that he should appear to many to have been all his life trying to make ropes of sand, while to others he was forging in adamant. But to one who like me has lived near him through all his years, constantly acted upon by him—over whom, indeed, he constituted himself judge and arbiter—the change that death works is a mighty mystery.

Often on entering, from the toils and commonplaces of every-day, within the seclusion of his studio, and finding, year after year, the size and number of his past labours increasing, the plans and hopes of the future expanding, regardless of the continued and pressing want of success in most necessary matters, and knowing too well and too nearly the shoals and difficulties that environed him in consequence of that, I have been irresistibly led to ask myself, "How will all this end?" The tree-environed house, not far removed from the busy world, but, somehow to the feeling, far as a thousand miles from the abodes of men, with the old morose watch-dog at the corner without, and the great branches all bending in the breezes, but neither whispering nor roaring in the highest winds, was still more sombre, silent, and dark within. The sky there appeared always of leaden hue, and the birds in the hedges more familiar than anywhere else. The studio you know well, wide and high, damp and cold, clothed with pictures, repudiating, alike in dimension and treatment, the ordinary uses of painting in England, as well as the notions regarding it, current or fixed; for we can do without art altogether in England—(have done without it; perhaps by excluding one kind of intellectual exertion, we may

have gone further into other particular walks,)—and when it is added to the culture of any man, or body of men, it is merely as an embellishment and pleasing luxury. Here was Vasco de Gama and his horror-stricken crew opposed by the Spirit of the lonely sea; Discord, nearly as expansive in size, with the strong first-born rising up against the patriarch father; the Dead Saints opening their eyes on the miraculous darkness of the Crucifixion; Achilles, Orestes, and Nimrod, the mighty hunter. Himself calm and silent, never looking back, but still working out some new and lofty thought, intent on the salvation of time, and on the accomplishment of an idea, to be understood or not by the world, pale yet strong, mild yet stern. Altogether, the man, his works, and the scene wherein they were enacted, have impressed me with the sense of ill, and the undefined but painful fear that his tenure of life, dependant not on strength of body, but on hope and endurance, was not long. Sitting on that couch, with his shattered picture of Lady Macbeth beside me, I well recollect the dreadful thought of the End piercing in upon me. Doubtless there is a prophetic sense in humanity, and I could almost believe that all that has since passed was present to the inner sense then, and that even the words I now write were then thought. Antagonism, that makes martyrs of men, who, in other circumstances, are *vates* and priests, had had its effect upon him. By me, on the seat, lay the corpse of a butterfly, white and spotted, like that naturalists call the Apollo, and far up, through the open window, was the blue sky, through which small clouds were ever passing. He has passed away too, and the blue sky remains as before.

The fear has been confirmed; the time has come; and it remains for me to do what in me lies to give a picture of the man, that both his memory and the world may be gainers.

I say the world, because a picture of the true life of any man is of great value; how much more that of one of the most original and most powerful of minds. David Scott did not, it is true, take a position at all equal to his rank among the artists of the country—unfortunately, his appearances in London were, some of them, his worst—but his worthiness to be held as a great artist is not the less certain. We all know how the Future eliminates the names of those that play an important part in the Present. The benches of bishops and judges are always full, and also the lists of marshals and generals—these, indeed, times of inaction may procreate most speedily. There must be always skilful leeches and limners in the court as well as in the dissecting room and atelier; but the moth and the worm take possession of all gowns and periwigs, and the naked souls of men only stand before the tribunal of history, as Carlyle has amply said. Doubtless the greater intellects generally find their places in the scale of things social, and those who rule are generally rulers by divine right, or by virtue of being the best out of a bad total; neither is there any justice in saying of any man—Had he lived, what great things he would have done! Of David Scott we can say, What great things he has done!

And now I must say once for all, that my task, short or long as it may turn out, must be performed exactly in the way that appears to me expedient. The materials will be used as if addressed to you alone, with no public in the background. I can propose to myself no treatment to meet any supposed proprieties, but merely note down whatever may assist in working out the narrative of his career, rather psychologically than circumstantially. This is the point of view which alone can be taken with profit, and, fortunately, his long and lonely evenings would appear to have been

devoted frequently to expressing his experiences. Often, too, in his daily work, when a thought presented itself, he would fix it in words; notes and memoranda constantly turning up among his letters and in his portfolios, as if he had lightened labour by turning from sketching to writing. Perhaps, too, of late he had begun to see that his life had been a long one, though not by years, and would willingly be his own exponent even in a biographical way. All these diaries and notes that he guarded from alien eyes, secretive and sensitive as he was, living so much apart, now lie before me. Meditations and confessions of a truthful man, written in his own closet, are, however, sacred things; some of them cannot be used; the whole of them are too rough for literal transcript.

At first sight, these note-books and scraps of written paper appeared altogether hopeless. Sometimes illegible, except a few words written at a later time, "This to be preserved," or so hurriedly written that the meaning was never very clear; parts omitted or erased; at other times several pieces to be joined together before the few sentences could be made out, which, after all, might be good for nothing. The difficulty was increased by his habit of destroying nothing. School exercises, and boyish drawings, letters, notes, papers relating to the Royal Scottish Academy, and other affairs, newspapers, sketches, the same subject in a dozen different stages and degrees of making-out, were all huddled together. After examination, however, the most of these I found to refer to the poem which was the favourite recreation of the last three years of his life—for even his recreation was labour—and other subjects, which can be little touched in the following pages. The remainder, or such portions of them as are desirable, will be introduced in their appropriate places.

So then, my dear Friend, I shall begin with confidence in my next letter, giving you some preliminary family history, before the boy makes his appearance, such as may shew you what kind of stock he sprung from. It is to be hoped that you will think none the worse of it, that it traces no descent, nor receives any collateral embellishment from any record to be found in the Herald's College, being wholly of a stout Scottish yeoman sort, who could and did fight for conscience' sake, and who lived, from father to son, in the same bigging, and by the same craft, for a century before our first document affords us a veritable glimpse of them.

LETTER II.

PARENTAGE.

Siche salutations and countenances,
Passen as doth a shadow upon a wall.
Chaucer. Shipman's Tale.

"ROBERT SCOTT and GRIZELL MEIKLE were married at Douglas in the year 1764, December 31, by Mr. Millar of Crawfordjohn." Such is the entry relating to David Scott's grandparents in the family Bible, a venerable volume in some eyes, though not very handsome, in rusty black leather, enveloped by a bag of green cloth, coarse as the stuff worn by the old Scottish beadsmen. Mark that the marriage took place on the last day of the year; then, as now, the eve of the merriest day in the Scottish calendar. Whether or not the marriage party made this Hogmanay and New-year's Day merrier than usual, it is now hazardous to say; the bridegroom being no boy, but an elder in the kirk, and besides, he had seen his father to the grave but a few years before. More probably they set out, she riding on the pillion behind, for the ancient town of Lanark, and the bride was that same evening inducted into her new house with shaking of hands and God's blessing.

This new house is found commemorated in various pieces of parchment. The first of these, still extant, is a contract of marriage of the generation previous, being that of the great-

grandfather of David Scott. This document, dated 1733, sets forth that George Scott, glover and burgess of Lanark, being married unto Jean Hunter, daughter of Robert Hunter, merchant-burgess of that burgh, "Infefts and seases his affidate spouse in the liferent of all and haill that tenement of houses, high and laigh, back and fore, with the piece of ground at the back thereof, lying within the burgh of Lanark, in the way thereof called Bloomgate, on the north side thereof; bounded on the north by the close called Limpetlaw's Closs," &c., and the half of his other heritable and moveable property. The marriage portion of Jean Hunter is stated to have been four hundred merks Scots money—not a sum requiring many defences from the law one would think.

This document is accompanied by an *instrumentum sasinæ* in favour of Jeanie Hunter, and followed next year, 1734, by the discharge of a penalty specified in the last, from Jeanie to her husband, wherein she declares, "that being sensible of the love and tender affection the said George has had, and still has, towards me since our said marriage; in remuneration whereof, and for the love and favor which I have and doe bear towards him, *will ye me* to have exonered, quitt, claimed, and simplie discharged."

This great-grandfather George was, moreover, a burgess of Glasgow, his admission into the "freedom" of that city being yet in a high state of preservation, with its little coloured border of flowers and shells, wherein he is styled "skinner and conveener of Lanark." A brave man, too, was he in family tradition, and did wonders in the notable year —'45. But we must leave the anecdote for the present, and return to the son Robert, and his bride Grizell Meikle, who has taken possession of her new house in the Bloomgate of Lanark.

There the skinner, or glover, or saddler trade—for he appears to have followed either or all of them—does not seem to thrive, although the family increases. Men-children are born to them—first, George, who lived to a good old age, wondering at all the big pictures that his young nephew David, as yet in the future, painted. Then John; next two Roberts, in successive years, the first being dead before the second was born; this second "Robert, born at Lanark," as legibly entered in the trusty Family Bible, "upon the 13th November 1777, at three of the clock, afternoon, and baptized by Mr. Gray upon the 18th," being the father of David Scott.

The skinner trade did not seem to thrive, or somehow was not satisfactory. Grizell's property, as specified in the "marriage-contract," which is also preserved for ever in the archives of the family, consisting of "cows, horse, nolt, and sheep, plenishing and furnishing," had not, we fear, been laid to good account. The tenement, high and laigh, and other property, was sold a few years later than the birth of this last Robert, and thereafter we find the family moveable—sometimes here, sometimes there, living a somewhat nomadic life, like the sons of Ishmael—the head of the tribe having entered the service of the Excise, in which he continued till his death. At Musselburgh, they rested for a considerable time, where the sons attended the Grammar School, and, as was the habit of those days, added the embellishment of cock-fighting to their other studies. At a certain season of the year, Michaelmas we believe, every boy brought a game cock, and a grand series of battles was fought under the direction of the dominie, and proper assistants—the winners being rewarded by the prize of a Bible! The eldest son George was here successful; let who might be dux or boobie on the form, he was king of the walk, and his love for ani-

mals and field-sports never abated, even at threescore and ten. Robert, on the contrary, was supposed to be clever with his pen, and copied finely the engravings of Hogarth. He must be an artist of some kind—a landscape painter if possible; but scarcely were there any professional artists in Edinburgh at the time, and his talent was not genius, to fight its own way. An opening of another kind presented itself. The Scots Magazine, rising at that day, was considered an amazing production, combining art with literature, as it gave a view of Kilchurn, or Dunnottar, or Merchiston, or some other castle, ancient or modern, in each number. These were drawn by Mr. Clerk of Eldin, or by any one who could be got to furnish them, artist or amateur, and engraved by Alexander Robertson, a deft hand at the etching of trees, and so great a musician, withal, that he was appointed ringer of the musical bells of St. Giles. These prints were indeed quite as good as the literature of the magazine, judging both of them, of course, by the standard of the time. Engraving seemed to suit the boy who drew best with his pen; and, as a master in painting was not to be found, he was articled for five years to Robertson in 1787.

These years he has been heard to describe with more humour than he usually shewed. In thinking of his youth, a man forgets the troubles of his age. Robertson's engraving room had but one window, so the pupil had to take that of the passage, except when the hour of One approached, when the master laid down his graver, resigned his seat and his copperplate to the apprentice, and hurried off to St. Giles' steeple, to enliven the lieges with "Hey, Johnny Cope," "The Barrin'.o' the Door," or some other old Scottish air, from that exalted and airy region. This musical avocation may be supposed to have been of no advantage to

the boy, or rather stripling, seeing he now measured six feet. Such a public appearance, especially in that high latitude, naturally induced a visit to Johnny Dowie's Tavern, or other well known place of resort for public men and poets, such as Robert Burns and Alexander Robertson! So the pupil did pretty much as he liked till the evening came, when he set out with his paper, and the red chalk then in use, to the Trustees' Academy, that earliest of British Schools of Design, or of Fine Art either. This national institution was then humble enough in its collections of casts and examples, but it had David Allan as its master, a worthy predecessor to his namesake Sir William, who may be considered as the last of the Cæsars, as after the short reign of Thomas Duncan, the office has been split and distributed into several hands, and in a few years the Schools of the Royal Scottish Academy will occupy the important place in the history of native artists, which the Antique School of the Trustees formerly filled so well.

And now a few words on the maternal side of the house. Perhaps many people yet living in Edinburgh may recollect a marble yard near the Abbey Hill. The exact spot we cannot now describe, but it was distinguished far and near by various figures carved in stone, standing within the railing in front of the house, exhibiting in their mutilation undeniable proof of the propensity to attack and destroy works of art, considered until lately as a feature in the national character. The principal of these figures, was one of a peasant carrying a sheep; another was a fiddler with his instrument in his hand. These were the work of Alexander Gowan, and as far as we are aware, may have represented the Scottish art of sculpture at that time. He had been in the studio of Roubilliac, and piqued himself on his past acquaintance with English artists, and the science of expres-

sion, exclaiming, "Oh, for Hogarth!" when any droll exhibition of character took place. His own powers, indeed, stood considerably in want of assistance, either from Hogarth, or some lesser man. But his son aspired more highly, and did better. He ventured on a statue of Shakspeare, and executed a bust of Dr. Cullen, which may still be seen honourably preserved in the library of the College.

In the house of this redoubtable sculptor and his rising sons, lived two wards, his nieces Isabel and Ross Bell, daughters of a relative in Musselburgh, lately deceased. The young engraver had first known them in Musselburgh, and now having distinguished himself by a series of "Views round Edinburgh," plates in Dr. Anderson's "Bee," and other productions worthy, or perhaps more than worthy of the state of the arts at the time, and meeting them as they came up to town on their little errands, or returned homeward through the Canongate—their arms bare from the shoulder to the long glove, and their hair, according to the then prevailing fashion, combed out all over the back, as the writer has heard described—came soon to be received by the elder of the two sisters, Ross, as her future husband. How the guardian made light of his claims, and refused his consent, it is not necessary to relate. All that we require to say is, that they were married in the year 1800, and resided in the Parliament Stairs, higher than the roof of St. Giles' Church, on which the deep windows looked down.

Here the first five children were born, all sons. The fifth, our hero David Scott, on the 10th or 12th October 1806.

The first is probably the correct date, but his parents were both of them too indifferent about certain specialities to note the time exactly, and it is certain no register was made. A year after his birth, he was their only surviving

child, the others having been cut off with but a few days interval between each, and the youngest preserved, as it seemed, by a miracle.

It has been said, that neither father nor mother ever recovered themselves: that there and then a depression and melancholy settled down upon them, darkening into religious gloom at times, and scarcely ever clearing off. Misfortune has a profound effect on the Scottish character: a grief is nursed, and its memory kept alive as a duty: we live as much in a mourning as in a religious tone of mind, have not much hopefulness, and are consequently inveterately prudent. But not only were their children taken from them; other members of the family either preceded or followed. The time was come for George Scott and Grizell Meikle, of whom we heard before, but out of their four sons, Lockhart and John died also, and the maternal sister. John had gone out to the West Indies as supercargo, was taken prisoner by the French, and ultimately died of the fever in Jamaica. Lockhart, the youngest of the family, who survived several years after the birth of David Scott, died suddenly, it was supposed by the effect of a blow from a stone. He was a man of Herculean frame, and considerably above six feet high, being taller than Robert; is reported in fabulous family history to have killed a watch-dog by a blow from his fist, and was better at fencing and boxing than any thing else we can hear of. My father and he both entered a volunteer corps. This very likely was general enough at the time when French invasion was the public fear; and my father being short-sighted, took the long spear instead of the musket, and enrolled himself as a pikeman. A formidable length of staff had this pike; and well does the writer recollect the red coats with blue cuffs lying moth-eaten in a lumber room, having been chidden for appearing in his father's presence

with one of them on, or rather over him. Lockhart was an ensign in the army at the time of his death.

The young family and the old having thus disappeared —one of them suddenly, and together—death continually knocking at the door, may truly have left his mark on the hearts and foreheads of the survivors for ever. It is certain that a smile was a rare thing within the threshold, and silence was enjoined as an act of wisdom. The appearance of other children, although it replenished the household, never supplied the places of the old, and our mother would constantly, in calling us to her, address us by the names of those gone long ago. We were in her presence, but they were in her heart. She would indeed take a little time to recollect what were our special names. We were a second family to her. David being all that remained of the first, his name she never forgot, while his father cared more for him than for all the others. Gravity, however, must have been constitutional and proper to both, as anecdotes relating to the early life of these respected elders go a good way to prove. At the time now spoken of, sedateness was the first of virtues in the maternal judgment, or rather merriment was but another name for folly, and humility was inculcated with much more Christian than worldly wisdom.

This home-gloom, which, if need be for the elucidation of the moral nature of David Scott, must find further illustration elsewhere, was, we are then to suppose, confirmed—not inspired. The bereavements led to two very different results:—the one direct, being the removal of the family out of town; the other was an increased observance of religious forms, and a consideration of theological truths. In Scotland, every good man is a religious man; it may almost be said every conscientious man has a theological bias. Religion is not a mystery, of necessity beyond as well as

within nature; it is considered as a legitimate subject for the understanding; and the man who is clearest and narrowest on the subject, is he who is supposed to be most spiritual. In the present instance, the investigation of minor points of faith took precedence, which it is very apt to do, and ended in a separation from the Established Kirk, and an adherence to the fellowship of the Baptists. This movement on the part of the parents was an eventful one to the children. Obedience and conformity is of course demanded from the young; the shoe must fit all the feet beneath the rooftree, which is not easily accomplished, seeing the father has chosen it by his own measure. The domestic evils entailed by peculiarities of dogma, are nearly the only ones that time does not cure; they increase as old age creeps upon the elders, while the young are arriving at freedom and maturity. Nor are they confined to the present; but, stretching beyond the grave, make a dreaded eternity of separation.

The removal out of town, after a brief sojourn elsewhere, settled in a house at St. Leonard's, something of a well hedged country house at the time, although in the middle of a coal-depôt now, and rendered contemptible by tall neighbours. In this house, which was called in the lease Hermits and Termits, David Scott grew to manhood, and more than that—till he was nearly twenty-three. It may therefore be considered the home of his growth or time of advance—the home of his proper life being Easter Dalry, where he died.

LETTER III.

EARLY BOYHOOD.

Who is able to speak worthily of the fulness of childhood? If children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses.

Dichtung and Wahrheit.

AFTER looking about for a motto, this is the best we can find, and it is only partly true. In one point of view, indeed, it is wholly false. Undoubtedly children are wiser than we take them for. Even youth is little more than a recipient, although then the mould is beginning to harden and to impress its form on the matter received. The wide open eyes of children are continually observing, and their ears catching tones and thoughts. They give nothing back: they do not tell what they have learned either by word or sign, and we know not that they have received much, nearly all indeed that is essential, and are still receiving and building. Their impressions resemble intuitions, and are permanent, even for ever. The substratum of life is laid in the dark, while the creature is yet comparatively dumb. When the voice with its modulated language comes, it only shews us the Ego that the wonderful years of infancy had with difficulty and terror elaborated from the contact of the outward with the infinite spirit within.

All this is indeed plain enough, like the face of a church clock. The mother is the Nemesis of the child. She is

more with it, and believes in it earlier than the father does, or the world. This is generally the case, but in David Scott's early life, his father was his ruling genius. To his father he always flew, appealed to him, and was instructed by him.

Regarding his childhood, we find some scraps of writing by himself. He always strove to retain his past nature, not to pass onward, but to add to his identity, and remain the same. Or rather we should not say he strove to do this, but that it was natural to him; whatever he had thought or felt at any given time of his life, however unshapen, seemed as important to him as the most perfect of his intellections. In this as in other things, one of our reigning ideas, that of progress, was ignored by him. Thus the trouble he took to preserve the forms of early recollections in his mind, extended to collecting the remains of objects connected with that period of his life. The notes to which we refer are inscribed—"Fragments of my Past, in circumstances, thoughts, and endeavours." A very few of them are fit for use, and one or two may be inserted here.

"Both my grandfathers were Roberts, both grandmothers Grizells. Probably this was a prior manifestation of what my mind has a tendency towards—equibalance, unity, simplicity." (Somewhat mystical this; perhaps, as Shakspeare has it—"To consider so is to consider too curiously.")

"Anecdote remembered by David Scott's father.—That being committed to the care of a gardener for transportation to a country lodging, he feared he would never be brought back, and on the gardener assuring him he would himself take him back again, the child warned the man on the Ten Commandments, that if he did not perform his promise he

would be guilty of a lie. The gardener wished forthwith to return him out of hand."

"Another anecdote.—He went into a company assembled in the principal room of the house, and making his way up to a young lady, laid his hands on her knees, and said 'you are very beautiful.'" There are more things in the world than there are faces among women to which he could now look up and say the same.

"School books.—Recollect first opening this 'Angus Grammar,' a vast gulf of vowels and consonants, nouns and verbs, to grope in: But at the end, some scraps of poetry to illustrate rhythm and measure; even these were tortured by dactyle and spondee. This 'Beauties of English' yet holds some affection. This 'Catechism' was always disagreeable—how it pressed theological pedantry on young eyes till they were stupified! This 'History' and 'Geography' were good, the latter most prized for its notes on Astronomy, which were read with unction and a glow that made old Master Cooper select them for specimens of my elocution."

"Then the Latin set after an interval of years. These books, with a short version from Ovid, and another from Virgil, are all that remain of the work of another period of travail in Gray's class of the old High School."

"Of my first visit to the Manse of Kippen, the only circumstance retained in the memory is, that I first saw and read the Lady of the Lake in the cabin of the steamer."

"March 1821. A large Eye so dated. The first drawing done at the Trustees' Academy, then under Andrew Wilson, and held in Picardy Place. Some of the examples there set before me seemed like old friends to be loved; others, the dry scientific modern foreign pieces, were a burden even to look at, how much more so to copy."

"1822. Scraps of earliest original designs. In January the Murder of Rizzio, and in November a kind of goblin combat. The first shews some perception of the requirements of grouping, the other some imaginative or selected form." Perhaps the first attempts at original design were suggested by the illustrations to Cooke's edition of the British Poets, Novelists, and Essayists—a complete set of proofs of these in ten or twelve volumes being his daily companion.

But before going farther, such anecdotes as the writer himself remembers current in the family may be set down. Ghost stories were the exciting amusement of the nursery, and not one of the children ever could go up stairs in the dark. David, to frighten the others, secretly set to work to make a great ghost of a bolster, a sheet, and a mask. But no sooner had he got it into an erect posture, than the house was alarmed from garret to kitchen by his screams, and on following the sound, the artificer of the ghost was discovered terror-stricken by his own hand-work. The scene of this misadventure was an upper bed-room that had a window forming a recess in the fall of the roof. At this time the first or among the first Annual Exhibitions was held in Edinburgh, and David was taken to see it. On his return, he enclosed this recess by a curtain, and covering the side walls with prints—of which there was in truth no lack lying about without paying to see them—illustrations to books of travels, histories of the war, and such like, his younger brother Robert and others were admitted on paying a penny. But it may be feared, since he has not noted this last anecdote, he thought it unworthy of record. Both are however sufficiently prophetical of the future man.

As to his Latin tasks, they were never easy to him. He took only one prize at the High School; he tried his

best, too; but what principally tormented him was, the humiliation of being beaten by other boys who had private tutors. Some years afterwards he renewed his classics, going a little way into Greek by himself, when the advantage of the acquirement became apparent to him. His father's book-keeper, a good old man, who had been a schoolmaster, construed for him, and assisted him, and for this purpose his first daily visits to the engraving work-rooms, still in the "Parliament Stairs," were paid. This workshop deserves some especial notice.

One of the highest "lands" in the old town of Edinburgh was that immediately opposite the west side of the Parliament House, burnt down, with many others, in the great fire some twenty-five years ago. On one side of the entrance to the wide stone stair, was the shop of a peruquier—a worthy man of a past fashion, with buckles at his knees, and white stockings; and in his window was disposed a row of wise heads, made of white wood, indeed, but not to be gainsaid on that account, being surmounted by the wigs of advocates and judges. At the back of the *land*, which descended three flights, each with a range of tenants, down the ridge on which the High Street is built, were wine vaults, occupied sometime by a Brougham: the remnant of the stock may, perhaps, yet remain in the more private bins of his illustrious brother. But to return to the front—it displayed seven tiers of windows, the two uppermost being the engraving and printing premises in question. At an earlier period of their history, these lines of smoky wainscotted apartments must have been inhabited by functionaries of the Court of Session. Various top closets, under the beams and slates, in rooms filled with lumber, and tattered transparencies of Justice and Britannia, and approached by passages apparently interminable, only illuminated by two round holes, like eyes, in

each door, were filled with law-papers. These parchments, all carefully folded and tied, were ranged in shelves divided into boles, with their labels hanging out, just as they had been left many years before; and being at the mercy of David Scott and his brothers, when the keys could be got, the seals and blue stamps were eagerly sought after and carried off in triumph. Even coloured coats of arms were to be found, but these were rare and much prized, like the larger acquisitions—new plants and animals, in voyages of discovery.

So much for the palmy youth of the place. These explorings among the dusty parchments were like researches into ancient history — much more, indeed; for here were real remains of the past to be made actual property. But the work actually going on there in those degenerate days had as much interest to the young visitor aspiring to be an artist. There were portraits, landscapes, and Bible prints, hanging in long lines overhead to dry; presses constantly going round and round, manufacturing more; and engravers sitting etching, cutting, and drawing. These engravers themselves were somewhat curiously disposed. The number of windows being less than the number of occupants required, a work-table running along the windows, midway up, supported by strong brackets, had been invented, and chairs raised on legs nearly six feet high, were adapted to the table, so that each window accommodated two tenants, one below, and one aloft.

There were, besides, pictures and busts about the walls, nearly as dingy as themselves. The battles of Alexander, by Le Brun, were a never-failing source of attraction, and some prints from Morland, beside them, were visited with infinite contempt in the comparison. Among the casts were some groups that we have never seen since; one of Samson

slaying the Philistines, was particularly admired, and Hercules subduing Cacus, probably from the group by Bandinelli at Florence. Homer was there, from the marble then recently added to the British Museum; and William Pitt, the "heaven-born minister."

Upon the whole, the pilgrimage up that high and thickly peopled stair was not without its reward; and it seems to the writer as if he were rather describing some recess of a guild in Nuremburg than a locality of yesterday at home. So does the memory consecrate common things; time and imagination endow the heads of vulgar mortals with a halo of glory, or an invulnerable helmet.

The general produce of this manufactory, it may be readily admitted, was not of a very high order; nor was there any thing done in Edinburgh of any consequence in the art of engraving till the present day. As a trade only it was followed, and in that way even it was by no means very extensive. The best productions were just such things as the then publishing trade demanded; and an English publisher, Moseley of Gainsborough, furnished this workshop with its best employment for some years. There was also work of a humbler kind undertaken, to fill up the time of the pupils, or to afford them improvement. One set of plates of this last sort, which, however, belongs to a time before the visits of David Scott began, recalls to mind an anecdote of Campbell.

The first pupil received by Robert Scott was William Douglas, now dead, after practising successfully and well as a miniature painter; the second was F. Rudolph Hay, who was, after a short practice in London, drafted out of the ranks by the windfalls of fortune; next John Burnet, so well known in connexion with Wilkie, as his engraver, and much more so by his writings and etchings, elucidating

the practice of painting; and Thomas Brown, who left engraving on receiving a captain's commission, now known by his writings on Natural History. After these came James Stewart, the engraver of some of Wilkie's and Sir William Allan's pictures, now at the Cape of Good Hope—a sheep-farmer and a magistrate—with several others, now dead or invisible; the last of the group being John Horsburgh, well esteemed in Edinburgh. The variety of the future pursuits of all these is somewhat surprising; but engraving was at that time looked upon as one of the fine arts to a much greater extent than it now is, and only young men of talent were considered fitted for it, while the education gained in the establishment we speak of, was of a much more general and liberal kind than, in these days of hurry and division of labour, is likely to be found in similar quarters.

Some of these pupils—the earlier among them—had employed their inexperienced hands on a series of animals, popular Natural History having just then received an impetus by the appearance of Bewick's first volumes, which made a great impression by the fidelity of delineation, as well as by the truth and humour of the tail-pieces. This series of plates was to be published, and Mr. Scott applied to his friend Thomas Campbell, then a student in Edinburgh, who had wished him to join in the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope" in its early form—that young production that haunted its author till the day of his death. Campbell undertook to write descriptions of birds, beasts, and fishes; but the manuscript was slow in making its appearance. After repeated applications, the engraver became tired of waiting, and going up to Campbell's lodgings one evening, without finding him at home, collected the books he had sent for the task, in order to place them in

other hands. One of these, "Bewick's Birds," was found in a sadly dilapidated state—several leaves torn half away from the end. The landlady was called in and questioned, her children being suspected; but these she quickly exonerated, by exclaiming, "Oh, that's the book Mr. Camel lichts his candle wi' when he comes hame at nicht!" This paternal anecdote, which, by the way, shews a strange disrespect for books in a literary man, used to be concluded by the detail of a lively conversation on the subject between them, wherein Campbell denied the fact, by saying his landlady could not be a cat to see in the dark, at least he had never seen her transformed, perhaps for want of the opportunity afforded in the fable.

We might, without travelling very far out of our brief, relate some stories of Lord Buchan and others,* men of the hour, and of infinite importance to themselves, but anecdotes of his Lordship are common enough, and such here might seem forgetful of the graver task in hand.

You can however have a specimen of the engraving of the father of David Scott, an illustration to Gray's Elegy having fallen in our way. It is not the best that could be desired, but shews a truth and detail, an attention to foliage and plants, for which he had much credit. Engraving admits of, and even its genius properly demands, great minutiæ of detail, the loss of which in these days has done it no good, although, on the other hand, it has gained much general effect by imitating the breadth of painting. Book illustration was formerly confided to the engraver at once; the elder men, as Grignon and others, were amply qualified to design; but in cases where the engraver could not do

* About six years ago a remembrance of these times occurred in the shape of a legacy of £100 left by the widow of the editor of "The Bee" to Mrs. Scott, in return for certain kind offices she had at a former time received.

There is the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
His listless length at noon tide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by

Drawn by G. Smeeton. Engraved by R. Scott.

SOLITUDE.

so, the drawing and designing—that small preliminary matter—he had to get accomplished as he could. In this state of things, Mr. Burnet and his brother James, commemorated by Allan Cunningham, were all-important; when they betook themselves to London, Mr. George Saunders and others made the sketches; booksellers were then beginning to see that the painter and the engraver were wide apart.

LETTER IV.

EARLY YOUTH AT ST. LEONARD'S.

> Upon the shadows of the morning clouds,
> Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written—
> "Follow, oh follow!"
>
> *Prometheus Unbound.*

YOU know these pages are written as if for you alone; they may therefore deal somewhat in a confidential manner with the subjects described, and may give a faithful picture of the household at Hermits and Termits—a name possibly corrupted from Hermit St. Termis, if there ever was such a saint either in Scotland or the Thebaid.

The dwelling stood alone among hedges of holly and high trees of alder. Between it and the road was a row of lime-trees, once high, then pollard, and next swept away by the widening of the highway. Over the door, which had a wooden hatch, was a tablet of stone bearing an eagle issuing out of a coronet, with the date 1734. The road to the entrance was causewayed with round stones, and immediately facing the door was the wicket into the garden, overshadowed by a great arch of evergreens. So lonely was the place then, that more than once in the dark winter nights, when the wind was in the trees, and the men of the family not yet returned home, it was visited by sturdy beggars. A visitation of this kind is yet fresh in the recollection of one of the boys. A great woman, with a stick in her hand, dressed in a cloak and hood,

entered the little parlour, and would not stir till she had meat and money.

There lived in this small house with a long name, domiciled with the paternal pair, old uncle George, the happiest and best natured of men, whose little means enabled him to keep a set of half wild pointers and setters in the ample stables adjoining, and a flight of pigeons in the hayloft, converted into a dovecot—well contented that he could enjoy the shooting season among the ancient family localities about Lanark, whither he annually resorted to live with the laird of Waygateshaw, his distant relative. Besides this and his dogs, he had scarcely any wants. The family consisted of four—David Scott, the eldest son, our hero; Robert, two years his junior; another brother nearly four years shorter again, and the youngest child, a sister, Helen. This sister, the much beloved, you must ever keep in mind, as the best adornment of the tabernacle—lent of God till the brothers should grow up to be men.

Many were the enjoyments out of doors with rabbits, dogs, and pigeons—Arthur's Seat and Duddingston at hand; within there were fewer. His father began to break down in health; he rose late, had a horse that no one was to touch, on which he rode for an hour; took all his meals alone, with Buchan, and other guides of a like stamp, by his elbow, and the doctor anxiously waited for. If any young voice was heard singing or whistling—which young voices will do—it was instantly hushed when the step was heard upon the stair. David, however, never whistled or sang; he was always the sympathiser, which confirmed him in the affection of the father; he was, moreover, the autocrat of the family. A true icon of the man at this stage of development would not be altogether favour-

able. Perhaps the youngers should have been content to obey. This, at all events, is certain—in the most of places, and with older people, the stronger rules either by might or right. In the long winter evenings, his father sat at one table arranging his affairs of business, and the children at another, incessantly occupied in drawing, David having set the example. Here the light and the box of water-colours was at his command alone, not to be touched, under instant and grievous penalties. A small windowless room was set apart for the library. Of this he kept the key, and admitted the others as candle-bearers only. In this accidental collection of books and prints were some scrap-books, collections of portraits, and others, such as Blake's Illustrations to the Grave, and a large work on Emblematical Figures, drawn by Hamilton and others, that made a lasting impression.

In these evenings, while the mother of the family sat at her needlework, with the little daughter by her side, on the other side of the fire old uncle George might be seen mending his dog-whips, or making with much care pop-guns and whistles for the boys out of young stems of the elder tree, by extracting the *pith* from their hollow tubes. David must be imagined steadily employed at his Latin or drawing.

The subjects of his designs from the very first rude attempts, were such as he would have chosen even at the end of his life. Paradise Lost, Macbeth, and Scottish and Greek History afforded the authorities. The same impulsion and the same aim is apparent throughout the entire path of his career. As we come down to 1825, his nineteenth year, the supernatural has a larger influence. This resulted in some measure from his thoughts being then much bent on religious matters. About that age creeds must be believed in or abandoned; they must be reconciled to life, and become

its law, or resigned, and become a portion only of transcendental metaphysics; the inquiring doubter being sometimes lost in the slough of denial—"the everlasting No" hems him within its iron barrier, and the soul is shut out of Paradise. On Sunday evenings sermons and catechisms were the only reading; David introduced Dwight's "Theology," and other books of a similar sort. This mental struggle went on for years, and at last appeared in the problematic form of his "Monograms of Man." These of course were not produced at this early time, and are associated with firmer resolves, deeper insight, and attained artistic powers. Other sketches of a metaphysical nature were done before these; they were the last of the cycle.

Many of his memorandums relate to this time with more or less clearness or perception of partial truths to be afterwards seized, but then dim and distant. One little note-book is headed by these mottoes,

> "Jupiter est quodcunque vides quodcunque movetur."
>
> "Untroubled look upon the face of God."

and are impressed with a daring spirit deeply troubled and sad.

And why sad? I have alluded to the sombre atmosphere of home—to the tyranny of disease over the head of the family and its youngest branch. Another, and a deeper wound still in its effects, was then inflicted—an evil of a more vulgar kind—resources totally crippled; almost, as it appeared, entirely ruined. The effect of this shock on all and on every thing is not now to be described, nor even thought of. The light of the hearth was darkened—day and the sun were gone for ever. It seemed as if the family was thenceforth doomed to be parias. Constitutionally with much pride and little hopefulness,

and, if it may be said without filial irreverence, with less trust in Providence, many years drifted on with little variation and relief.

Moreover his physical strength and animal spirits, as the phrase is, were very limited: death was never an apparent impossibility to him, as it is to the most of young minds. Bearing the date of November 1827, those significant lines are still visible in his scrap-book:—

> This quickly must be past, this struggle cease,
> And in the cold clay quiet I shall lie,
> Where anxious Care corrodes no aching breast.
> I've only lived to feel, and then to die:
> To die, and sink away from the bright sun,
> To die, and fall from off the cheerful earth,
> To die without the race of glory run,
> To die while yet exulting in the birth
> Of Hope and Joy! Can this be? Yes! I feel
> Death clasp me round, like a great hand of steel.

As it has been well said in the North British Review*— "It was his nature to be sad. Of a feeble constitution, and conscious of the capabilities of art, he could not be otherwise. He was delicate of build and solitary of soul from the earliest time. Carefulness about his future destiny oppressed him from the first. Long before any real or supposed neglect by the public, or misunderstanding of his very aims by the press, or disappointment in friendship and in love, had vainly endeavoured to chill his spirit, he was the victim of care and apprehension. Years before he would have dared exclaim with Coreggio—I too am a painter, he had muttered, in the solitude of his diary—

> From off my brow, oh raise thy chilling hand
> Anxiety, slow digger of the tomb."

Besides these evils there were thwarting circumstances

* May 1849; Edinburgh.

that made the battle of life, to a conscientious youth, a stern one. He was to be a painter, and that alone; yet it was most necessary that he should assist in the business of his father, now nearly disabled by illness. Here was another coil of darkness. With no elasticity or buoyancy, he never forgot or surmounted an affliction or a struggle; he only lived through it by the strength of the inner man, by the passive force of will, and the great idea of the work he should achieve.

The portion of his life devoted to engraving was not large, however, and during that year or two even he was more occupied in designing than in engraving. Nor were the evils that threatened the family ever so great in reality as they appeared. But we must dwell a little longer on this season of boyhood. As the summer advanced, old uncle George might be seen at his high bed-room window, opening on a broad ledge of eaves, feeding the sparrows and pigeons with crumbs from the ample pockets of his hunting-coat, and on running up to him, his gun-case and other accoutrements would be found laid out preparatory to his annual expedition. About his bald head there was always freshness, and clearness in his eye. Stories he had to tell his nephews too about Lanark and former things. A sword that stood in the corner was an object of great curiosity. It had belonged to the great-grandfather, the convener of Lanark, and his descendant told very pithily a story of his prowess in the —'45. This worthy progenitor, with a doughty comrade, met a party of Highlanders on their way to join the Pretender, and feigning that a strong body was at hand, prevailed upon them to deliver up their arms. The weapons were laid up in a bed in an inn near the town, where the report having quickly spread, armed people came out in great force, and but for George Scott, the Highlanders

would have been sacrificed. The people, however, took the arms, and the capturers got but a very small share of the booty. On the retreat of the rebels, this exploit was nearly revenged. Rob Roy came that way, and learning what had been done, fell upon the house, led Scott into the back-yard, and hung a rope for his especial behoof over a plane-tree. While this was going on, however, Rob saw a whip hanging on a nail, and was about to take it, when George offered to get him a much better one, and going to seek for it, managed to make his escape by a private door.

Whether this will agree with Rob's recorded history, if such there be, I know not, perhaps an *alibi* may be proved for him, but enough for the day was the tale thereof. In these excursions to Clydesdale, the sportsman was sometimes joined by David and his brother Robert. Here lies before us a joint letter from them home. Robert writes in rhyme, having been a rhymster from childhood. Among other news, he says that they

> In Lanark spent a few short hours,
> Not in viewing pompous towers,
> But passing between dingy walls—
> Then promptly sketching waterfalls.
> Even our great artist, who you know
> Ne'er looks at nature here below,
> But mounts on high for things unknown,
> (Perhaps that errors mayn't be shewn)
> Once passed his verdict without fear,
> And owned to great attractions here.

After this about *our great artist*, David adds—"Following after such an effusion of the muse, what remains for me? I must descend to prose, and leave the poet to his further inspir—— I had almost said inspirations, when, startled by the report of a gun, I was sadly convinced that our modern Pindar was killing sparrows."

Robert's poetry, which was never of a lofty strain, was David's frequent subject of satire. On one occasion, about this age of eighteen, after he had indulged in some free animadversions, the poet challenged him to single combat in rhyme; the challenge was indignantly taken, only the writing necessary was considered as a waste of time, and their father enjoying the contest, offered a guinea as the prize. The evening came when the recitation was to be made, the subject, an Ode to Death, having been chosen by David. Robert read his first, quietly sitting at the table; but David, when he was called upon, turning his back to the audience, enunciated his production with pride and a burning face. Full of great words and involutions, compared to which the obscurities in his later writings may be considered models of perspicuity, it made a due impression, and was considered very fine.

Besides these visits to Clydesdale, others to the boating and bathing villages on the firth of Clyde, and to the Manse of Kippen, varied these summers. At the first of these places, the kind relatives with whom he lived had a small pleasure-boat, by which means he became better acquainted with the sea, and enthusiastic in fishing. In his diary, however, we find him writing in this way. "Thursday, employed in an irregular way. This day has passed away very worthlessly. General society great loss of time; those leviathan-moutlied affairs, dinners and tea-parties, walks with ladies, &c., are to me continual regret and ennui. Saturday, steamboat to Largs. Observed Mr. Vanity waving his handkerchief towards a great mansion on the shore, long before a human being could be discerned at that distance. Perhaps they were stationed with telescopes ready to see him—no doubt of it. Sunday: A very dull day; heard two sermons; took a walk, and went to bed. Mon-

day: Ascended a hill near Largs, from which a commanding prospect of the Firth of Clyde is got. The primitive mountains of Arran form a picturesque contrast to the later formations of the Cumbrays and the Ayrshire coast. I sketched this scene. Walked to Kelburn grounds. One feels a compassionate pity for people who cut their names on turfs and seats; it seems all they can do to answer a great craving of nature."

More of this it may not be necessary to give; and turning to the Manse of Kippen, his other summer home, and the abundant delightful memories it recalls, a few words must suffice. We are not indeed sure how far this sacred spot, with its respected inhabitants, are to be associated with the formation of his manhood, beautiful as it was, with its ample gardens of fruit and flowers, surrounded by great limes inhabited by cushats, over which rose, far off, Benledi and other kingly heights of the mountain range—its ivy and jessamine, where, at night, innumerable birds found shelter—its deep bedroom windows, with a swallow's nest in either corner, from which, at early morning, the birds flew out with a merry cry like a *qui vive*, as they coursed and recoursed round the house—and, above all, the good minister and his worthy brothers, a conscientious pastor of the sheep, who left this fair haven in the late divisions in the Kirk. (He is now no more, gone to his rest, and to realise the great hope.) Still, one of our painter's visits at least is memorable. His mind, struggling among the difficulties of theology, had come into collision with the permanent intellectual forms of the place. He parted from the manse, took up his bed at the inn, and left the village next day. The minister kindly entreated him, but he would not revoke, till better thoughts visited him on his return home, and he wrote a letter of regret and apology.

The writing of this letter was secret as the grave, but nevertheless the rumour of it has reached even this page.

And now pass over a few years; he is twenty-one, and has formed some friendships—with John Epps, then taking his degree at the university, in conjunction with whom he made a "Tree of Painting," shewing the successive development of schools and masters—with John Steell, then shewing his first powers in sculpture—with William Carey, who then visited Edinburgh as a lecturer on art, and others, those others being all artists. He has established a Life Academy with their aid and membership, no school of the kind then existing in Edinburgh. He has left engraving as a thing not to be borne. There has been found, amidst the chaos of his artistical *debris*, a curious sketch inscribed "Character of David Scott, 1826," seated at the engraving table, but with clenched hands and the expression of despair. Another, of a similar import, is dated 1828, in which the palette is pressed to his breast, and the implements of the rejected craft hurled from him; and, in truth, engraving is a painful and laborious work. In the meaningless finish and metallic smoothness of modern execution, every line and every dot must be cut over and over again, so that the smallest plate for a book requires more tedious toil than the making of a Chinese globe of ten enclosures. Besides, it is the duty of the engraver to have absolutely no originality, and the painter is never satisfied with his work. We cannot esteem any one's imitation of our production, and that in an inferior art, equal to our own original, unless, indeed, it greatly excel it. If the painter be ignorant of the limitations of engraving, and one who expects all the qualities of his picture rendered, it becomes intolerable. Madness and death is in it, therefore, to him; and having abandoned

engraving, he will not tarry with portrait-painting, or any kind of painting but historic. So the picture of "Lot and his Daughters fleeing from the Cities of the Plain" is begun on the scale of life, and here is what he then called a prayer:—"Thou Power, by whose aid man raises the imperishable name, wrap around me thy tongued flames, and of the present make immortal days. May I live not without a consecrated purpose in my life; may I reach and grasp all means for this ultimate consummation. Grant that I may hold on with undeviating step. Strengthen the will—endow with the power—break the arm that would retard." In such a frame of mind, everything and every person seems antagonistic.

LETTER V.

THE YOUNG PAINTER.

Then I looked after Christian to see him go up the Hill of Difficulty, where we perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering on his hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place.

Bunyan.

THIS biographical writing is like the spinning of the spider —the more threads are spun, the more quickly is the material produced for others—so we write another Letter on this period of the Life of our Artist. Among books of sketches of bones and muscles, exercises in Italian, and so on, here is the preamble and rules of the "Edinburgh Life Academy," with a report of the subsequent committee, which appears to have met in April 1827, David Scott acting as chairman. Also the "Cash-book of the Life Academy Association, instituted 2d May 1827." A room in Infirmary Street was taken, and the book opens with subscriptions from Messrs M'Nee, Hutchison, Steell, Scott, M'Innes, Campbell, Wilson, Masson, and Fraser. Some of those, thus self-aided in the more difficult branch of artistic study, have made themselves known among the foremost in art. That they were assiduous, is testified by the same names, with few additions, appearing all through the book till February 1832, at which time the Royal Institution began their school for drawing from the living model.

Proofs of another successful effort to gain further facilities in education, are found at this time in the shape of the rough draft of a petition to the Board of Trustees, which runs thus:—

"A number of artists in Edinburgh being desirous to have an opportunity of study in the gallery of the Trustees' Academy, the subscribers have taken the liberty of addressing the Honourable Board, for the purpose of requesting that such might be granted to those who have formerly attended the Academy, and are now advanced in their profession. They therefore humbly state, that were the gallery open during morning, it would be of great importance to them in facilitating their acquaintance with the noble works of which it is composed." To this is appended a note:—"I do not recollect whether the above was sent in this shape, but the object of the petition was acceded to, by a permission to draw from seven to nine o'clock on Saturday mornings, and on four mornings in the week during the vacation months. This was the first step towards all that the Board has since done."

Again, in 1830, appears another paper addressed to the Secretary of the Board, praying for further liberty of attendance and less interruption. This request was also acceded to, but only to the seven artists whose names appeared at the application, and under certain restrictions. These restrictions were, that the casts should not be moved, that a fine should be imposed for non-attendance, and that the artists should pay the keeper. The two foremost rules were annulled it would appear; each student paid his half-guinea to Mr. Smith, and the further facilities were for a short time enjoyed.

His first exhibited picture was in 1828—"The Hopes of Early Genius dispelled by Death." During the session

of this year he attended Dr. Monro's class of anatomy; he also went to London for a short time, and made some sketches in the National Gallery and British Institution. His sister Helen was now waning away. He went to London April 1822. Here are some extracts from letters:—

"2d May. I have seen Mr. Burnet; he is engraving his own picture of Shipwrecked Mariners; and called on Wilkie, who is still very unwell, from something like inflammation of the brain. Taste in art is surely very low, if one is to believe print-shop windows. Humorous subjects are mostly run after; monkeys amuse well; monkeys are doing everything. In the British Institution are two or three good pictures; in Suffolk Street, with the exception of Haydon's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, and our own Thomson's grand landscape of the Trosachs, there is little for me. The Royal Academy opens in a day or two. I have seen Allan Cunningham, who took me over Chantrey's gallery."

"4th May. I have just come from the Royal Academy. Yesterday at Irving's church, sacrament Sunday; this morning with the crowd waiting at the door of Somerset House. Exactly as twelve struck the gates opened, and I found myself in the scene so often desired. There are a number of good pictures, but the two exciting most interest are Etty's Marriage, and Danby's Opening of the Sixth Seal."

"24th. I have been to Thomas Campbell, and had a little conversation with him. Mrs. Campbell's health—she is considered dying—and his son's also, will prevent me seeing much of him. He wished me to come to him in two or three weeks, before which time I should likely hear either good or bad news of his family. I enclose a catalogue of Martin's Nineveh; it is a very *splendid* work."

"2d June. Sketching for some time in the National

Gallery. I went to Turner's one day lately, and was making a little memorandum of one of his pictures on the back of a card, when a servant entered and said, "Master don't allow sketching." I was somewhat surprised, as no one had been in the room, and the door shut. However, I hardly considered what I was doing to be sketching, so I put in the line of the distance, which took two moments. Immediately in bounced a short stoutish individual, the *genius loci* himself. He said he was sorry I had not desisted, and I replied that what I had done was a mere trifle. He muttered something about memoranda and first principles, whereon I shewed it to him, and tore it up. He must have a peep-hole, and yet he is really a great painter."

"20th July. My visit to London draws to a close. I came here with great expectations, and return with great hopes.

'Hope follows through, nor quits us when we die.'

Haydon's Entry into Jerusalem is solidly painted, rich in colour, the drapery often noble, and the extremities well drawn. So much for its beauties. Its striking defect is the failure in the expression of Christ. The drawing is also defective, the limbs being too short for the size of the upper part. The picture does not excite the exalted feeling that the painter wished. There is a want of power. The sentiment should have been emphatically that of exaltation and rejoicing. The colour of the drapery, flesh, &c., is of a broken character, which gives the execution a weak appearance, though it is boldly painted."

Small Extracts from Diary—1829 to 1832.

"February 1829. Saw Carey to-day at the close of the lectures, who said he had seen my picture of Fingal

and the Spirit of Lodi.* He would give me an advice:—'Shoot a lower aim, you speak a dead language.' What am I to do?"

"March. The first public notice of my pictures has appeared in the Caledonian Mercury, written by Carey."

"April. Steel has seen my picture, and commends it. Mr. Allan came out with Lauder; he said, if I coloured it as well as it was designed, I need fear nothing."

"May. Messrs. Allan, Thomson, and Lauder called, wishing me to join the Scottish Academy as an associate, as the Academy did not wish to receive all as members at once. Painting *Adam and Eve singing their morning hymn.*"

"September. Completed the picture of Lot."

"October. Finished Adam and Eve, and the Death of Sappho;† and in the next month begun small picture of 'Wallace defending Scotland.'"‡

"January 1830. Think I have gained more distinctness in my ideas regarding art during this last month than during ten before. The overwhelming and perplexing have now resolved themselves into different parts and separate difficulties, and I think I can now discover with clearness the mighty structure that before was wrapped in mist. I see what I should strive to do."

"December 1830. Resume my journal. Sir J. Foulis called. Speaks warmly of my paintings. Advises me to go to Paris. Sunday: Dolorous, melancholy me. Looking for mottoes to my 'Monograms of Man.'"

* Now in the possession of J. Mitchell Mitchell, Esq.

† In the possession of T. Constable, Esq.

‡ Property of W. Kinghorn, Esq. Most of the pictures of this date were subsequently retouched.

"Monday, December 1830. Lost Time.

Emblem of life this day may be to me:—
As we go forth, we bound along the course
In joy and hope, and gain upon the heels
Of those who long before our limbs were girt
Had ta'en the staff—but soon there comes a time
Of weariness, the first gay strength is gone,
And heavily and slowly on we fare.
Not without looking backward, conning o'er
The good we may have done, and owning now
The effort and the task is greater: still
We keep the highway, marking as we hope,
What time we will arrive at some great bourne,
And be and do so much. So 'twas this day,
In the bright morning with devoted care
I entered on the track of loftiest thought.
Then o'er an old book filled with boyish thoughts
Some hours were lost that to the future time
Ought somewhat to have given; then dullness came—
And a wild craving for the new and strong.
Till the sun verging to the west proclaimed
A day was gone. In penitence and shame
I note it here, that on some future day
I may take warning and be saved regret.

"21st. Met L. Macdonald at Watson Gordon's, who is painting a picture from the Tales of the Crusaders. Michael Angelo's Moses was standing by, which L. M. said was not a legitimate work of sculpture. He seemed to place it in the same category with two figures by Rysbrack, on the chimney-piece. I thought it a pity to depreciate a work of true mastery and power. He afterwards said it was the *method* he objected to, and in this I could agree; but if he meant only the execution, or even the style of drapery, &c., he spoke too widely, and seemed rather desirous to sink this stupendous production altogether. Monday, January 1831. Called on Constable; he agrees to publish my 'Monograms of Man.'"

"What constitutes individual happiness? What we seek for changes and becomes the source of our misery. The ardent sentiment that warmed my heart with the love of art has become a torment—an insatiable demon. * * Great God! among thy blessings, would I had been endowed with self-complacency and confidence! * * * As we constantly compare ourselves with men and things about us, nothing is more dangerous to the self-doubter than solitude. Then the imagination forms a chain of beings, of which we are the last and most inferior. This is natural; we know our own imperfections best. We observe in others qualities we have not, and imagine they possess also those we value in ourselves. 'He values my understanding and talents more than that which is the foundation of all I am and is solely mine'; anybody may know all that I know,' Goethe says."

"January 21. Lauder and Steell. Lauder thought I should paint the sketch of 'Streaking the Corse;' but don't make it so horrible; you may do harm to the ladies. Very good that; but though it is well to invent and sketch in all kinds of sentiment, it is not so well to paint such, except the horror be of an exalted kind. Sent copies of 'Monograms' to H. G. Bell, and to Professor Wilson, and some artists."

"February. The publication has been noticed in the Edinburgh Literary Journal, Observer, Post, Free Press, and other papers, all favourable; but their commendations in general of the drawing, &c., more than of the invention. The London Literary Gazette gives me the very highest artistic praise, and traces the ideas to the mystical point of German philosophy, which I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with to have derived them from. The Athenæum is also strongly laudatory, and other London papers. I must yet give them further assurance they have treated me justly."

"17th. Sent my pictures to the Exhibition. Went to the Institution exhibition of old masters. Much mere trash among the works, and some good; degraded sentiment and material colour only. B—— liked Fingal, and Adam and Eve very much. Commended the simplicity and unity of the sentiment and execution. D—— suggested a silk scarf over the shield of naked Fingal, as a colour was wanted there. I would have the authority of Spenser, he said, for silk scarfs being worn by warriors! S——, clever amateur and educated man as he is, suggested introducing some animals into Adam and Eve, to take off the bareness! Such are the criticisms of an artist and a man in authority."

"23d. Sold 'The Cloud' to Francis Grant—the first of my pictures that has been sold. He very handsomely said, 'The picture will be mine, at the close of the Exhibition, at your present price, but, in the mean time, put double the sum upon it; it should be sold for more.'"

"Tuesday. At St. Luke's Club in the evening. Proposed Good and Captain Brown, who were with me, as honorary members. The Athenæum notice of the 'Monograms,' which was capital, has been followed by others in the Spectator, Examiner, Atlas."

A paper in his writing at this time may be introduced here, explaining these designs:—

"1st Design. *Of Life.*—Whence is it? A creative energy must be exerted. This is expressed by the descent of a powerful hand, at the touch of which all starts into being. The omnipotence is implied, by the fingers at the same time calling into existence sun, moon, and man on the world. He, as endowed with more than physical force, with the highest mental life, is animated by a stream of fire from the invisible.

"2d. *Of Relation.*—The genius of man, in the pride of

intellectual and physical supremacy on earth, extends his arms, and stands, like the angel in the Apocalypse, one foot on the sea, and the other upon the earth. He is crowned by flowing locks, and the sun above him is an expression of his power.

"3d. *Of Knowledge.*—The importance of knowledge to discover finalities, is exhibited by the vigorous youth dragged, in defiance of mental repugnance, to the contemplation of a skull—that empty tabernacle—forcing upon him a sense of fate, and also a doubt of all beyond the sphere of actual observation. The caduceus, which breaks as the youth tries to stay himself against the grasp of the earth-born fiend, may signify the winged power of thought here ended, and may also refer to the decision of controversy, by allusion to the Roman Fasces.

"4th. *Of Intellect.*—The aspiration of the mind to assimilate itself to the greatest perfection, is signified by the figure of a man standing on the earth, his existence bounded by time and space, sending forth his spirit on the discovery of causes. It attempts to penetrate the thick darkness and clouds of fire, from which the agency of divinity is shewn by the descent of flames and waters from the 'hollow of his hands.'

"5th. *Of Power.*—Man, in his pride, holds the sceptre over his fellow-man, while he is only the agent and the slave of fate—merely a link in that chain whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and man.

"6th. *Of Death.*—The cup of which we all must drink comes out from eternity and the undefined. The recoiling mortal is surrounded by the tonsured bearer of the Keys, the follower of the Crescent, the Persian, the Jew, and by the untutored man of the New World. Apart from these, the naked intellectual man lifts his head from his long study,

and confesses his darkness by covering his eyes, and laying his finger on his lip."

* * * * * *

"Diary, January 1832. Sent 'Lot' to the British Institution, repainted. This last year have painted Nimrod, Sarpedon carried by Sleep and Death,* and Cain. Since the long nights set in, have drawn a series of designs for Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.' I wrote the poet, informing him of my having done so, and asking if any publisher was interested in his works, to whom I might send them."

(A sad letter was his reply, as you may see.)

"Grove, *Highgate*, 19th November 1831.

"Dear Sir—For twelve years, or more, weak and interrupted health, and the nature and object of the studies to which the hours that ill health left in my power have been devoted—studies, the honour of which, if any, will be posthumous, and the advantage that of others—have rendered my visits to London rare, and at long intervals. But during the last eighteen months, my life has been but one chain of severe sicknesses, brief and imperfect convalescence, and capricious relapses. It is comparative health and comfort for me when the morbid action, whether gout or nervous rheumatism, passes down, and settles for a time in the great sciatic nerve of one or the other thigh—but then I am a cripple, and my boldest excursion a crawl up and down the Grove walk before our front door. At present I am confined to my bedroom. At no time of my life had I much intercourse with booksellers or publishers—*the Trade*, as they call themselves—and my little experience has all been of the most unfortunate kind. Were I to sum up the whole cash re-

* The property of Dr. Samuel Brown.

ceipts from my published works, I should find the sum total something like this—

£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
0	0	0	300	0	0

The little I ought to have had was lost in a fraudulent bankruptcy; and the house by which my latest publications—the 'Aids to Reflection,' and the 'Essay on the Constitution in Church and State, according to *the Idea*'—were printed and published, have dissolved their partnership I understand. I have found no reason for withdrawing my confidence in the honour and integrity of the partners, Messrs. Hurst, Chance, and Company; but whether the business is, or *is not to be* continued, I am wholly uninformed.

"With this exception, I know of no one individual in the trade with whom I have any acquaintance; nor do I believe that there is one, of London publishers at least, with whom my name and authority would act otherwise than as a counterweight; for the Quarterly Review never notices any work under my name—the Edinburgh has reviewed only such as seemed to furnish an occasion for vilifying the writer—and the minor Reviews sometimes, I hear, mention my name, but never in any reference to my works. I question whether there ever existed a man of letters so utterly friendless, or so unconnected as I am with the dispensers of contemporary reputation, or the publishers in whose service they labour.

"Such is the answer I must return to your friendly letter, adding only the assurance, that I acknowledge, and duly appreciate the compliment paid to me, in having selected a poem of mine for ornamental illustration, and an alliance of the sister arts—Metrical and Graphic Poesy; and that I would most readily have complied with your request had it

been in my power.—Believe me, Dear Sir, with every friendly wish, yours respectfully.

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"To David Scott, Esq."

"14th January 1832. I have entered this session in Dr. Monro's anatomical class, and for ten days have not been out, except to Mackenzie's demonstrations, and one day standing to Duncan for Ruthven, in a picture he is to paint of Queen Mary forced to sign her abdication. He may paint it well, as regards the execution, but Allan has already painted the subject, and made a good picture of it. It is strange that a subject having been done before, seems rather a recommendation to the public."

"15th. Some time ago I thought I saw clearly what ought to be essayed in art; now I think differently from these. Do I see any firm ground at all? Is there any reason in nature or in society, that a man aspiring to the highest forms of art, should be treated as a visionary, or considered as incapable of the lower?"

"16th. Have now finished Pan and Apollo. The picture or sketch from the present affairs in Poland—the Russians have craved an armistice to bury the dead—I have also done lately; and blotted out five unfinished, or rather abortive attempts at pictures—some months' labour."

"23d. Have made memoranda from a French book on birds, to assist in working out a principle in colour."

"I send to this year's Exhibition, Sarpedon,* Nimrod, Pan,† Aurora, and the sketch of Burying the Dead.‡ Mr. A—— takes my drawings from the 'Ancient Mariner' to

* In the possession of Dr. S. Brown.

† In possession of W. Thomson, Esq., advocate.

‡ The property of Mr. Kinninmonth, Kirkcaldy.

London, to see if a publisher may be found for them. This year newspapers rather favourable to me, except the Scotsman and Edinburgh Spectator."

"February 10th. Meeting of the Academy about the purchase of Etty's pictures. Allan, our respected chairman, sits with one hand over the other, as if he were thinking of his lost finger. Hamilton, whom I like as a man to carry a thing out, half-rising, explains the transaction; he has bulk enough to give him weight. Harvey sits still, with his sharp though small eye, observant enough; and M'Leay, with good mustaches, and proper boots, stretches his legs straight out, one foot over the other, and his cane at his mouth. Ewbank swings on his chair; and Steell leans his head on his hand. There is also J. F., as they call Williams, with his paralytic, important shake of the head; and Hill's broad, sensible face. Curious are the bodily characterisations and limitations of intellect."

"12th. Sat on the balcony at the top of the house, sketching, last night, and to-day am confined to bed. Mother so attentive and kind. Alas! that this care bestowed on all but self, and this perseverance in realising for others what is conceived to be best, should exist by the very causes that prevent its participation in a more extended sphere."

"February, March, April. *Doing little but thinking of* going abroad. Mr. A—— has brought back my designs for the Ancient Mariner. 'Lot' has been rejected at the British Institution; it was too large. Reject a work of art for its size! you might as well reject a man for being tall. My pictures in our Exhibition are all coming back to me. The Monograms altogether a loss as a publication. Several resources cut off. Difficulties in study; for nothing but the best is worth a thought. Doubts of every kind. Sister Helen, where art thou now in the shade of the Unseen?"

"August 5. Various are the causes that render my going abroad necessary. I lose myself in thinking over the journey, and what it may do. Everything I have yet attempted has been unsuccessful; so many disappointments make effort appear vain. What I must do is to cut off all recurrence to former efforts, except in as far as they may coincide with my later formed ideas of art, and to hold grimly on in the conscientious course. A great happiness it is that futurity is yet unseen and unmade; therein yet may be somewhat to answer my desires. Happy are those new hopes and wishes that still descend on us when all we valued in ourselves is burnt up and scattered. Happy it is that a vision can regird the loins of the mind, and re-attune the chords of life. I now seal up this book, and put all in order for going abroad. Also seal up my will."*

You now, it is to be hoped, discern something of the contour of this aspirant, so far as life has yet developed it. Not without difficulty have been accomplished these few pages of his own words. Pencil writing is soon effaced by a few years, and there are few more oppressive occupations than deciphering old letters. The ghosts of little things and poignant moments come back with more than their due distinctness—the mind of the reader loses the vantage ground that the intervening time has naturally given him, and he struggles with himself again in the past. Besides, brief sentences detached and written out afresh seem to have lost nearly all their meaning.

So the pilgrim's step is turned to the capital of the world—the eastern light irradiates the pale face. With

* Making a will at this early age was characteristic. It is remarkable that the purport of this juvenile will is much the same as that of the one left by him at his late decease.

many letters, and also with ample directions, kindly furnished by his friend Handyside Ritchie, the sculptor, as to travelling, lodging, dieting, both in good health and in bad—which alternative was unhappily important to him—he sets off. John Steell, his ancient fellow-student, who had but lately returned from Italy, and the writer of these pages, see the steamboat, with the man upon its deck, go out from Leith, and disappear upon the water.

Postscript.—May we not properly inquire here how far the mental state indicated by these notes is a true state or a good? In relation to itself, and to self-culture, it is of course alone to be considered. As related to family and the world, it is irreconcilable. It assists and participates in the pains, pleasures, and struggles of none other about it—it scarcely acknowledges any identity but its own—the insatiable *me* sees nothing but obstacles in the *not me*. Moreover, how could he reasonably have been successful, suddenly daring the greatest difficulties of art. Boyhood, even that of an intellectual giant, must wait the endowment of experience; nothing but experience can give just originality, or afford wisdom. This very picture of "Lot" he afterwards knows to be not what he then thought it. Could we at once achieve, what would become of after life?

But more fully understood, the picture presents us a noble nature struggling up into the light—a light to be completely attained only in the spirit in mature life, circumstances never being conformable to it. Difficulties, pains, and venturings, are among the elements, not only of Christian, but of intellectual progress. Suffering has of late indeed been declared the best evangile, and even the memory of suffering has been called the root and support of benevolence. To this we would say—nay, verily. Doubt-

less, nature hath ordained the advent of all great and true things through the gate of travail; but is not that their misfortune and degradation, the part of evil that still clings to them. Is not suffering itself the sign of the evil being yet stronger than the good? A nature strong in aversion and ardent in choice, or rather to which no choice but one was left, by the instinctive or intuitive nature of his intellect—"self-willed, yet sensitive; ambitious, but despising the arts of rising; impulsive and industrious; well-informed, but imaginative; studious, yet imperiously original"*—must suffer in attaining, and must attain at last. Even the solitude he complains of is forced upon him: he has so much to do and to think, he must be alone. To this necessity was added secretiveness; he was too proud to acknowledge doubt and incompleteness, and too self-questioning not to feel them.

Had this truth been forced upon his mind—for it is a truth—that in the present age, and in this country, especially in the limited sphere of Edinburgh, high art of an original kind, and on an adequate scale, is not required by any desire in the public mind—that pictures take their value nearly exactly in proportion to their workmanship, and scarcely ever by their intellectual expression—that the high art we now have is of the revival kind, and aims at foreign standards, or merely academic excellences;—had this truth made itself plain to him, so that he had believed it, what would have been the result? It is difficult to say: he never looked upon Art but as another Literature—able to address the age through history, poetry, and morals.

* North British Review, May 1849.

PART II.

JOURNAL—1832-34.

LONDON—PARIS—GENEVA—SAINT JULIAN—MILAN—LAKE MAGGIORE—VENICE—PARMA—BOLOGNA—FLORENCE—SIENA—ROME—NAPLES—POMPEII, ETC.—HOMEWARDS BY LYONS.

What I have reaped in my journey is, as it were, a small contentment in a never contenting subject; a bitter pleasant taste of a sweet seasoned sour. All in all, what I found was more than ordinarily rejoicing, in an extraordinary sorrow of delights!

Lithgow's Travels, 1610.

JOURNAL.

LONDON. PARIS.

LEFT Leith in the Sir W. Wallace for London. Clouds and rain on getting out, and at evening a gloomy sky. On leaving the Forth, a beacon burning behind, and through the ropes and booms of the voyaging vessel, a red star, like Saturn, made its appearance; but as we advanced, rising it left the haze, and shone bright and clear. It was Jupiter.

London. I arrived here yesterday afternoon. We had, I suppose, what they consider a pleasant passage, and I don't think I have suffered much; but heaven preserve me from a long sea voyage. To-day I saw the Earl of Minto (to whom I had a letter from Mr. T. Thomson*), who gave me some advice, and a letter to General Ramsay (son of the painter, and grandson of Allan), who has friends at Rome. He also gave me a note to Hayter, who, he mentioned, studied at Bologna, and knew all about that quarter.

Wednesday. To-day being very wet, I am compelled to take refuge in my lodging, after breakfasting with Dr. E., and seeing an enormous picture by two Foggos, between twenty and thirty feet long—the picture I mean—its authors

* Brother of the Reverend J. Thomson, Duddingston.

only being about twelve or thirteen feet between them—a work of at least great labour and study. Yesterday I found a letter waiting me from Lady Ruthven to an artist in Florence. I also yesterday got a letter from General R. to a Roman. I think if a man, with a true object in life, had it inflicted upon him as a punishment, that he should continually walk the crowded streets of London, he would soon go mad.

Thursday evening. I have been out at Coleridge's. He is a little clerical-looking man, but common in appearance, rather poor indeed, and without mark in the figure and face, except that he has most uncommonly snowy hair; it is perfectly white and long, but does not wave, which prevents its having much effect. His look is not especially poetic. The moment he is seated, as has been said, he begins to talk, and on it goes, flowing and full, almost without even what might be called paragraphic division, and leaving colloquy out of the question entirely. He talked of the effect Italy had upon himself, and wandered on about the Italian painters and poets. I mentioned my drawings from the Ancient Mariner, and he expressed his very favourable opinion of them. I recollect upon calling, Mrs. Gillman requested me not to sit above half an hour, for Mr. Coleridge was unable to stand fatigue, and was apt, forgetting time, to talk too long. "The old man eloquent" received me very kindly. His eye shone in tears as he spoke. He shook me kindly by the hand at parting, and hoped, if he lived, to see me again.

September. The works in the Gallery of the Louvre are mostly either fine in themselves, or good examples of the masters by whom they are painted. It is thoroughly trying for the works of late French artists to place them there. The Luxembourg Gallery, altogether composed of pictures

by modern French painters, I enjoyed very much. In the Louvre I saw two of the Saint Simonians, who have been attracting great attention. They appeared to be two clothes fools—the men who are to found a new system of religion and morality. Two of them, the one led by the other, stood talking of and comparing their dress with that of the portrait of an old painter. This was done with the greatest openness, as of infinite importance, and no doubt it was so to the two that I saw, whatever their founder might have thought of it. They wear the beard, have bare necks, a coat cut round by the clavicle, and the waist bound by a black belt.

The tricolour is waving on all parts of Paris, it is even mounted on the churches. The prints of the day are Bonaparte and his Son, portraits—their Death—Meeting in Heaven, &c. I observed a remaining memorial of the late affrays—the Palace of the Institute, opposite the Pont des Arts, is battered all over by bullets.

I shall leave this on Wednesday by diligence, having been a week in Paris. There are no good pictures in the churches; indeed, after seeing the Gallery of the Louvre, they would require to be very fine. I am told the people take me for a priest—Dyce says he is sure of it; it is no honour at present, as they are in very bad odour with the people.

David, the French painter, is a very great artist. I have heard many cry out against him and his school, merely because it is so different from any thing that they work for. The painters of France present the national character completely in their works. They have on the one side a most fastidious and studied regularity, and on the other looseness and individuality. They cannot combine poetic freedom with truth. David shews great learned talent, but there is

nothing strikingly inventive in his genius. I mention David merely as eminent, and not holding him in all respects above every other, as some of the French have done. He is however, as far as I see, the author of their revived mode of study. Rubens does not appear here to very great advantage; some of the colouring of his great pictures of the Luxembourg scenes is very bad, and I see it has led many after it. Paul Veronese's great picture of the marriage of Cana, about forty feet long, is a work in regard to colour that sinks all around it. It possesses no scriptural history—no sentiment, but its execution is amazing; at the sametime it is slight, often undefined, but what is intended is always gained. Throughout the Louvre there are a great many fine small pictures, but it is some time before they are got at, from the impression of the large ones.

I have had more of the Louvre than I expected, having been detained two days longer. I do not think I should like to attempt to study here; it might be possible, but life is so frittered, confused, and dirty, that long habit would be needed to enter into Parisian ways. I expect to be in Geneva by Sunday first, from whence it will take a week to reach Milan, the crossing of the Alps being tedious.

GENEVA.

Geneva, 18th September. Four days and three nights on the road from Paris. I arrived here yesterday. The night travelling is what I do not like, but it is over now, as I go the rest of my journey by Vetturini. The weather has been delicious. I was carelessly hanging over the window of the diligence after breakfast, having in the morning ascended on foot (for the passengers usually get out if they

are disposed when a hill is to be got over) one of the great billowy swellings of the Swiss country, part of the Jura range, and was in a delightful mood, tracing by sight an immense valley, and recognising in the foreground Byron's steeps, " grey-haired with anguish like those blasted pines," when we turned, and behold, the Alps were inhabiting the sky before us. Not a cloud was in the sky, save a streak which belted Mont Blanc midway down. Soon we saw the lake, and the plain where Geneva stands, stretch gradually out below; all were excited—even the man-of-boots seemed to enjoy wheeling down the steep at a furious speed. Out got two Frenchmen, and ran along, thus giving a physical vent to their feelings.

The Swiss country which I have gone over is of a different character from anything at home to which I can compare it. It is not broken or rugged. All is undulating, heaving, and diluvial. But on the Italian side the mountains rear their granite peaks like a barrier to the floating, or a belt to the loosened, earth. The soil of the range of the Jura is infested with small pebbly stones, which would seem to have been tossed for ages at the bottom of the primeval deeps. All my way across France I only once observed what I could consider the ruin of a baronial castle, such as are so often to be met in Scotland. It is a country certainly well adapted for modern battle-fields. In Switzerland the vales and hills are quite besprinkled with houses—in France there appears a paucity of rural habitations.

Written at St. Julian. Here I am in a country inn in the small frontier town of the Sardinian kingdom, called St. Julian, where I have been compelled to come to shew my passport, and find I am necessitated again to present it to-morrow, six days not having expired since I came to Geneva, which is the time fixed by a sanitary regulation, to which

those are subjected who come from Paris, where the cholera still continues. The afternoon is delightful, the walk has been fatiguing, but here I am in the peace of the country. Geneva, unless in the walks along and by the ramparts, affords no subject for the lounging time of a traveller, particularly one who, with much before him, is forced to remain—where, and among whom? The most ordinary looking people—a small capital made a thoroughfare for the idle, and a night resting-place for the seeker of daily stimulus—where the sound of confused Paris has died away, but where a moral echo of it at times meets the ear. The Salle à Manger and the Café are the only places to which the stranger can resort, with the exception of his own apartment, which may be number 60 or 70. In the Salle à Manger, on raising your eyes, you are exposed to see those of the educated gourmand, or man of importance, with their mannered, loathsome, and contemptible stare (I cannot understand it), which only those who have seen can imagine; and, in the Café, the fumes of liquors and cigars, with the continual rumble of billiard balls, or the voluble and jarring tongues at a card-table, the players being, not unlikely, the footman in black of Lord A———, or the advance courier of the Earl of B———. Those of the people who are beyond the reach of this contagion, appear to be of the most simple and rural sort.

External creation has its modifications, but its varieties of aspect are partial compared with its similarities. The cattle on the fields herd with each other alike over the world; the odours of the trees are the same. Here the mountains are in part green, and part granite, as there. Here there is snow upon their tops, as also there. The *signes particuliers*, to use a phrase of the French passport, may differ, but even where man's caprice is at work, this still holds. The bell

of the little Roman Catholic church has just rung with a seeming well-known sound—that of the bell of old often-visited Kippen Kirk; and afterwards the Sardinian ringers struck the hour exactly as sexton Robert. Ah, there goes the drum! but this is very different from any thing in a Scotch village. That drummer beats well. What a rush of sound through the sunset—yellowed air—continuous by repeated strokes. Any thing well done is agreeable.

In my little walk this evening, I came upon some peasants gathering pears. I asked one of them to sell me some. He smiled, and asked me to take one. There was a wish to be kind. This is to be met all over the world, possibly if observed and appreciated, as often as its opposite.

Travelling destroys all simpleness of judgment; with many things you take leave, or they follow changed; the peculiarities of other things are seen, and being seen in a multiform whirl, all appear of the same worth or value. A man cannot learn to think by ever changing his subject; and I conceive if he has not acquired habits which he will not readily unlearn, travelling is the worst thing he can betake himself to, if he means with heart and mind to gird himself for some worthy pursuit.

How it is I know not, but in regard to the very matter which is the cause of my being detained in this village to-night—the possibility of arresting such a disease as the cholera by sanitary cordons, &c.—my ideas have completely changed. While quiet in Edinburgh, it appeared to me to be practicable, and possibly what might be useful, to cut off communication with infected districts; now this, by some alchemy of the mind, it appears to me childish to attempt; its purpose vain. It must and will take its range. But I must be done; I have drained the ink-horn—really a horn; so in one thing at least there is literal truth at St. Julian.

I must to bed, or keep plunging my pen for every two or three letters; so much, however, as a memorandum of St. Julian.

Morning, seven o'clock, Sunday. The church bell has rung for morning service. Numerous peasants are collected before the door, which has not yet opened. They are rude in dress, most of them seemingly in the garb in which they labour, and are armed with long poles, with pikes in the ends of them, which they use in scaling the mountains.

Sunday afternoon. I again resume my letter. I have now been nearly a week in Geneva; the great mountains have been lost in the clouds nearly all the while I have been here. I set out one morning at six o'clock, for the purpose of attempting to reach the top of the ravine in the Jura range, where I first saw the Alps, in order to make a sketch of them. It was one o'clock, under a burning sun, before I got to the second point of view, where I made a slight drawing; but the clouds were rolled round the snow-peaks. It was night before I got back, and a hard day's work it was.

I have arranged with a vetturino, and start to-morrow morning at six o'clock for the pass of the Simplon. In six days, if all's well, I am in Milan.

After getting a little rested from my walk from the Savoyard village, I went at two o'clock—the hour when you would be going—to one of the churches here, and in the original locality of the tenets and forms of the Church of Scotland, saw its worship performed. The organ, the read prayers, were different from Scotland; but still there was much that was similar. There were baptisms of infants, the fathers holding them up, and the mothers near; the minister in gown and bands; the precentor an old man, with silver hair; the whole congregation singing, and seated, listening to the sermon.

MILAN.

Tuesday night, (2d, I think, of October.) On Sunday morning last I arrived here, having been from Monday morning previous on the Simplon road from Geneva. I had a very agreeable journey, in company with two English and an American, over the awful Alps.

The first day of the road was along the side of the Lake of Geneva—past Coligny, where Byron lived—past some of Rousseau's marked scenes—till, in the evening sun, we saw the Castle of Chillon gleaming white on the opposite side. The second day's journey was up the valley of the Rhone; the third the same; the fourth, we ascended the Simplon; the fifth, came down on the vine-covered plains of Lombardy; the sixth, by Lake Maggiore; and on the seventh we reached this at ten o'clock morning.

To form an idea of what the cathedral really is in the splendour of all its parts, you must ascend the tower, and confess it to be amazing. I have seen Da Vinci's "Last Supper," but, alas! it is completely gone. All is retouched and peeled off. Some of the heads are merely seen to have been, while the under part is entirely destroyed. It is most humiliating; but Da Vinci's style of execution, and finical nicety in regard to the ground on which he painted, were not for the walls of a damp hall. Some frescoes in the cloisters of the monastery (which is now a barrack for soldiers) are fresh and strong. There is a splendid gallery of pictures in the Academy; some of those of the Italian masters finer than in the Louvre. There are also casts from the antique, and the works of modern Milanese artists, among whom there are two or three clever men—good draughtsmen; but their painting is in general raw and crude. The attempts at landscape and portrait here exhibited are amus-

ing; and the contrast of these tin-like works with the old pictures surrounding them is dreadful.

Wednesday evening. To-day and yesterday I breakfasted on the pavement of the wide street, in front of the cathedral. I have been in the Ambrosian Library, where I saw the cartoon of the School of Athens; a number of fine pictures; a MS. of Petrarch, with notes in his own hand; also one of Josephus on papyrus.

I have now engaged with a vetturino for Venice, and I go to-morrow morning at five. The grapes are ripe, the peaches and the melons, too; the sky clear, the air delightful; all in life still as regards the season. I go to Venice in company with the English and American who came from Geneva with me, who, as well as myself, are desirous of travelling as economically as possible; so I consider that I have been fortunate in my companions. Two Americans, one of whom goes to Venice in our party, I have found very agreeable and informed men—very different from what you would suppose from ——— and the Quarterly Review.

The Opera here is splendid, but all consists in display; the dresses, the number of actors, of singers, of musicians, all produce clamour, glitter, and show, but little histrionic ability is displayed. In the lesser theatre, which is more for the regular drama, I saw an Italian comedy—poor enough —bare simplicity of plot.

WRITTEN ON LAKE MAGGIORE.

With thee, Lake Maggiore! I'm in love
This morning while the mist is grey above,
On thy calm waters drowsily outspread
I stretch my breast to Heaven, and lay my head—
How long I know not—till the sun looks out
Between two clouds, a moment as in doubt.
Silent and slowly now the mountains raise
The endless coverings of vapoury haze

From each grey head, and, bending down, they greet
Their ancient brethren, as their shadows meet
In thy clear ample face, Maggiore.
Doth not thy beauty seem a type to me
Of the commanding eye and gentle power
Which in my longing heart hath, many an hour,
Held holy presence? Now, in thought, I go
With thee, my sun, my mirroring lake! The flow
Of time forgotten, on the tide we fly;
Our oars are strong, our boatmen—can they die?
No! says the trembling blue between the clouds—
Yes! says the vapour that the clear blue shrouds.
But while with pleasure skims our barge along,
Come let us join the spirit-boatman's song.

Glide while we may, while morning shines,
And the glad earth an answer chimes;
Tipp'd with gold are the citron trees,
And bright is all the drows'd eye sees;
Every oar-drop, while we pull,
Now turns into a spangle; dull
Is nought; our bark is bright of colour,
And our sails can ne'er be fuller;
The waters, they too with us glide,
Turning in our course the tide,
All in service of our skill,
Bearing onward with good will,
To guide the way 'mid morning shine,
To meet our hopes—hopes thine and mine,
And theirs who with us skim the wave
That flows 'twixt childhood and the grave.

I had written various names of modern Milanese painters, but have rubbed them out again, except that of Francesco Hayez, by whom, in the exhibition, there was Queen Mary resigning her crown—a good picture.

As one of the old schools of art, Milan does not present the materials to make a very striking impression. In other places its masters are to be met with even greater effect. In the Ambrosian Library are a number of heads by its

great master, Leonardo, the greatest of all the builders up of painting who did not see its summit passed—who, with his pupil, Luini, distinguished the Milanese characteristic in the art to have been care and an endeavour after scientific precision. This may, to some, require explanation; it assumes Raphael to be the great master of moral or dramatic expression, to which class belongs the principal work of Leonardo, the Last Supper; but this is only one production of this master, and even it points at these characteristics specified as his distinction.

VENICE.

Tuesday, 9th October 1832.

My Dear Father—According to the intention mentioned in my letter from Milan, I left that city on the morning after; and here I am, the journey well over. Last night, in a gondola, I and my three fellow-travellers entered by moonlight this city of the waters.

The Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto, and St. Mark's, I have seen; but to-day the rain pours, with thunder, and it is so dark that I cannot see the pictures in the churches; so here, in my room in the Leone Bianco, after three hours winding the pavements of Venice, I gladly sit down to tell you of my journeyings. I have been to the post, and there is no letter for me. I am heavy to hear.

My road from Milan was by Bergamo, Verona, and Padua—all interesting towns, and pictures in all. In Verona I saw Romeo and Juliet performed in the fine theatre. Romeo and Juliet, in the place of its origin, is widely different from Romeo and Juliet in Britain. There was fine singing—the part of Romeo by a lady. Next

morning I saw the tomb of Juliet (?), and the garden where the moon shone on her after the masquerade. There is in Verona a noble Roman amphitheatre very entire. After passing Padua—the place of "learned doctors" that was—the Venetian style of decoration begins to appear. It is profuse in statues, pillars, and coloured walls. The Lagoon crossed; it is about five miles in breadth—Venice.

Brescia. The ruins of a Temple of Hercules, of grand Roman architecture—a fragment of a large statue (a shoulder) resembling that of the Elgin collection—a statue of Victory in bronze, but not fine—an immense number of small fragments, lamps, &c., and among them many remains of a Christian era. In the Church of St. Afra an altar-piece by Tintoretto.

In Bergamo visited the academy—L'Academia Carrara—an establishment that has been of importance, but is now seemingly fallen into decay. The custode opened the windows upon my visit. There are no fine works of art. The galleries are large; some of the rooms stuffed with copies by former pupils, stowed away, tumbled one over the other, dusty and forgotten. Many strong hopes are sunk since these were produced. The casts are broken. Here I saw a cast of the fine face of Canova, taken after death.

The holy Virgin in the nook of a rock—in a little temple by the side of a bare road over the flat plain, or on the rugged Alps—in a country town, in a dark underground chapel, lighted by a small lamp—on the front of an auberge—on the front of a church—in a little case of wood nailed to a tree, or in the same, stuck upon a pole, are alike common.

The vintage is advanced; the vines are browned in the leaves, red, or deep crimson, twisted over the trees, from one to another of which they hang, yellow in some parts, but oftenest strong red, against the green of the cropped willows

or olives; while from their festoons, in dim, bluish, purple clumps, the grapes are suspended.

Road from Verona to Vicenza. The damps of evening were rising—they had almost hid the ground—a clump of trees rose above it, and were reflected in the haze as in water. I observed a peasant looking at the carriage, present a brow wrinkled so—

St. Mark's is a strange confusion of architecture. Inside it has a solemn effect. Gilded domes and gilded arches behind, around, and above others, and others again; pillars of porphyry, of bronze, of granite, and of coloured marble, and all kinds of wood; mosaic pavement and mosaic'd walls in every corner. The Ducal Palace displays painting, sculpture, carving, gold, and marble, lavishly; hard by which stands the winged Lion on a ponderous granite pillar; and in front of the Duomo are the standard-poles of states now no longer tributary; while in front, above its entrance, are the four bronze horses of Lysippus, from conquered Constantinople.

I have been in the dungeons of the palace—at the door of the Bridge of Sighs, which is not to be passed, it still being an entrance to the prison. That is still in use—its walls are still strong—and why should not the dungeons, mouldy as they are, be kept warm?

Monday, 15th October. I resume my letter, after having been painting busily in the Ducal Palace in the forenoon, and in the afternoon among the great Venetian works in the Academia. On seeing the Ducal Palace, I resolved to stop some time here; and on visiting the Gallery of the Academy, I saw at work an old Trustee and Life Academy student, M'Innes, who has been here for about half-a-year. He mentioned he was in excellent lodgings, and he would

inquire if I could have a room in the same house. This I got, and though the same in price—one franc per night—as the *Poco Camera*, as an old hag of a chamber-maid called that which I had taken at the inn, is large and convenient.

I am in the midst of the colourists of Italy—the Venetian school. Some of them fall short, while others are superior to what I expected. Upon the whole, there is nothing overwhelming. I had always judged painting by its sentiment, its mental bearing, and thought most of invention and new spheres of meaning. What may be among the multitudes of designers of Florence, as yet I cannot say, but all those who here imitate the Florentines are fools; they have more need of mental vision than Don Quixote's windmill. Titian is often a noble painter. If in certain respects he has no expression, he is solid in material, and nobly composed in his bearing. His greatest work is the "Assumption of the Virgin." In the Ducale, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Palma, and numerous of their followers, are seen on immense fields of canvass, and in fresco; one picture, by Tintoretto, of "Paradise," is sixty feet in length, being the whole breadth of the election room of the Doge.

There are a number of English artists here at present, but they are going off—some of them for Paris, and others for Rome. M'Innes talks of leaving this in a month or two for Scotland. I have written a short letter to William by him; he will tell you of our meetings, and of the modes here.

I again take up my pen after supper—a plate of grapes and a crustaceous roll. I have more of the accustomed ways of home here, than I have had since I commenced my journey. I breakfast without having to go to a café, and also have dinner provided by the people of the house, and get my lamp, and am quiet in my room in the evening. "*Servo e commanda niente*"—the Italians always speak to those to

whom they wish to shew respect in the third person—I often hear, and the people are very attentive. It is chill now in the morning and at night. I have just had straw mats brought in for a portion of the room floor.

This is a silent city. The ways between the houses are narrow, most of them; so much so, that frequently the inhabitants of different sides of a street might shake hands from their windows. The bargemen are continually teasing by the question, "*Commanda barqua?*" and the number of idle loungers is immense. You cannot ask of any one, without being pounced upon by some of the *vagabondi*, who are almost as tenacious as the old man of Sinbad.

Saturday 27th. I resume my letter with the intention of sending it by Dyce, whom I again met yesterday. I find it will be longer than I expected before I reach Rome, as I still have to pass through some of the most important places in regard to art—Parma, Bologna, and Florence—before I make Rome my direct road. I go by Mantua to Parma, but to do this from Venice the route is circuitous. I now begin to like Venice, interrupted, confined, and confused as it is. I lodge in one of the most open corners of the city—a tree, almost the only one to be seen, opposite the windows—and I am close by the Piazza of St. Mark, on the front of which of an evening the illumination of the setting sun is magnificent. Its coloured and gilded architecture has a flickering jewelled splendour—eastern, romantic, and visionary. I am well pleased that I took Venice on my way to Rome; there is much to be seen in painting here. Now I am completely aware of the extent of the power of the Venetian school in art, and of its relative importance and influence. The city itself must, I hope, be the origin of many new ideas to me; it is perfectly unique in its bridges, canals, and architecture. The canals are not, however, so much

the thoroughfares as I expected; many of them are silent, and, when the tide leaves them, dead and ruinous looking. This may be a change of late years, the ways being now made more connected and paved.

I wish I could have remained here for somewhat longer—the last month has driven on furiously. I have made some sketches in the Academia and Ducale; but I must leave Titian, Tintorétto, Bonifazio, and Veronese, in a very few days. There is a splendid gallery of casts here. I used to consider the Edinburgh collection as the finest in Europe, but it is nothing to this.

How I should like to see you walking up in your important way to a person at work in the great gallery of the Academy, who is painting with a cloak on his shoulders, has large mustaches—for his beard is not backward in its growth—a broad lowland Scotch bonnet over his long hair, and recognising him as your son.

I have met acquaintances more than I anticipated—first Charles Lees, and then William Dyce, in Paris, and here M'Innes and Dyce again. I am well pleased I have been here; had I gone to Rome without having been in Venice, I should have felt less armed.

Write me at Florence; tell me what goes on, and what all are about, if it is good—I don't want bad news. What is C—— about, he is sure always to come across my mind when I am in the whirl of the music of the Italian Opera.

It is chill here now, almost as much so as with you, I should think, but not so damp. I have only had two wet days since I left home—one in London, and the first day here—the equality of *il tempo* is delightful. In summer it is oppressively hot. I see, from a Paris reprint of extracts from English papers, that war is likely to take place; this is detestable. No English paper is to be seen here, and

were that of *Galignani*, the Paris reprint for British travellers on the continent, not a miserable, bare thing, it would not be here either. I expect news of every sort from you.

D. S. *30th October.*

Sunday morning, 14th October 1832. In St. Mark's at mass. Can any one see the rugged hind bend his knee before the altar, or humbly in a dark corner on the plinth of a pillar—or observe him, reverently, dip his finger in the holy water, and his fellow unite in his reverence by touching his wet hand, and cross themselves—or mark the old, grey-headed, tottering woman, and the young, black-haired, olive boy, kiss the image of the Child, and then that of the Virgin, an image shining and smooth from the touch of thousands of lips—without feeling at peace, for the time at least, with the system of religion here, whatever its errors and peculiarities?

A wonderful pile is St. Mark's—ancient almost to decay, nor yet time-worn. Every diversity of form, and every variety of material seem accumulated, to amplify the characteristics of the structure. A combination of forms, colours, and substances—a clustering of ornaments emerging from the dim night of Byzantine art, with its constant sense of imperfection, heap up an impression, deep, sombre, strong, barbaric, rude, and great.

Passed, in a gondola, the Palace of the Foscari. It is neglected—not ruined, but decayed. The Barbarighi Palace, where are the works left by Titian at his death, is dusty and dirty, sunken in splendour, dim, and old. Here Titian died, and here are his latest works, or rather the refuse of his study; although this does not agree with an account of the disposal of all his property by a profligate monk, his son.

Venetian Traits. "On the Rialto" saw one "vecchio" looking the head of another for vermin. On the paved way next the lagoon, noticed in the lazy sunshine a barber at work shaving a fatherly bargeman. The lower orders of the Venetians eat their meals standing at the windows or door of the shop where they buy the mess. Crosses often painted on the walls in the narrow lanes of Venice; is this where "the murderous knife" has shed blood? The holy Virgin made in wax, wood, and whitewash, worsted, or earthenware, may be met in a gondola, by the side of the canals, at the turn of a silent street, or in the most public thoroughfares, in all manner of ways and everywhere.

The Venetians, in their works in painting, are completely *material*, all is the external of things that appears there. That they have held by, and in that done well. Titian, however, is always thoughtful, and in a few instances gives a strong sentiment. Bellini (Giov.) is solid, but his style is imperfect, and however patient, he is always short of his aim. Titian, in his formed works, shews the mastery, however bounded the intention may be; and the works of his followers show facility without effort. But they are masters of certain facilities only.

None but Venetians could have been the authors of their style of art. Their shining country, their strong coloured dresses, the sea about them, with their ornamental buildings topped with statues, and their general taste for gilding and show, are all constituents and parts of a style of life which has in one direction grown out into their style of painting. This holds more or less strongly in regard to the efforts of every country, however subtle or difficult the analysis of it may be.

I have now been three weeks here, two more will, I expect, satisfy me. Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, Bonifazio,

in their colour, are as specific and as general as Michael Angelo in his design. They are often individual, particularly Veronese and Bonifazio (the elder), in their design; often poor and often incorrect in their drawing; with the exception of Titian they have little expression; and for historic characters present Venetian doges, or Venetian bargemen; but still they deserve admiration, as the great masters of one department of painting. Venice seems from the first to have carried forward, even in the commonest things, that intention which has in the end produced her peculiar sphere of art; and at the present day, in climates where the influence of the originating causes have never been felt, the art still dictates. This school presents one instance, among the many, of the powers of accumulated effort becoming a fixed and commanding essence as a whole.

I began this letter (as it will be long before you get it) with the intention merely of introducing you to M'Innes, but I have wandered. Write to me, and be very particular in all things, your own ploddings of course included. Travelling begets another sort of life—another mode of working the mental machine—the knowledge acquired by study and that acquired by travel are two roads which have a wide termination certainly; the one draws forth the power of active life, the other descends into the dark birth-places of thought. What has led me here? Yet ever thinking of our quiet Sundays, and the books. I hope such is yet for me to return to. Adieu.

To W. B. S.

The Venetian colourists are a pure emanation. It is impossible they could have appeared any other where; they are peculiarly local, and are, or rather have been, strengthened

in all that gives them distinctive character by their climate and commercial position. Here exists in completeness the display of one of the most marked features of the system of light and shade or effect, which they adopted—the relief of a dark by a light, which I have nowhere seen with such variety. In Scotland it would appear absurd (generally speaking) to represent a man's face darker than the wall behind it, here all the variety of such contrasts are strongly presented. This portion of the means of painting—this system of light or effect—is most fitted for what is bright and *allegro*; the sterner Northern often demands more—the terrible and the sublime. Venetian pictures may be looked at again and again by him; for example, the Marriage of Cana, either the one in Paris or that here, and finding something very fine and very different from what he has seen or imagined, he is at a loss to know exactly what it is, and, at the same time, why it should only be there. Let him come to Venice, and he will find the sky, the shining buildings, the varied costumes, the character and tone of the countenances, the pomp, (I cite times past by their remains), the richness, and the decoration, produce the same feeling. Veronese, of all the school of Venice, is more peculiarly and exclusively local. His Feasts, called the Marriage of Cana, with the introduction of a head with a glory round it, are, I should suppose, faithful representations of the great entertainments of his day. There you have himself, his friends, nobles, waiters, pages—all as they were in the action and dress of his time. The others of the school, though all obeying similar imitative impulses, give a much wider direction to their application. Tintoretto in every respect is frequently wide of individuality. Titian—I ascend—the venerable father of these and many more, is at times very grand in design. The Assumption of the Virgin is one of

the greatest works in painting for ponderous power, driving colour to a height which has nothing at all to rival it.

But oh! what is to be seen here to fulfil what painting ought to and can perform? Nothing. Titian is an old man without imagination in all his works; Tintoretto a blind Polyphemus; Veronese a doge's page.

3d November. L. Macdonald has appeared here to-day. He passed through Germany. I have your letters by him. Dyce and I travel together from this to Mantua, which he has thought of visiting with me. He has made a number of sketches during his excursion, which, I dare say, you would like to see. He carries knowledge with him to his practice of art. I have now met, I suppose, all the Scotsmen who are here. There is one, a painter, copying in the galleries, whom I never saw before.

The number of bells in Venice is very great; they are continually ringing and striking the hours. What with the assistance of iron men (an immense bell above the large clock near St. Mark's is struck by two long-legged Gothic iron figures), and living bellmen, not a devil can dare to approach Venice.

I now must close my book until I reach Rome, which I expect will be in less than a month from this date. My stay has been longer than I expected in Venice; altogether, I have been much longer on my journey than I contemplated. On Monday I leave for Mantua; from that I proceed without delay to Parma, Bologna, and Florence.

MORNING. VENICE. Nov. 1832.

The watchman of the Campanella tower
Sleeps and beguiles us of the hour—
No, no, he strikes, one, two,
Three. That silent man,
All night pacing the high turret top,

Now looking at the stars, now at his feet,
Grows, like the bell he tends, all silent, save
When struck upon, by asking him a question,
Then answers he in short hard tones; anon
His arms are folded, and he passes round,
And turns once more the thousandth time
Round by the wall to six strides of a course;
He'd keep a secret such a man, but then
'T would only be to lock it in a book
Writ in a tongue long dead.
The expectations of a man like him—
The hopes of such a one—what can they be?
Thanks, holy Mary! I am not that man.

PARMA.

13th November 1832. Here I have been three days, and have seen all that is worthy; one day more, and I go. This is the place of Coreggio; here is the famous dome; and here are five of his oil pictures, one of which, *the one*, is the St. Jerome. It is very beautiful. Coreggio is the painter of the *suave;* none but he for round-lipped and soft-winged angels, and that face of the Madonna, with circled brows melting into light and into shade. I have been in the dome, and face to face with the frescoes. That mode of painting, as I have yet seen it, makes me melancholy; nothing can better exhibit the scathe of time. To attempt to restore the works here would be their immediate destruction. Julio Romano, at Mantua, is dead. The general design of his works is so far still to be seen, but save that, he is departed from them; and so is it with all the frescoes I have met—the claws of destruction are in them.

Looking for pictures, I was this morning in the Church of the Capuchins. I asked one of the monks who went round with me if I could see the monastery. Readily I

could; and I was led up to a large place, a sort of loft, divided by ranges of small apartments. On the door of each was a print representative of the Virgin, with saints, above which was the name of the monk of the cell, and on the lintel that of the patron saint. All was very silent; gloomy enough maybe; but one—the monk to whom I spoke—was a strong, smiling man, young and unworn. Their dress is of a lightish brown coarse stuff, with the hood and side-sleeves you have often seen represented. They wear a sort of sandal.

Last night, in the theatre, I saw Maria Louisa, the former Empress of France; she is now Duchess of Parma. The Italian stage is miserable, to my thinking. Now as I write, I have a wood fire burning on the hearth—no grate; the weather is cold and wet: all day the rain has run down. I like a wood fire; it spreads the heat more than coals, and has much ease in appearance. The other night, in a country inn, I was in a large *sala* alone; all was dull, desolate, and drear. I ordered an oddity of a whistling demon-waiter to put on a fire, and the wood-blaze shone comfortably back in a moment from every corner of the room. The length of my stay in Venice, the time occupied in travelling there, and returning, with the week that I was detained in that common thoroughfare, Geneva, all have advanced the season on me, and I am now anxious to be in Rome.

Memoranda. Passed a curious little village built in the form of a cross, the head of which was a large square, the body the principal street. The houses here are all brick, the walls very thick and strong. The pavement also is of long bricks; the walls of the houses project, at the bottom, to a great thickness. Noticed in this neighbourhood the hooded cap, attached to the cloak or doublet, seen represented three or four hundred years ago.

In a little village church of St. Francisco, a Byzantine representation, above the altar, of two angels supporting two arms against a cross—the one possibly of God, the other of Christ—a singular instance of ridiculous whimsical invention. The grossness of some of these votive figurings is like the very ebb of the artistic faculties. The cross, with the spear, the sponge, the nails, and the crown of thorns, is nothing. Here in a sort of half-picture, half-sculpture, or bas-relief coloured, of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, are actually red cords, to represent the blood, suspended from the feet, hands, and side of the figure of Christ to those of the saint, who is supported on each side by an angel—a background of hills purely green, and streams white. In this little church, at the altar of St. Antonio of Padua, hang broken weapons, pistols, and guns, from which those by whom they had been offered had escaped injury; and around are numerous small pictures representing his beneficial intervention. In one, a man and his wife tumble out of their carriage, when the Saint and the Virgin appear in a glory occupying nearly all the picture; in another, a man falls from a house; again, a boy from a window; a lady, in her night chemise and cap, asleep, scampers from her chamber window, while the Saint views her half-robed charms, but the Virgin, lest her modesty should be offended, keeps her dress right; in others there are beds, and what appear both men and women in them, but the Saint keeps strict watch over all. The letters P. G. R. are usually on a label in each of these specimens of devotion. But gratitude to providence is even here expressed. The sacristan and clerks are all in the dress of St. Francis—the monastic order which seems most associated with meanness both of condition and thought.

In this village noticed the green dress, but of common make and material, which Veronese so often painted.

The crossing of the Po rather remarkable. The numbers of oxen and pasengers—their drivers, ox-like men, with their long poles—the flat river, with its sand-banks in the middle—the oxen, with their enormous heads, and enormous halters on their necks—altogether uncommon.

BOLOGNA.

Thursday, 15. I have had a glance at Bologna and its school of painters. It is a heavy, dark, and gloomy looking town—this being not a little caused, I think, by the piazzas which are along nearly all the streets. The weather has been wet and very dull, which, no doubt, will not aid a favourable impression. The school of the Caracci is like its town, dark and coarse (the high tower is a smith's forge below), and has little of the elevation of ideality in it, though often pursuing that in form. In certain respects they have propriety and a sort of heavy sentiment, but they are gross and cumbrous. Their colour is palpable and external, I should so term it, in distinction from the Venetian and that of Corregio, which I should call subtle and salient. In a short while their sombreness oppresses—it is blackness to darkness—and often not being united to expression, which allows or demands such, disgust follows. Thus they have affected me. Raffaello here too in the St. John, and also in the famous St. Cecilia, is not what I expected. Some of his faces are decidedly disagreeable. The print of St. John is better than the picture. Vandramini deserves happy dreams all his life from the ghost of Raffael for what he has done for this picture. In colour both these works are brown and musty.

Bologna, like Venice, is rich in churches, and they are full of pictures by the painters of the place. There is a singular leaning tower, not quite so much staggered as that of Pisa, I understand, but quite enough to speak of its inebriety.

Friday night. I am driven so soon to my room by the shortness of daylight, that I have too much time in the evening, and too little for my present needs during day. To-day I have been in various galleries and churches, and one old monastery: saw Michele in Bosco out of the town, at the top of a small hill. The pictures that are, or rather were in the cloisters of the monastery are gone; a hand here, a head and an arm there, are all that remain; and the beauty which Fuseli described as "moulded by the hand, and inspired by the breath of love," whether it ever deserved such terms of commendation or not, (which I am inclined to doubt) is gone. Only the merest fragments of these works remain. The day was rainy and foggy. Bologna lay in the flat below, in drowsy obscurity; not a being was near me on the hill; and, though not high, I suppose, from the desolateness of the vacated monastery by which it is crowned, there was intense solitude. The mist was rolling into the silent halls. The view around, from the hill, must be very fine, when the sun is bright, and the seasons advancing. These are the only hills I have seen since shortly after passing Milan. From the bottom of the Alps all Lombardy is flat; Scotland is far superior to what I have yet seen of Italy for varied landscape. It is bare of trees—there are large plants and poplars, but nothing almost worth calling a tree.

Memoranda. A gilded heart, often given to the Virgin, stuck on a picture—a crown or a sceptre, in silver, on an old dark picture—this is annoying.

On approaching the Appenines, the horses of vans, &c. to be seen with large crimson and red covers, all of one colour—the effect is striking and very rich.

ORA, a frequent inscription over the doors of churches; $A\overset{P}{X}\Omega$, frequently inscribed on graves; or at each corner, $\overset{P}{X}$.

Interrupted, when sitting down to write—by whom? The barber—peruquier of the house, as he styles himself. This is twice to-day I have been asked if I did not need a barber? Bless the Italians for their attention to such an extent of accommodation! I understand that here they are not permitted by the Austrians to wear mustaches. This is indeed a conquered country, it would appear.

13th November, Tuesday. Zambeccari Palace. Strange were the thoughts of some of the Gothic fathers of painting. Some German works here painted on wood have the buttons and edges of the garments actually raised, as if they were more existent, and, to their notion, material, than the other parts. Here Andrea Mantegna appears as a true genius in the yet fettered time of painting—in the age when its means would not express the ideas of such men. Art is long, as has been said, and it is only after a certain time, and by the accumulation of attempts, it gains the full power of speech.

"'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," to see men advanced in life, by way of study, copying the productions of the school here—heads, hands, and feet, like boys in an academy! How can they find themselves gainers by this? One old man is making a copy, the size of the original, from Raffaello's "St. Cecilia," but this, I suppose, he must be employed for, and that is his excuse. There is no knight-errantry in *his* intentions now I daresay.

Bologna may be called The Dirty—although over the whole of Italy there is much filthiness.

Here, for the first time, saw old women sitting with portable fires beneath their petticoats.

The old sacristan of San Giacomo Maggiore was at mass; two boys went for him while I waited. He came, holding by them, being blind. They tell him the subjects of the pictures, and he gives the names of the painters with great enthusiasm—he goes over the whole church—he will not take money, but leaves it to the boys, one of whom takes it, and, returning, grasps my hand, and kisses it. Poor little fellow! This was a sort of devotion I was not used to. Had I expressed by my looks interest in the old man, to whom he might be related? or was it the coin, that best of all things?

BETWIXT BOLOGNA AND FLORENCE.

Now crossing mountains, amidst mist and gloom,
Time looks with various eyes upon me; oft
I see, in bright day, a black scowling form
Betwixt me and the sun; and when, as now,
Darkness is round, through the obscure I see
A shining form. Days, nights, may come and go,
And bring their changing hues with them: the mind
Is toned and tempered from a different sphere.

FLORENCE.

Tuesday night. The post was my first place here, and there I got your letter. It was cut open, slashed, and smoked. Two days ago I left Bologna, and I am now a day in Florence. Florence is larger and more ample in appearance, has more greatness in its style, than the other Italian towns I have seen. To-day I have procured a lodging —been in the Ducal Gallery—the Cathedral—Santa Croce, where are the tombs of Dante, Buonarotti, Alfieri, Galileo,

Macchiavello, Aretino, and many others who *are* dead—and San Lorenzo, where I could only, through a carved door, see part of one of the Medici monuments, the slumberous head of Night. The Cathedral is an elephantine pile of brick, faced with marble, white, black, and red, making somewhat the same impression on me as the hulk of a hundred-and-fifty gun ship. All is flat, square bulk. The dome is like a helmet for Mont Blanc. The old Palace possesses some dreadful labours in painting, by Vasari. Most of the churches are unfinished. The streets, like the narrow ways of Venice, are paved with flat stones all over.

Here I have been nearly a week, and have seen almost all that is noted. The galleries of the Ducal and Pitti Palaces I am often in; they are splendid collections. Many of the monasteries, and all of the interesting churches, I have seen. The labours of painting work in these monasteries are immense. I wander under painted piazzas, where I meet no one; and many are the dark vaulted passages, covered with painting in mouldering decay. To-day I met a melancholy young monk, wood-shod and hooded, slowly mounting a few steps into a passage of the church of the monastery. I accosted him, to ask the name of the painter of some of the cloisters. Without raising his wan face, and in a depressed voice he answered, "*Io non so sono forestiere;*" and, passing on, crossed himself before a crucifix in the passage, and wound into the church. There, in the churchyard alone, could such "a stranger" see a glimmering of the pointing finger of Hope. It was piteous, as a disease is piteous.

The letter from Lady Ruthven to ———, only cost me an hour or two seeking the manikin, and looking at his poor works. By Ritchie's letter to ———, I saw the works of a Florentine—not a Buonarotti. Mrs. C——— and her daughters are quite cognoscente in all art and poetry. I

have been to see several places with them, and in their house various times.

Friday night. I have seen much, and now know art as it appears in Florence. Of the antique here, is the Venus di Medici; the Niobe Family, the best figures of which are of the grand Greek era; the Dancing Fawns; the Wrestlers, &c. Titian's famed Venus is here—two of them, indeed—why not a dozen? Some of Raffaello's works, among them the St. John, a copy of which, by himself, I did not admire at Bologna. This is superior, but still the print is as good. The Florentines—the coverers of large canvasses—after the time of Michael Angelo, are degraders of art. They paint interminably; and what do you see?—ever the same: there is no expression, no history. The older masters are venerable, stern, and true: from them Buonarotti arose, having, as is the case with the great masters of all the schools, received materials of art at their hands; he gives them harmony and ease. Add the individual characteristics, more or less powerful, and there is the Buonarotti, the Raffael, and the Titian. The formation of the language of painting is seen here—the same is exhibited in Venice. Fine ideas and beautiful intention are often trammelled in expression: however, there is frequently much harmony between the style of thought and the means of its indication—there being often, in both, that sort of simplicity we call *naivete*. Between the mode of the old masters here (I mean before Buonarotti) in producing their intellections, and that of the older poets, there is much in common—in both, much individuality of imitation, united to great abstractedness and symbolic remoteness, with all the vagaries of an early day. Both are full of features, the manner of the formation of which is accidental, rising out of their freedom from, and ignorance of, critical rules. The ideas and separate portions of their works

hang together by a connection often perfectly unforeseen, or are separated in a way that mere inventors—*makers* I should call them, in this view—of tales, poems, and pictures, do not often venture upon, or rather do not dream of. Shakspere is like them at times.

Memoranda. Thursday, 22d November. In the Duomo the number of clerks and priests chaunting before the altar greater than I have before seen. They are very constant in their offices here: the candles, held by two clerks on each side of the principal reader, raised at particular parts of the service. In various of the chapels, old men and poor people praying and kissing the stones. Now the priests are all scattered; some whipping off their mantles; others pacing, most solemnly, into the sacristy. One meets his acquaintance, and gives him snuff—all is over for a time.

The Baptistry. Baptisms are going on—a number are waiting with their children. The priest comes among the fathers and mothers standing carelessly about, and reads the obligations of the dirty and ragged father, who seems hopelessly unable to take care of himself.

Sunday. In the Grand Duke's Chapel at mass. The pomp and splendour of Roman Catholicism overcomes the feelings for the moment. The incense dimming the four times seven candles of the altar—the music of instruments, and the more moving human voice—the splendid dresses of the priests, their kneelings, their prayers, and benedictions—all lift the mind into a sensitive sphere only proper to be associated with the exalted and great. On the wall opposite to where I stood was a crucifixion—poor and wretched. At that moment, forgetting the sectarianism, priestcraft, monasticism, and all the evils that spiritual pride generates, I would gladly have enlisted to exalt the faith, whose forms, as displayed now before me, were so strongly impressive.

The Dowager Duchess was there: her deportment was like acting; she turned up her eyes—shut them—clasped her hands—bent down her head. I sketched her. Afterwards walked in the garden of the Pitti. Splendid. One fountain in particular; more so than in Paris. There is more ease and more richness; not the trimness and the formed deformity. Mr. Wyld, a cogitative Edinburgher, was with me.

Tuesday, 27th November. Visited the house of Buonarotti. Saw the rooms he inhabited—his study—even some of the oil-flasks of glass which he used, and pots of colour—rods, for I do not know what—his staffs—two of them—I held one, and put it to the ground—*it was firm.* The largest room is painted with histories from his life on the sides and roof; and, at one end, is a large oil-picture by himself, painted on wood, the subject—The Virgin with the Child and Saints. It is dreadfully incorrect in drawing; the perspective of the parts quite poor, and the anatomy very juvenile. It puts me in mind of some of my own attempts of years since—I mean in the sort of blundering, uniting parts wrong, and suppressing some, to the exaggeration of others. In some portions there is great strength of imitation, and in some of the faces, &c., the colour is good, and the style formed; but the execution is feeble and restrained—the feet badly formed. I suspect he was not accustomed to a flat surface; but how fine the tone of colour is in some respects. That of the flesh is equally general, but more elevated than Titian. There are one or two chalk sketches—one partly finished—of most patient labour, very minute; and there is also an unfinished marble and a bronze. Some of the histories from his life are very well painted.

In the Pitti Palace saw the Venus by Canova. It is by no means a perfect work, but it is very beautiful. The face,

feet, and hands, are very finished. The surface of the feet is equal to that of the Venus di Medici. The head and upper part in general is too large for the lower. It is in a beautiful circular room, seemingly made for it, at the end of a splendid suite of apartments. The splendour of the silk, gold, and carved furniture of these rooms, exceeds anything I have ever seen. Silk-covered walls, gold-covered tables and chairs, gilded roofs, crystal chandeliers, and mirrors. The apartments are small and light; they seem made to be inhabited—not so those of some wide vacant palaces. This is *the Palace* of Italy.

In an old sculpture, on the tower of the city, Eve is represented coming full size out of the side of Adam. The architecture of this tower (by Giotto) is remarkable.

In the Medici Chapel, struck with the propriety of effect in the great statues by Buonarotti; this I consider had not been done with foreknowledge, but arose from the strength of the conception.

Wednesday. Visited the museum in the morning. Here is the most extensive and well-executed collection of models I suppose in existence—it is by far the finest I have seen. The figures are curiously imitated. The lubricity of the tendons, and their hardness, is excellent; the muscles and bones are also very true. The Plague represented here is done with a true gusto for the appalling, and the modeller, Gaetano Zumbo, seems to have revelled in the different stages of decay with the familiarity of a vampire.

Spent a long time in the gallery of the Ducal Palace, chiefly in study of the Venetians. After the gallery hour, walked with Mrs. C—— and her daughters to the San Nunziata. It is without the gates of Florence, on one of the neighbouring heights; a romantic old church, where the rich gorgeousness of the gifts, and the rudeness of a country

church, are blended by time. The marble screen is of surprising workmanship; the pulpit is rich, and also of marble. We went into the subterranean church, some of the pillars of which are ancient Roman. The crypt is extensive, many-pillared, and decorated. The ladies seated themselves behind the altar, and began to sing. They sung Scottish songs—we stood in the shade among the pillars and listened. The music wound among the arches, sweeping and circling, till it died in lengthened tone in the recesses of the vault. The gleam of a dull oil-lamp flickered on the altar and its cross. The gloom and the antiquity of the place—the delightful voices—all was soothing. But shortly, as if the spirit of the vault had been disturbed, there was a loud rattle above; it scared the ladies, they ceased singing, and retreated from their seat. We ascended, saw large frescoes by Spinelli, and came down the hill to Florence through a dull mist.

Ascended the tower designed by Giotto, which is the most perfect and strong of this species of building which I have seen. The dome of the cathedral stood below like a mighty spectre in the mist, in which the whole town was wrapt. After this, to the Ducal Palace, and got my permission to view the drawings. Went over Perugino, Buonarotti, and Raffaelo, having passed from Cimabue down to those. Perugino, as in his pictures, is careful, stiff, and timid; his drawings are all done with a pen, and hatched. Raffaelo is the same in his early drawings; but of these there are only two or three, many of his drawings being outlined only with the pen, and shaded by a wash. They are often free and slight. Buonarotti often uses the pen; but the greater number of his sketches are in chalk, some of them being minutely done with very sharp-pointed lead or chalk, the whole rubbed on with the greatest softness—

always distinct. Sarto's drawings are like his pictures; they are undefined and muddy; mostly done in chalk; scribbly and rough; often altered. The first drawing of the series was earlier than Cimabue; quite a manuscript illumination. Cimabue a little gilded. Giotto, Lippi, and others later, were simply done with the pen. Masaccio the most free, though scarcely to be termed so, but firm and distinct, and bold in expression. On quitting the gallery, walked with the ladies to a hill in the neighbourhood, crowned by a monastery, from whence the city and country is seen all around. Florence seems never to end. The houses are sprinkled out around in every direction—the poplars and cypresses are most abundant; they are everywhere interspersed—the whole scene most rich and varied. Mrs. C—— remarked the demand the Italians made for objects to gratify sight, and afterwards carried her observation to what has struck me in respect to Venice—that the Italians seemed certainly to be differently organised in that sense from any other people. In the evening met an American sculptor in her house.

Friday. Sketched in the morning, and after breakfast went to the Chapel of the Medici. The great propriety of the light and shade on the figures of the monuments, in respect to their positions, is remarkable; but I certainly think Buonarotti did not study that in producing them. Morning is all in the light, except the feet, which receive a dark shade. It is of a greyish colour, from not being so highly polished on the surface (the head is only blocked out) as that of Night, which is clear and glossy. The bent-down head of Night takes a strong shade. The figures on the other monument, with the exception of the statue of the Medici above—Day and Twilight, as they are called—are more generally perfect and harmonious in design, but

not so expressive. The head of Mid-day is very great. The statue above is terrible. The face takes a dark shade, the vizor of the helmet only being light. He frowns like a demon—he is one.

Afterwards went into the Duomo, where a great many priests were chaunting from an illuminated missal. The place was very dark—the huge volume belted to the high desk. Two priests moved the belt and turned the leaves. The lamp, shaded from the rest of the choir, shone on the back of their tonsured heads. Here they chaunted "Amen," and grinning, handed about their snuff-boxes. Mr. Wyld was along with me. Our discourse was of things unseen—God, religion, hope. From the Cathedral went to the Ducal Palace. Saw the drawings of Vinci and Bartolomeo. Vinci's pen or his chalk are alike precise. He is true, and there is great purity, it may be almost said, in his style. The minuteness and distinctness of his chalk, and, at times, the freedom of his pen, are alike at will. Frate's are with pen and chalk too, but in his pen he is frippery, and in his chalk many-lined, compared to Vinci. The difference is striking.

At Santa Maria Novella, there is a large laboratory, through which we were conducted, with its extensive warehouse, alembic, &c., which again brought my contemplated series of designs, The Search for "the Philosopher's Stone," to my mind. Through the grated door, we looked down into the court of the monastery. All was silent; but an old man in the distance was cutting the grass in the form of a cross, whether accidental, for a walk, or with intention in regard to the form, I know not.

Again was in the convent, the cloisters of which are the most extensive I have been in, the square the largest—a monk breaking the silence, chaunting at his cell door,

with a book in his hand—the sun shining on his white frock.

Sunday night. I now take up my letter for the last time in Florence. I go on Tuesday for Rome by way of Siena, the other route not being frequented at this season of the year. I travel with four French painters, one of them, a clever man, I met in Venice, the other is a pensioner of the French Academy in Rome. You are, I dare say, desirous to know how I get on with Italian; and I may tell you that I was complimented the other day by a picture-dealer, whose shop I went into, to see his collection. He said he took me for a Frenchman, I spoke Italian so well. This was no doubt a great honour! I may as well accept it as a compliment, and tender it to you as an evidence that I now try at least to speak Italian.

SIENA.

Memoranda. The Cathedral of Siena is only second to St. Mark's in grandeur, and to Milan in architecture; the altar-piece is good, of a broad, flat style in the colour, and, at the same time, of true design. There is a holy Virgin and Angels of the style of Cimabue. The lunette over the altar is in a superior style of design, simple, and well balanced, yet free. Some of the pulpits, &c. are very fine. The floor is an astonishing work, being all, or the greater part of it, covered with figures executed in a sort of simple mosaic of marbles of different colours—the backgrounds grey, and the figures white. The room, designed by Raffael, and painted by his fellow-disciple Pinturiccio, is a fine specimen of the old style. Raffael was certainly a beautiful spirit come among the artists of the old stiff school; in their own way he is delightful. The ornaments

on some of the dresses, which are very fine, are actual brass work put on the picture.

Wednesday night. In the Locanda—a French dispute on politics. A strange scene—the roar, the attitudes, the knocking on the table, the cracking of hands altogether, and furious energy expressed in the language—even spittle from the mouths flying about!

Thursday. Travelling a desolate, broken country. No milk to be got at the inns. A dispute on the mode of making plates and dishes—being seated between the two disputants, found energy not agreeable at all times.

This day have passed a most picturesque country, wild, and of great variety. In the evening entered Acquapendente by moonlight—a full, living, bright moon. The impression of this moonlight never to be forgotten—melancholy—soothing—inspiriting. All this day the style of the country through which I have passed has been markedly Italian. The people carrying their little fire-pots with them everywhere, is amusing; old women have them on their desks in church, fondle them, and sit upon them; children are seen waving them, like incense-pots, at the doors of houses; and men also cannot be without them.

Here, as in the neighbourhood of Florence, the females wear the black hat which we solely appropriate to the males; although, about Florence, the broad straw hat of the Swiss is often seen.

Friday. This day have been very unwell in the morning, and yet, in the grey of night, I am alone, winding along the banks of the Lake of Bolsena. All day unwell. Evening on a high range of the Apennines. Splendid scenes, but almost painful to me. The sun set upon a bed of clouds far below; it shone on their tops—on snowy hills; they glittered in the rays; there seemed liquid silver running among them.

Saturday, mid-day. At last I am arrived within sight of Rome. About ten this morning saw it lying slumbering below in the distance. This has been a most painful journey for me—I have had more suffering than I ever before endured. At present writing on the balcony of the resting house in the middle of the Campagna; the sun shining bright, I feel better. A cardinal has just appeared. He shuffled through the room, rather awkwardly, to a private apartment. One sickly-looking being before the door; but the people in general do not seem to confirm the accounts of the Campagna of Rome—they appear very healthy. The Campagna is not flat, nor has it even the barren appearance of a Scottish moor.

ROME.

(Letter.) At last I am in Rome, 8th December, my first night in this which has been called the Eternal City. After a tedious journey from Florence, I arrived here, worn, and in need of repose; but I have had none. A week of our home parlour, regularity, and quiet, would dissipate my exhaustion; but Fate has said the first of Rome shall be painful to me. Its glorious fountains scatter cold spray, and its streets are scant of the sun. Thus beauties are defects to languor and sickness. I have been unwell; I suppose over-exertion in Bologna, in the damp and wet there, and the change of food—particularly the acid wines—has affected me. For a month I have suffered. Healthlessness, how it benumbs all! I hope it has not affected my notions of what I have seen here. I write this after having been seven days in Rome. I have seen the Colosseum, St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, and the Vatican—all these mighty things.

Leaving Siena, upon crossing the Tuscan and Roman boundaries, we entered Acquapendente by moonlight. Oh, beautiful and passionless moon! Now I was in the patrimony of St. Peter. Montefiascone and Viterbo passed—Italian splendour-lost towns—the next morning Rome was visible from the heights. I lifted my bonnet—my pilgrimage was consummated.

Sunday night—my eighth day in Rome. I have delivered a number of my letters. I take my place at the artists' dinner-table, and to-morrow I commence painting in the Academy. There is freedom and ease of intercourse among the artists here. I already know them of all grades. Gibson, Wyatt, Scoular, Williams, Theed, Rothwell, and others. These were strangers. Wilson and Macdonald were known to me before. The noted Café Greco is a complete confusion of tongues. It is a confined, dirty place; in the evening filled with men of all nations, who salute each other through the fumes of tobacco, coffee, and punch. It was here I read your letter last Monday morning. My coffee was cold by the end of it.

I want some news of new books, the magazines, &c. I might as well have been with St. Jerome, in the desert, all this while, in respect to such things. The living world is not to be known here. This is the place wherein to revisit times past, in books, in pictures, in informed marble. All the artists settled here, I suspect, are purely of the chisel or the brush—of the studio, the dining-house, and the café. I intend to write to W——— of the arts here, present and past. I have kept no regular journal, but have made notes and memoranda. My residence in Rome I intend to journalise.

Sunday night, 22d December. I have delayed closing my letter, until I could tell you that I am well. I think of

immediately commencing a picture—or pictures it may be. William must tell those I promised to write—Rennie, Steell, &c.—of my having only now arrived in Rome, from whence I was to write them. Rome is a splendid city. Its public places are superb; its piazzas, with their fountains and obelisks, its Campidoglio, its St. Peter's, its Porta del Popolo, its Monte Cavallo, magnificent. Ancient Rome remains yet wonderful—the Colosseum, arches, pillars, and pyramids scattered about, are as the bones of a huge giant dug from their enormous grave. Treading among its ruins, they seem to sound hollow. Power which was, lies here, like the god Dagon, with his face to the earth; and his foolish priests, where have they gone? Have they fled, or have they only changed their robes?

You possibly may expect that I should describe St. Peter's—the head and crown of modern Rome; you must look up some account of it instead. The building is very large—it does not appear so; the interior is ornamental—not solemn. The whole is in clear light, which gives the gold, which is profuse over the roof and columns, its full, strong shine. The spiral bronze pillars of the altar might, without dishonour to him, be the work of Vulcan and his Cyclopes. The mosaics, I had been told, were as good as their originals; they are not; that of the "Transfiguration" is bad. Mosaic *can* work well, but here, unfortunately, it does not. St. Paul's, in London, is more *impressive* at first than St. Peter's.

Christmas night. This has been a day of grand ceremony. This forenoon I saw the Pope perform mass in St. Peter's—saw him carried in his chair, on the shoulders of men, scattering his benedictions. In appearance he has—whether the tiara effects that, I cannot say—much of the old powerful look of the masters of the Vatican. Multitudes of

peasantry were humbling their brows at the toe of the old bronze statue of St. Peter, the foot of which is worn by the lips of Italian man. After St. Peter's, I walked with the Wilsons to old Rome—was in the prison of St. Paul—in the church where Constantine was baptized, and saw the stair which Christ ascended when brought before Pilate; brought, of course, either from Heaven or Palestine. Hundreds were ascending its casement—(it is enclosed in wood, it was wearing so fast away; its steps are seen, however)—on their knees, all the while with their beads in their hands, and repeating prayers which they began possibly a mile before they arrived at the place, and continue long after they have left it. The road was covered with mutterers, uncovering and crossing themselves.

Yesterday was at Thorwaldsen's.* He is a large man, quite like the busts—a full head and face—long white hair. His personal appearance fully warrants his works. Here, as everywhere, Hazlitt's *elixir vitæ* genius is scarce. The English Academy is a sober enough spectacle, too; some attending are mere attempters of the most wretched sort. Sculptors are here innumerable; I suppose painters the same.

The French Academy is a splendid establishment. If such institutions can benefit art, *it* should; but its professor, Horace Vernet, commissioned by Louis Philippe to paint a picture of one of the scenes of the Three Days, though an undoubtedly clever man, has just produced a very common affair.

This winter, the British, German, French, and Americans here, are even more numerous than usual. I suspect, by and bye, it will be necessary for all Americans, before they hold a place in polite society in their own country, that they should have visited the Old World.

The Venetian, I am more than ever strengthened in con-

sidering the true method of execution, in distinction from the mode followed by other good colourists—Rubens, for example. It substantiates by its repeated processes, and causes, in a degree, the reflection of light which is produced by actual objects. This, of course, is in a limited degree, being produced upon a surface possibly not varying more than the eighth or sixteenth part of an inch. Its semi-transparent, its solid, and its glazed colour, and smooth and rough surfaces, all give light, as it were an actual object, instead of a hard, dead, painted surface, like that of the Bolognese, in which every ray is repelled from the surface, and no reflection from transparent and semi-transparent pigments exists —no variety in the reflection at least. Rubens, in opposition to the Bolognese, is often altogether transparent, and thus all his surface produces, to a degree, the same effect again; but from its great clearness, though very different from the solidity of Venetian *impasto*, it is often not much inferior in producing a strong effect. Generally, when Rubens comes in contact with Titian and Giorgione, he looks grey, red, and brown; but his genius, in design and general fertility, as often again repays this with scornful superiority.

R—— T——'s priest's letter I delivered to the old principal of the Scots College. I found him well, and expected pleasant interviews, when he was to explain the ceremonies, and expound the doctrines of the church to me, but yesterday, when I called again, I could not see him—he is very ill. Since writing the above, I have asked for him—he is dead.

January 3, 1833. I have delayed sending off my letter until I could inform you of my resolves. I am now quite well, and have seen much of art, modern as well as ancient, in Rome. To-day I have seen Camuccini's works. They are large, but, both morally and materially, he does not fill

all space. There is "ample room and verge enough" beside the greatest modern Italian master's range! He paints Roman historicals, and has no character in particular. A "Pieta," by a younger Italian, exhibited in the public exhibition room, gave me no great idea of the living (moribund) art of Rome. They are enfeebled by the attempt to arm at all points—unfortunately a danger so far common to all modern efforts, both in painting and poetry. A Russian is spoken of who has nearly finished a picture of the Last Day of Pompeii: it is not yet public.

After much looking about I have got a studio and room in a house which was inhabited by a French painter. It is away a little from the artists' quarter of the town (half-a-mile) by St. Maria Maggiore. There is a French painter still in a portion of the house. It is large—an old man and his wife are in it as keepers. I knock at a door the size of one of those of St. Giles' Church, and am admitted by a small one which opens in the large iron studded portal. I pass through an archway into a hall which might almost do for a baronial carousal, and ascend to the first landing-place, from whence my studio and room enter. My room is arch-roofed, painted in the lunettes with Egyptian antiques, starred in gold upon deep blue in the centre; and on the walls, at regular distances, are painted in large letters, the names of Titian, Rubens, and others—but none of the great Roman school—and specimens of their works in prints hang below. The sun rises before my windows. When I went to see the place it was morning, and the sun burst magnificently from behind St. Maria Maggiore, and streamed down the long street facing me, reminding me of Keats' Hyperion Sunset, "glory for the God to enter in." The ancients could not but make the sun the temple of a God—they happily, too, made Apollo that God. Among my first ex-

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peditions, I visited Keats' grave. Shelley is buried near him. I send you a sketch.

My study is large. I shall immediately commence something to agree with it in size; but first I shall so far advance with the pictures I have to do for the Rector of ———. I have fixed for six months at seven dollars a month. I could not find a proper place for a shorter time; at all events I am warned that I should not risk Rome in autumn, so I must either go to the country or return home at that time. This winter has been considered very cold weather; much more so than usual in Rome, there having been ice nearly half-an-inch thick in the Borghese gardens in my neighbourhood. When the season is milder, I shall make some fresco studies in some of the great places of old art —the Vatican or Sistine Chapel—one figure, at any rate, I copy, which I have promised to do for Dyce—the Delphic Sibyl. Solidly grand, but imperfect things, the Sibyls and Prophets are.

Whether I have opportunity, desire, or means, to make Rome a longer residence than this winter and spring, I cannot at present say; but here, as everywhere, time and effort are required.

In effect, and nearly in expression, you have the famed Transfiguration in the Edinburgh copy. The execution of the original is different however. In Florence and Rome, fresco painting is in its strength. Before I got the length of Florence, I was only impressed with its perishableness. There and here very old works in that manner are still fresh and entire. The Last Judgment of Buonarotti, has, however, suffered much—the roof is not so gone. You have read of the grandeur of both—they are grand—they are feeble; they are powerfully executed—they are full of defects. They are abounding in deep thought—they are often

superficial—they are the best, and I had almost said the worst of art. But all this needs to be understood.

Looking up just now, I cannot see a single star on the arched roof of my room; my lamp does not shoot its rays so high; above and around is all a vision; the paper before me alone is real.

* * * * *

Thursday. The Moses of Michael Angelo! It falls short of what I had conceived of it. The head not fine; the beard a stringy mass, without truth; the left arm does not belong to the figure—it wants shoulder, and comes improperly away from the rest. The finest part is the right arm. The surface of the whole is too much polished. The sculptor of the Laocoon has left that group as it came from the chisel, no doubt with an intention; the smooth surface of the Moses is very offensive. The drapery is in a confused manner; the whole inferior to what I expected.

In the Vatican, Raphael's little histories from the Bible are rather trifling things. They are painted by his pupils, and some of them are poor enough: they are, besides, conventional representations of the scenes—remembrances of the history of a figure or two. Thus, in the "Moses striking the Rock," he is attended by a group of old men, who all hold up their hands in one sentiment—that of wonder—not one of them drinks. Acquainted with the dramatic merits of his greater works, they have no effect upon me. In many places they are unaccountably stiff and poor, although possessing great truth of expression. In some—the miracle of Bolsena, for instance—the colour is fine, like Titian, &c.

Dominichino, in the famed St. Jerome, is laborious, and somewhat repulsive. There is expression, but it is heavy; no ease—all is effort, and an attempt to hide that effort.

* * * In returning from the Vatican, observed tapestries hung on a church (this being a day of more than ordinary note to that vestry, I suppose), representing wood nymphs and satyrs, Diana and Acteon! Make a show, that is all—buttons or anything will do, as W—— said, when money is concerned. At night, in the café, meet M'D——; accompany him to call on L——. Mrs. L—— very different from the most of young ladies—great strength of character.

Friday 14th. How many are the artists, poor in means and in ability, that find their way to Rome, and there dwell in quiet, never more to disturb the world. To-day, seeking a studio, I knocked at a door, to which I had been directed. The apartments were occupied by a sculptor: I saw his works—bad enough; yet the poor fellow seemed to have done all he was ever destined to do. Even busts seemed out of his reach; his studio was clean swept; an unfinished Cupid stood beside its model, but not a chip had been lately struck of, the artist looked at it as if weary of the sight: his hair was grey, he was past the days of light-spirited hope.

15th. Saturday. Unwell. Receive a visit from the surgeon; a stupid looking fellow. Evening, at Mr. ——'s. Shewed him my Monograms. He looked and looked them over and over without saying a word, then asked if I had seen the Sistine Chapel; thought I would be the better for it in "my book," and I must study there: in want of something to say! A young Italian artist came in, the sheets were on the table, and he freely complimented them for invention. Was glad to find an Italian think of that quality. Have seen nothing of Rome to-day.

Sunday. Better to-day. Visit Trajan's column, and ascend it. It is of marble—a centre column, solid and

strong, round which a stair circles to the top. Have a view of St. Dominica and St. Zaccherino. Enter St. Jesu—a splendid church. Dine with the artists; smart things said, with freedom and noise. Then to the café with Macdonald and Gibson. M. pointed out causality on Gibson's head, as we were talking of that old affair phrenology; he avowed he could not reason. He can, however—a man of firm natural powers, without much sentiment.

18th. At the Scots College and St. Luighi. At six o'clock to the Academy, where I commence to paint in Rome. Meet a number of artists at tea in Lady ——'s. Home to my lamp.

19th. After the artist's mid-day dinner, to the studio of Williams. His pictures good—perhaps somewhat neat. In the Farnese Palace, Annibale Caracci is here the first of the school in fresco. Ludovico and Guido Reni contend with him in oil. He is great in academic power of the first order: a gusto well suited to his subjects, and often fine colour, sometimes sentiment. The stone figures are an idea, and white necks of the horses of Aurora, raised against the fresh blue sky, are very fine. The largest—that in the centre of the roof—reminded me of Barry's Olympic Triumph; Silenus is carried, and Bacchus rides in a chariot. There is something, too, in the style of drawing and colouring in common between them. Go to the Farnesina, where Raphael's Cupid and Psyche pictures are. In the two large pictures on the roof—the Banquet, and the Council of the Gods—there is much feebleness and incorrectness; some parts also small in style. The flesh is varied in tone, but the colour is by no means good. The groups of Cupid raising Psyche by his Love are much superior in general; some of them very fine, the forms studied, full and ideal. The Cupids in the smaller divisions—the roof being admirably

divided by great wreaths—are all beautiful; flying about, bearing pieces of armour and other matters, against a blue sky. Here, also, is the Galatea. Had this picture been in oil, it would have been one of Raphael's finest works—it is so now in design; the colour is not remarkable, the figures small. The black chalk-head by Buonarotti is in this room; it has no character. From the Farnesina go to the Corsina, where there is a very large gallery; not many very fine works, but many good. Dined with the artists. Plenty of talk; Vernet's daughter, they say, is very clever and beautiful, with £5000; some dare say they might marry her—very probably! Good tongue-exercise. At the Academy in the evening. An oddity:—In a church to-day observed a man kneeling at prayers, and leaning on the back of a chair, his dog having sensibly seated himself thereon. The large dog, nose to nose, and mouth to mouth, with his master—were they not good company?

26th. Seeking a studio in company with an American. See Guido's Aurora again—one of the finest productions of Italian art. Guido is a great painter, next or along side of Ludovico Caracci; Annibal is different from them both. There is greater unity in this picture than the old masters usually attend to. The colour is exquisite; the glory round the horses, and their colour; the distant sea blue, and the blue mountains; the light robes and purplod clouds;—all approaches more to the splendid than any other production of old art. Something might yet be done, however, to embody the rising sun, were it allowed at this day to paint such subjects without being accused of reviving worn-out classicalities. Afterwards visit the Doria Palace. See a number of pictures by Nicholas Poussin and Gaspar—the latter in landscape. Claude also here—indeed, more landscapes in this gallery than in any other. Two pictures by

Buonarotti (proceeding from him at all events)—the one Christ in the Garden, the other a Crucifixion. Titian is here in a Sacrifice of Abraham; like Rembrandt in effect, and very individual—in a different style from Titian's usual manner: in design, this is altogether unlike the Grand Salute in Venice. Here is an Albert Dürer in the same manner as that by him in the Barberini, but gross, and bordering on caricature. The two heads by Raphael are like Giorgione's colour—sternly real, and very strong rich colour. Raphael a great colourist, as also is Perugino.

29th. At the Villa Albani, the sculpture here is mostly fragmentary—nothing of great beauty, but many reliefs of great interest; the busts, also, are interesting. A large alabaster pillar, curious porphyry pillars, and fragments of rosso antico, yellow marble and cold cream coloured, fine hues for Venetian colour.

8th January 1833. Commence labour in Rome by preparing a piece of canvass. An ugly old woman calls with a young one, whom she offers as a model—a habited model only. Evening in the Academy. The English Academy here disappoints every one who comes to Rome; it is certainly poor enough, both in appointments and ability. The models are the best to be had in Rome, but even these are often no great things.

10th. All day in my studio till Academy hour in the evening. Buy some colours, and go there. At night, returning quickly home to this out-of-the-way thinly inhabited quarter, just at the most solitary part of the road, the descent on entering the avenue of the piazza, a shot was fired close behind me. I wheeled round, but no one was visible; in the dead silence, heard only some one making off. Felt nothing at the time, but somewhat agitated after entering the large dull house. What am I to do now? Take a room

in town, and drag myself out here to paint, or lose the whole? I have taken the studio for six months too. Can do nothing to-night.

11th. By good chance out comes Niccolo the model, who manages the affairs of the Dutchman Vambray. Tell him of the affair. For one month's pay find I can get off my lease, and resolve to take them at their offer. Go about all day with —— looking for a studio. None to be had. Take a room in Via Sistina, and sleep there.

12th. Early out to that desolate St. M. Maggiore. Pack up my luggage, I am afraid not for the last time in Rome. The miserable old fellow, Francesco, peeps about all the time, afraid he will not get a scudo. Return to town—fail in finding a studio again. From my new lodging, write to Freeborn, the British consul, an account of my attack, that he may transmit the same to the Roman police, having been desired to do so. Finish the day in the Academy, satisfied by being busy. Melt the handle off my teapot, burn my fingers, break the lid, knock it over, and put out the fire.

13th. Breakfast at the café. Attempt to design in my room; feel unsettled, and unresolved what to begin. I have so many ends to compass, that it is impossible to do all in one work; indeed, trying to do so is the rock on which modern artists shiver. I wish to do something great, but know that doing so will not gain me money. I wish to earn the means of residing here some time, but by painting for that end, I must destroy another intention.

15th. Again the labour of seeking a studio. Depressed, and tired, and ill. Designing in my room. Afternoon in the Academy, evening at Severn's. He seems to be the principal English painter here; an agreeable person, and his wife too. He is going to paint "A Mother giving up her Child to Heaven." While I now write, the sentinel below

challenges every one; hear the salutation and reply, "che?" "che viva." Must get up early to-morrow, to begin my first sketch in Rome.

16th. Passing along the Corso, accosted by a dealer in antiquity: a lamp made yesterday, or an intaglio of Jove, real antiques, yet for a few bajocchi I could have had them.

17th. Again the day lost looking for a painting-room. At the Academy, painting from that important and privileged person the model.

18th. Called on an Italian padrone of various extensive apartments in the Piazza de Spagna. The first fine Italian I have seen presented himself—the son of the landlord. He stood with his feet close together, extended his arm, and delivered his speech like an orator. I entered. An old boy, his father, was seated against the light, in a chamber scattered over with articles of dress, or rather undress, furnished after a splendid mode, with vases, tapestry, &c. A ridiculous-looking barber was treating his hair, powdering and twisting it from the back to the front, and two or three dependents, hat in hand, were receiving their orders. In this man and scene, there was much of the old aristocrat, and the elder comedies. Went to the French Academy with Park. Found a splendid collection of casts crammed into a room or gallery narrow as a passage. Observed the cast of the female Torso, taken by the French from the Parthenon, before Lord Elgin was in Athens. It is very fine and true. This Piazza de Spagna—how often have I wearily crossed and recrossed already since arriving in Rome? It is the lounge of hacks and vetturini in the day, and at night ——. On the steps of the church St. Trinita del Monte, sit dog-clippers and beggars in the sunshine. The poor dogs get here cut into lions, or shaven into monkeys. Their hinder quarters especially employ the shears.

18th. Call on the major-domo of the Vatican for a permission to study in the Sistine Chapel. Find him very agreeable, and ready to direct me in making my application. The Sistine Chapel is not a usual field for employment or study. Afterwards in St. Peter's. Thorwaldsen's monument to a Pope is but an indifferent affair. The two figures of Divine Strength and Knowledge are the best of it; the old Pope is poor. Canova's is a production of more genius, but at the same time open to great animadversion, especially as regards modern school affectation. The worst mosaic in St. Peter's is that of the Transfiguration. Some of the other pictures are well done, possibly being easier to copy, as Guido's Crucifixion, and his Raphael and Satan. Guercino's large Entombment of a Female Saint is as good as the picture. Poussin is well copied, and Caravaggio or Spagnoletto also. Dominichino is as good as he deserves.

19th. Done nothing to my satisfaction to-day. Two or three designs, however. Macchiavello, one of them, I shall yet turn to account. Viewed a church designed by Michael Angelo. Dinner in the Piazza, and then at the Greco. Canova and Thorwaldsen, I am sure, little frequented the café. The true artist must have a quiet and reposed spirit. Call at Torlonia's about money. Does not recognize me again. Tell him my name, when he holds out his hand and shakes mine as an old friend. Give him my hand somewhat in the way that the heir-apparent did to T——, stiff as a deal-board. In the Academy in the evening. Call with —— on Camuccini, the brother of the painter, for a permission to study in the Sistine Chapel. All matters in art are intrusted to a committee. No picture can be bought or sold, no artist employed, without the sanction of this committee. Camuccini is at the head of it. Feel much better now.

21st. Meet Gibson, Macdonald, and Severn, and go in a body to visit Overbeck. He appears in a black velvet cap and morning-gown, tied round the waist by a worsted scarf. He is tall, thin, and intellectual; he has the tenuity of feature and meagreness often expressive of exclusiveness. His works are imitations of the earlier masters, without their power of execution. There is no invention, but neither is there the flattened meaningless expansion of the modern mind in his works. He can paint Madonnas as tenderly as Peter Perugino, and think as jejunely; he has always a natural truth; he is very religious—thinks of art only in connection with religious sentiment, and the old church: thus lives in one corner of art. Out into the open air again we pass along to the studio of Bruloff, a Russian, who has nearly finished a large work, "The Last Day of Pompeii." He has made a grand work, with good painting on the surface, good drawing and design, and great unity of invention; upon the whole, one of the best of that class of pictures I have seen. But there is awanting something to stir the mind strongly, and awake thought. All is expressed and lain open. A whole street is spread before you, written from beginning to end, and you tire of what is so fully and often told. The costume is very exactly attended to. This historical accuracy the French have the merit of introducing; it has since spread over all the continent, but is resisted by some of the Germans. My companions praised both the Russian and the German, but Gibson afterwards began to criticise; the colouring of Overbeck, he said, was like some of his own modelling-clay steeped in water, with a little red chalk. "Go on," said I; "go over the whole in that way," which he could have done well, with his tart, pithy remarks.

22d. See a bust Park is doing of Brown; it is good.

Go seeking a studio with him. Strange is the effect of this climate on my hands. The model I had yesterday had hands like horn, the fingers had scarcely any points, and they were as brown as the bark of an old tree. Mine are suffering dreadfully—the skin has become dry, the joints stiff and horny, compared to what they used to be. To-day call again for my permission to study in the Sistine Chapel, and am told it has been sent to the padrone.

23d. In the Sistine Chapel to-day. Wilson proposed to me that the Board of Trustees in Edinburgh should have the roof of their Academy painted, and that I should copy part of the roof of the Sistine to be there put up. I have myself often thought, as they have the Transfiguration, they should have the Last Judgment. At Torlonia's ball in the evening. An immense multitude there—dancing, lounging, gaming, reading the news. The great people all dancers. Thorwaldsen and Pinelli there, but not Overbeck. Pinelli is a middle-sized man, wears very long hair, is a little bald, with a prominent face.

24th. First day in the Sistine Chapel. I mount to the cornice—see the Last Judgment from both sides, on a level with its principal figure. Buonarotti has intended it to be understood as so viewed, the figures in the upper part advancing and being larger than those below. Some of the obscure figures are most powerful in expression and design; of dreadful strength they are. Much of the picture is amazingly defective in drawing and proportion, as it is also in design. No labour is expended to overcome these inharmoniousnesses in design, &c., that so often torment a modern, and cause him to weaken the force of his treatment. There is great care in the detail so far as it goes, but it is often awanting. The two pictures by Buonarotti in the Pauline Chapel do not appear great. They are subjects

that require history, which Buonarotti had not much power over. Some mighty general idea to be enforced was his true sphere.

Talk with Wilson about his writing to Edinburgh about my copying the Sibyls of the Sistine for the authorities there. He does so by this day's post. Walk with him to the Forum of Trajan—Vallati, a painter of dogs, in our company.

28th. This day has passed like a breath. Still unwell; cannot get up in the morning. There appears to be a change in my constitution, or is it irregularity in the mode of living?

29th. Sistine Chapel. The knotty bandy-legged strength of Buonarotti, his incorrectness, and passing over deficiencies or crudities, afford a great contrast to the art of the Greeks. The one is main strength or force, the other true power. Buonarotti is grotesque, and even ludicrous; his devils are all laughing sneering demons.

Commence a slight picture of Time and Love. Love wants to escape Time. Pietro is the model; he talks as he sits, and retails the gossip of studios; laughs at ——, who was so long over a canvass, that, when his female model got married, her child afterwards sat for the same picture. Uwins is perhaps the man of most manner here at present; Gibson is abrupt; Wyatt agreeable; Dessoulavy like a literary man.

Wherever there is novelty of sentiment, the *style* may be old enough without much decreasing the value of the work; or, if the *style* is studied and true, it will sustain a sentiment before expressed. I am not sure but the peculiarities of style of some English painters—Stothard for example—may in a hundred years tell to their advantage. It is necessary for a great reputation, that a mind be peculiar

in its mode of action; the peculiarity may be bad or good, (every peculiarity, some say, is bad,)—but it must not be borrowed or unparticular.

3d February. In the Museum of the Capitol, and in the gallery. Look over the Tarpeian rock, and ascend the old Roman steps, and the tower of the Campidoglio. Enter the church of the Ara Cœli. The view of Rome from the Campidoglio is more varied than anything of the kind I have seen; it is beautiful and wonderful. The gallery possesses good pictures, but they are few, and it is not well fitted for the exhibition of works of art. The museum of the Capitol I should like to live in. It is rich in very peculiar works by the true great artists, the Greeks. The busts of the poets and philosophers, and of the Roman emperors, are worthy of all veneration. To study them well, and to remember them, would be a great delight, and truly useful for ever after. Among the strongly characterised works are, the Infant Hercules in porphyry; the Hercules in metal gilded; the Centaurs; the Fawn in rosso antico; two statues of females, one seated with a vase on her lap, the other standing. Never to be forgotten are these. At the door of the convent of Ara Cœli, the beggars were at their soup. The number of those wretches in Rome is immense. As I look down from the tower upon the convent, some of the brethren appear at the windows, others about the garden-doors, some go down among the mendicants—a hive of men—but not busy as bees. Coming down the steps of the museum, overhear a group of priests talking English: suppose they belong to the Scots College; they look more respectable than any other religiosi I have seen. Dine in the Piazza. Set the model to-night; not much pleased with it myself.

4th. Visit a German fresco painter with Wolf. His

mode or invention is fresco on canvass. It is in fact encaustic; wax being used in the medium. In the hands of a powerful artist, this way of working would be capable of great things. Then for a few hours in the Sistine Chapel. Great sentiment in the colour of the Last Judgment. The darkness of the lower part, and the strength of colour increasing as the figures rise to the eye, is great in that branch of the art. Some find fault with the picture as no representation of its subject; others, still more confined in their views, admire separate groups of the damned and the blessed. Both are wrong. The Last Judgment of Buonarotti being a conventional representation, its style is abstract; and each figure is an abstract of a genus or species of passion in happiness or suffering, or of a class in thought or history. The old masters were, all of them, used to this kind of intellection, far-fetched or too philosophical as it may appear to the modern artist, or even critic. They did not derive it from reasoning, but it was part of their age. Observe: all the old masters use very individual objects, and very individual form and colour, combined with very abstract intentions. They always kept very great truth in the means or material.

5th. Go early to the Vatican, to see what the custode told me was to be a grand *funzione* in the Sistine Chapel. Wait outside in the hall painted by Vasari and Salviati; the pictures of the latter an attempted mixture of Buonarotti and Titian. Gross bad drawing in the Bible designs by Raphael, and the differing styles of colour and effect shew the work of the various pupils to have been poor enough at times. Jacob's Dream is, however, the finest picture of that subject that has been done. The Dreams of Pharoah stand in the air, coloured exactly like two soap-bubbles. The time arrives: challenged to leave my stick

at the door; then stopped on advancing past the rail, because I am in a frock-coat. Come off. The great banner is floating on St. Angelo. At last have found a studio which I can suffer myself to take. Small to be sure it is, but it must do. At Torlonia's again in the evening; but go again I will not, I am tired of it at twice.

8th. Part of the day in the Sistine, after again removing my baggage. I am now located in the Via Porta Pinchana.

9th. First day of the Carnival. A senator, with a black cap and white feather on his head, receives honours and addresses; among others, the submissive petition of the Jews to be allowed to remain in his city. Next, he goes along the Corso, to open the Carnival. All is conducted in a poor style. The horse-race is a brutal and ridiculous affair.

10th. All day in my studio. Now I have various pictures under weigh, and time goes well. I am determined to work hard this month. Go to dine by myself, but meet a Glasgow man, formerly seen at the café.

11th. Again see the horse-race in the Corso; a savage, wild, interesting, spectacle. The prohibition of masks spoils the Carnival; it is poor enough; the coloured silks hanging from the windows is the best of it.

12th. Felice Notte is sung as I go out to-day, after having been very busy. The mother and the daughter of the house both eager to give me their compliments. Coming out of the academy, the noise of that horrid game in which the players roar and strike their fingers together, greeted my ears from the closed up wine-vaults. Have painted figure of Cupid. Find I have already both got applauders and detracters in Rome!

15th. Making sketch from part of the Last Judgment.

Buonarotti is of a strong low character, rather than exalted or great: he could do nothing pure or grand in beauty. His characters are often as if they had been studied from deformity and beggary. Coarse strength and reality are his power. A painter, to gain a name, must have a style peculiar to himself, *i.e.*, he must present something to the spectator that he has elaborated himself; and to gain the attention of any age, something of the age itself must be mixed up with his work, even when it must be combined with the wildest invention and generalisation. Later in the day have a female model for picture of Night. Disgusting they often are, coming in hurried and perspiring: humble enough is the painter at times. This model not so good as some I have seen. Sketching in the Academy. It seems to me I might go on for ever adding to the number of studies without ever approaching nearer making a fine picture.

18th. Finish first painting over Time and Love. In the evening in the Academy; one praises another's work as exceedingly like nature. To what extent did the great masters carry their imitation of individual nature?—never beyond a character of *their own*, which prevented the imitation from sinking into a matter totally dependent on comparison. There is always a reservation in their imitation. The modern French school has often lost itself in an over-minute imitation in ornament and costume. The figures of these artists lose their expression, and become models of dress, and imitations of bits of the naked—the whole figure not retaining one idea or sentiment. Every object has one expression, which is dependent on a general combination of its parts. The artist must find how far the parts may be detailed and individualised consistently with the idea of the whole. Always paint to the idea, not to the comparative or accidental.

19th. The finish of the Carnival. The Corso white with comfits. Struggled through it.

20th. The day of a thousand. Ascended the dome of St. Peter's, with Tarbutt, Wyld, Martigny, and Milne. Still Imperial Rome is in the light of a clear sun. St. Peter's is a stupendous fabric. Its dome, built of strong brick, seems made to last for a score of centuries.

21st. Quietly in my studio begin the picture of Night. Academy in the evening. A day passed without excitement, elevating or depressing—a day lost to time, save what is reserved for it on the picture before me.

22d. Go over all the picture of Night. "These painters deserve their reputation," said T—— in my studio this morning, "they suffer enough for it." The stove was suffocating, and the smell of paint strong. I was unwell—a strange feeling came over me—everything appeared double.

23d. Sistine Chapel. Bring home two sheets of sketches I have done there. To-morrow I shall begin the Delphic Sibyl. First night with Vallatti, studying Italian.

24th. In the Sistine, copying the Delphic Sibyl, one of the least meaning of the whole series. Our table produces many sharp and good things. Curiously different are the styles of its habitués. Lightning flashing thick this evening, and thunder. There must be a change in preparation.

2d March. A day of quiet and silence in my study. Paint figure in "Twilight." Thinking over a theory of colour on returning from dinner. Nature, in every instance, produces a distinct impression. This is what the painter, by some means or other, must also produce. In landscape, the scenes that give this impression only are remembered: so it is with male or female beauty. A contrast, however, often of the very harshest kind, is necessary.

3d. Painting Twilight. Evening, Academy. Have some self-invited visitors. Rome is the republic of art—republic in everything but politics.

5th. Before breakfast in my studio, attempting to retouch Time and Cupid, but failed in the attempt. Such retouching never is good. Dine in the Scalinata. Academy in the evening, and afterwards with Park, Sealy, John Macd——, and an Anglo-Italian, to see the Colosseum by moonlight. See my own shadow far off, looking through an arch of darkness on the ground. Now a bugle is sounded, and a screech-owl cries. Return by the Forum of Trajan and the Capitol.

7th. Still unwell. I am destined not to know a day of health and vigour in Rome. I have been crushed and depressed now nearly four months by this illness. I may be better than I was when I arrived, for at that time I was miserably shattered, but still too frail and ill. My neighbour, a Spanish painter, has a cold; hear how he sneezes, and as often blesses himself.

8th. Begin sketch of "Morning." Visit the Borghese Palace—Titian and Veronese. The drapery of the Divine Love, and the glazed white of the Profane Love—the dryness of Veronese, and his distinctness of colour and touch—all before me now.

11th. Painting all day at Time and Love. The Academy hour is now late. I was never in ill-health till I came here; now I am subdued and broken down, labouring against this continued illness—no, not yet broken down. My hands have swelled; every limb is affected; but still I can walk and paint, and shall continue so to do. "Humility, with thee I dwell" often enough in thought.

16th. This evening to be noted, intellectually and also jovially, since I met Park, and was exhilarated by seeing

a man forget care, and abandon himself to the hour. Visit the library of the Vatican. On a roof painted by Mengs, the youthful figures very beautiful in colour, and some fine drawing in the elder figures; but still the work belongs to the school of the later trashy mannerists. The drapery is tossed about quite in their style. Mengs a man of academical ability, without genius or strength. Pass through the Jews' quarter. Within their gates here, the Jews are the same as everywhere else—selling, and beseeching to buy. Enter the Palace of the Cenci—a most infernal dwelling—by a back port, wood smoke ascending from the depths below, tanning the walls and door. In the court of what was once the palace are great pits or hollows, and strange places like underground tan-works. From thence to the tower of the Campidoglio. Saw a glimpse of a distant village shining in the sun, when all around was obscured by rain. A vision of a beatified village.

19th. Call on Paton. Find him hard at work, with Pietro the model sitting to him as a wounded brigand. On Lees: find him also at work, painting Calabrians piping before the Virgin.

29th. Commence a series of anatomical drawings in the Hospital of the Incurabili. The body of an old woman lying in the court altogether naked; worn away to mere bones she has been, and round her withered neck still hangs her talisman, a little image of the Virgin. To the last, no doubt, it was to save her—to lift her up from that incurable illness to chatter for years to come. A most piteous and a sad sight. In the evening in Tarbutt's—Wyld and Martigny there; and a marchesa improvisatrice; a lady, with a fine face, mustaches, and a slight beard. She gave us a specimen of her ability; she read, with knitted brows and projected lips, in a strong tone of voice; quite Italian in

face, figure, and mind, possessing great apparent strength. I asked her if she had read Corinne—found she had. Her husband was quite absorbed in her—she is the light, and he the candlestick. Martigny the Mexican looked into her eye steadily—they were well wet.

22d. In Cardinal Fesche's—a splendid collection of pictures. The Titian (a picture said to be his) is the most *real* work of his I have seen; it is all clear light, and every part reality, remark this picture. Guido, an early Raphael, three designs of Buonarotti painted by Piombo. The Dutch masters very extensive. Draw four views of the leg in the Incurabili. Vegetation flourishes well over the remains of the palace of the Cæsars, particularly the leaf from which the Corinthian capital is borrowed. Return by the Corso, which is crowded with carriages. Everybody in Rome must get into a carriage; and as the Corso is in no way adapted for carriages, it must be made a drive. Make new design of "Mid-day." Call at the Hospital; find two or three of the vampire confessors lounging about the court, and the naked dead bodies on their biers in the piazza. The laziness of the Italians is exemplified in their disposal of their dead. These they tumble into pits just as they die, one pit being cleared out as another is filled—perhaps every ten years. This clearing out is dreadful in the hot weather. Meet Glennie, Stukeley, and Moir at Cardinal Fesche's. Oh! Titian's four dignitaries of the church again. The most wonderfully cold picture in existence, and his most finished production. Go to the Incurabili, and draw the foot; finish sketch of "Mid-day." At the Scalinata and Academy.

28th. Dine in the Scalinata. Rae Wilson talking to Hemans and others. The model at the Academy worthy of study, the *sharp flatness* of the insertion of his muscles illus-

trates my principles of form. Title or talent are little in Rome, all who come are reduced (or elevated) to the same standard. Many of the heads one meets in Rome are very fine and marked. Those in Da Vinci's Last Supper are like them, but not exaggerated.

30th. An hour or two in my study in the morning; then to the Café Nuova, where I learn that this is Palm Sunday. Appoint with Macdonald to go to the Sistine, where the Pope is borne on men's shoulders into the Pauline and back, blesses the palms, and the castrati sing. At night Brown, Sealy, Park, Macdonald, (who is taken ill, and we all accompany him home,) Drake, an English surgeon, and Schmidt. We talk wildly of religion, evil, and good. ——— is a philosophical atheist: advances the German free-masons as a secret body of thinkers. It does not appear, however, that they are very different from our own. Afterwards fix to-morrow for Tivoli. (Next day spent there, and that following at the Vale of Egeria and the catacombs.) The remains of the Romans are like those of a people who have had larger hands and broader breasts than ours are.

3d April. Painting; drawing at the Incurabili. Change dress, and go to the Sistine Chapel, to hear the famous *Miserere*. The music to-day is the grandest I have heard—the only music I have ever heard—the Laocoon of music. Next day restless; cannot paint like the music of the Sistine. Resolve to go to the Vatican. Wait hours there in the crushing and rushing, and at last see the Pope wash the pilgrims' feet. The thirteen pilgrims are in white; Judas walks in with his arms folded; some of them are affected. Observe the different character the drapery has on these various figures, although all are in the same stuff and shape of dress. Enter the Pauline Chapel, which is illuminated to suffocation. One is impressed with the idea that Christi-

anity has been derived from a gradual belief in a dramatic myth; first an invention, with meaning, for the enjoyment of a few—the completest form being still preserved in the Catholic church.

I see more and more how much there is still in life here like the works of the old masters—feel more and more that England and Scotland are, as regards art, only places for individualities and lesser works.

5th. The fourth act of the grand drama. Not a bell has sounded to-day. Evening on the Pincian. Not a soul on that side looking to Raphael's villa; all very solitary; the owl whooping in the garden of the Borghese.

6th. The Resurrection. The tongues of all the bells let loose. The cannon of St. Angelo fire.

7th. The consummation of the drama. Early at St. Peter's. The Pope borne in grand procession; on his head the triple crown. Afterwards in the French Academy. All the works going on are only attempts; in painting their execution is wretched. Go at night to see St. Peter's illuminated.

9th. In my study quarter past six. Commence to draw the Spirit of the Lyre. Waver in my resolution to paint it. Wish to have a subject that would admit more direct imitation. I have been again struck with the great beauty and simplicity of Buonarotti's colour; it is truer than Titian; very broad and *real*. The prophet Joel—indeed all the prophets and sibyls, are complete examples of colour. These are the best coloured frescoes I have seen. (Next day.) Again studying the colour of Buonarotti. It is the most severely grand that exists. These are not painted as if colour had been studied for itself, while at the same time the agreeable and just in contrast and effect, by a sustained lightness, makes it apparent that Michael Angelo made a distinct study of colour.

16th. All day in my study, designing Sappho and Anacreon. Angelica, the model, comes. Do a little to my picture of Morning. Now feel the power of expressing my ideas of colour as well as I used to do in matters of form. I can now *paint* as well as *draw*. Conflicting motives have prevented me from determining what subject next to paint. Decide upon Sappho and Anacreon: it will give me field for colour. At Sealy's in the evening. Join with Park in singing the First Psalm, in the Scotch precentor style: the last time I heard it was in the manse of Kippen. Notwithstanding the difference in time, place, and motive, many associations were the same as of old. This climate destroys me. To wither away in mind or body, to lose self-satisfaction, is the lot of the misanthrope or of the unfortunate; why should I fear it?

20th. Take another studio in the Via Sistina. Commence drawing Sappho and Anacreon large. This morning, before seven o'clock, in the Church of Santa Trinita; saw some novices taking the veil. Cannot enter into description of the ceremony, but observed one of the girls, as she retired, after making her profession and receiving the black veil; a smile I have often observed at school was on her face—a smile of conceit, not of pleasure—as if she had performed her part well: that was all she thought of it. When the same girl returned from taking the Eucharist, her expression was different—overawed and suffering. The mystery of the body of Christ was too great for her: taking the veil concerned herself, but this Sacrament concerned God. So it seemed. Painting and drawing from Leacci, the model. Had a visit from two American painters. One of them, Mr. Crouch; the other older—rather a silent man. A visit from Rothwell, who praises the small pictures.

23d. In the Hospital in the morning. Draw three views

of the head. Go to see a picture of Cain and Abel, by an Italian; find it careful and laboriously painted—French in execution and sentiment. All seem able to do such; all are alike. Model at five, morning: drawing Anacreon on the canvass. Go to the Campidoglio: saw one of the grandest pieces of sculpture in existence—the fragment of a bust; perfectly ideal, *and yet very real*, with deep expression. Oh, that I might devote myself to follow such art, and direct it to the enforcement of some great end! Religion, with its symbols, is now wearing away into the merely speculative; but morality remains, and intellect is as dignified as ever. Call from Gibson. He suggests drapery over the legs of Sappho.

28th. In the Turin and in the Neapolitan Exhibitions. Both wretched. Thence to the Church St. Andrea della Valle, where are Dominichino's best works. Go to see the Virtues, by Dominichino: find them feeble and scattered. Go to the Campidoglio to see the busts of Sappho and Anacreon. That cursed she-Italian has let my rooms here to another, having got some one to take an additional apartment with them. The Fornarina in the forenoon for the head of the Mother in "Discord." Sketch her as "the Vintager" for a picture. Leacci in the afternoon. The owls every night; I can now whoop like them. Had a call from Coke Smith.

2d May. Accosted by the serving-man of a studio in the Via Sistina. Go to see it. It was the studio of Angelica Kauffman. Take it at seven dollars a-month, with room. Now the warm weather begins. Life is over-full. The air is delicious, but effort is oppressive. Is it not a paltry, worthless struggle, the desire of fame, or power, or consideration, that I and some others strive after? Its desire is weakness; and I now see so much of the motives of action

in other men, that I have no repose, no satisfaction in any thing.

7th. Called on Crouch the American, in an awful house, without beginning or end, full of painters, where they may live or die without knowing each other. He yawns and says I do not know what to do with myself to-day. While talking to a monk in the church of the Capuchins, an old tottering brother came to him all bustle, and told him *mezzo giorno* was past, and that he had not sounded the bell. Off the monk ran to do it, all office. Here was "Age watching Time." I wished a fourth subject for the series of Time, and now I have—Time terrifying Love.

Time looking on the Inactive.
Time leading Youth to Age.
Age watching Time.

8th. Up early, and remove to the studio of Angelica, in the Via Sistina. The American, Alexander, has not yet gone; meantime I have another close by. The man Filippo officiously attentive, and of course I expect much carelessness soon. Many are my changes of abode, but I feel that I shall do more to satisfy myself here.

9th. Commence painting Sappho and Anacreon. Again the model Fornarina. In my room at eight, gloomy and black. What can have been the intention of the strange passages, pillars, doors of division, &c., of these Roman houses? Their confusion is inexplicable. Whoop goes the owl—still an owl wherever I go.

10th. Fourteen hours painting to-day. On the promenade in the evening.

11th. Going out at mid-day, Rome is like a city of the plague. Few are on the streets; and wherever there is a shaded corner in which a man may lay himself down, there he lies, fast asleep; they tumble down as if dead. A mass

of them have been for some days behind the obelisk in front of St. T. del Monte. A change has come over me since living in Rome, affecting more than the bodily health. The high standard of artistic excellence I expected—where is it?—At the Trattoria and Café? I shall now labour for a small circle, to be in future my world. My works go before the multitude, out of which must come the few. Once constantly differing from others; now see little to contradict. So much now appears defensible—an open question; and so much is mere folly and ignorance.

14th. Leave Sappho and Anacreon to see a Roman execution by the guillotine. It falls twice—two heads are separated from two bodies; the knife is cleaned bright again by the man in the shirt, and all is over. Very heavy thinking of my stay here, my return, and its results.

15th. Painted for thirteen hours and a half, and am perfectly exhausted. How grand is the sound of that bell of St. Peter's! To-morrow is a *festa*. One bell seems answering another.

16th. In my studio at five. Rose as soon as the yellow gleam of sunrise had lighted on the wooden beams over my little bed. After dinner, as usual, very gloomy. I return to my picture with a different vision. All seems worthless: poetry, painting, all appears weak stuff. Go to the Vatican next day. There Raphael, like nature, everywhere defective. The faces in the Transfiguration are all real, yet every one defective. The Entombment of Caravaggio is fiercely strong in power of pencil; nothing I ever saw comes up to its strength. All artificial or theorised productions sink in comparison. Ashamed of my own prettiness in Sappho. Look back on my own pictures of "Remorse" and "Sarpedon" as more truly what I should do.

20th. In the Hospital of Giacomo, make the last of my series of Anatomical Drawings, being the muscles of the back. This ends my direct study of anatomy. Remaining the last in the dissecting-room, thought over my winter evenings at this study, then the meetings at Masson's, then Mackenzie's demonstrations. Here is one sphere of knowledge gone through—one desire buried in the grave of possession. Return to paint, with a pigeon for the doves in Sappho; my man very anxious to have it to make *regalie.* A call from my American neighbour. He talks of my making a noise in the world, but that anticipation is now darkened.

25th. This is Sunday. Last Sunday passed without my remembering what day it was. Of old I might and did forget the other days of the week, but Sunday never.

27th. Painting all day. Another visit from my good neighbour Alexander. In crossing the square, find myself amidst a kneeling population—a *sanctissima* being carried to a lighted church. At length out of my "upper chamber." The roof of my last was low; that of my new room is twenty feet high. This study of Kauffman's is now my fourth. Painting goes well with me to-day. Left my work in gloom yesterday—in gladness to-day. See how such a man as Runciman gradually becomes dead to art. He had been here, and studied well, entered into all, and was acknowledged; goes into a corner of the world where his aims and doings are alien and unrewarded. Leave my room for the sun and air. Call on my old Trustees' master to invite him. He calls in the afternoon, and criticises some parts of my picture; takes out his snuff-box, and asks if he has said enough? A neatly done copy of Coreggio would be the thing for him. Could I retain the mood of indifference I feel now, all would be well.

5th. Sally forth, to-day being *Corpus Christi*, to see a grand procession, but find I have worked too long and exhausted myself. The piazza of St. Peter's strewed with rosemary and hung with tapestry. To-day is the pomp of Roman footmen in all its glory. There are too many coaches, and too many beggars here. Urchins are scraping up the wax melted from the candles in St. Peter's. All this is violent and afflicting. To-day toiling and writhing to effect the idea of a part of my picture. Two or three touches, at last, do more than the labour of hours.

All day painting in my study. Receive a call from G——, one of those landscapers who make love to nature on Bristol board, with an exclamation on their tongues, and a red nose in the sun. Nearly finish small picture of boy with a rose—"Under the Rose." Evening in the Teatro della Valle, where I see Alfieri's Orestes. Seemingly on the French-Greek model. Much tearing of passion to tatters, but the two principal characters well performed—the sister of Orestes especially.

17th. Visitors to-day. First Wolf—he was pleased with the colour. Next Scoular, and afterwards ——— and Dessoulavy. We had a long conversation on painting—on Martin and Turner. These he called the Pietro Cortona and Luca Giordano of the day. They surprise; their mannerisms attract. Gibson also calls—challenges some parts, but altogether approves.

18th. My studio is again let over my head. It has been taken for a longer time than I am sure of keeping it. There is no help for it—these rascally Italians! Went to see the studio of Ivanoff, the Russian artist, a very clever man, whom I met yesterday. He is a man of genius: of a quiet, thinking, Poussin-like character—moreover ingenuous and modest. He is painting a classic pastoral of Apollo

teaching two young Arcadians. Send off my four pictures of the Times of the Day for L——, and Dyce's Delphic Sibyl.

22d. Fixing the size of my picture of "Discord"—a work of labour. Return to the first size at last, after making, with much toil, the larger cartoon. Begin to draw again. A hot day of toil.

24th. Twilight after a satisfactory day; painted six hours from the model Rosa—a ruin of beauty, only nineteen. Excused being altogether disrobed. She came scented—a wild weariness of life in her expression. She tried to sing, but only a few melancholy lines; said she had been in bed for a year from fever, yet she has an unhesitating ease and power of a certain kind. In all beauty of face that approaches perfection, the eyebrows separate widely.

25th. The butcher model in the morning—Rosa in the evening. By no means effect what I have done at other times. Return from dinner to my large cartoon, and complete the first sketching-out of it. Next paint the preparation of a second picture of "Time terrifying Love." A call from Williams and Theed. Shew them sketch of "Discord." Williams approves—"firmly drawn," &c. Rosa the model for the hands of females in my Discord. Go to the Pincian to see a race—an amazon race, and a race with men standing on two horses. A German is the winner—a man with strong determination in his face. Afterwards a sort of chariot race. Model at eight. Wyatt calls at mid-day. Afterwards go to look after a room, and am led to a curious old body, nearly naked, in a short white petticoat, white stockings, and slippers down at the heels. She told me she was sister to Catalani the singer; but the room will not do for me.

5th. Model comes at half-past five. To-day room-

seeking and study-hunting. Fix on one in this same Via Sistine, once inhabited by Salvator Rosa. At night observe a very striking effect in the strongly electrified sky—the light behind the clouds shining in a broad sheet, and sending off the clouds very strongly.

Complete my removal to new studio in Via Margutta: too much reflection and sun in it. This constant moving is a kind of hell to one wishing continuous study; I shall never forget it. These detested models, too, do not keep their appointments. One comes half drunk late in the day—another, the sonerade, pretended he could not keep the position, and I had to desist, after again unbundling my "roba" to paint. Get a model to do without his sleep, or at an unusual hour? impossible: a curse on all Roman conventions.

10th. Nearly finish the second picture of "Time and Love." The first I destroyed by alterations. It was the scape-goat of the evils of my journey, and my settling down from travelling. Destroy also the first abortive picture of "Night." This day about eighteen hours' work.

14th. Tried for four hours to get the model (a boy) into right position for the picture of Discord. Walk out, meet Macdonald, go to the monastery where Tasso lived. See there a cast of his face in wax—a very fine head. In the evening at the tomb of Augustus. A spectacle of fireworks, varied and ingenious, finish the day.

15th. Labouring at my cartoon. Cannot get the model to keep the position—a dreadful affair to the poor machine, who had come without his dinner. Thinking over my future efforts: I am now resolved to lay aside all attempt to please and win attention out of the walk truly fitted for me. There are some to whom a little fancy or a quiet sentiment is the best of art. For altogether I must deal with the strong and the real. This picture of Discord is for all

countries; I must work for the world, as all should do, or for my own country, Scotland;—but whatever is well done for it, must be something also for the world. This morning a child model. Poor restless thing! the more you sympathize with it or make of it, the more it whines and cries. One still younger on its mother's knee. It seized a key, and would not quit it: a certain unconscious determination seemed expressed in its face. Severn called. Liked my picture: every one has appeared to go away with a higher idea of my art: he proposed to soften the sky; perhaps he is right.

19th. My neighbour, the Russian Bruno, seems to look heavily forward to the labour of his picture. He is often at his piano, and sings melancholy airs. Music is like a thing far off, it stills the attention, and takes us out of the present. My life is comprised in these last ten years. Go out to see the fragment or statue called Pasquina. It resembles somewhat the Ajax bearing Patroclus, a cast of which is at Florence, but it is completely mutilated. Enter the church del Popolo. Think higher and higher of Raphael. A glorious young spirit he must have been among the men then living. There is considerable, indeed decided, imitation of Buonarotti here. The large Piombo is very fine. Two chapels by Pinturiccio, truly of the elder gusto. Go to Bruloff's again to see his picture. A great many artists are there, such as are to be seen nowhere but in Rome. The study door is open, and they flowing in and out. He has a long suite of studio rooms, lined with studies and pictures "to make up a show." In the second room a full length portrait, rather good. The next apartment is partitioned off the sanctum: here we uncover, and enter before the picture. He was there himself, pointing out and explaining. Mr. ——— was determined to be very severe. On second

view there is no true grandeur in it; it is all well done, but wants depth of mind: the colouring is crude. Mr. ——— came on to my studio, but would not enter at all into my intention: he remarked that the large figure at first sight was like the Laocoon. At twilight, thinking over a better expression of its subject by its name. I might call it "The Agony of Discord in a House divided against itself." ——— came to see me; we talked of art and an artist's means. "I'll tell you what, Scott," said he, "you must marry a woman with a fortune: that is the way for you."

Some one was in the house last night, and made his escape on my neighbour coming home late. A disagreeable affair, as it appears he had 70 piastres in his desk. It may be all a hoax, but the padrone suspects my servant Filippo, who has a key. I now feel an interest in my journal, barren as it is. What is passing costs no trouble to note down, and it is almost the only thing I can fix myself to write. I find myself here becoming every day more and more bewildered in regard to life, its relations, and all being. Now I have no enthusiasm without a counteracting suggestion: no admiration of beauty without feeling it to be only as *we* are excited that it affects us.

This morning find myself locked out by the old woman at the gate having gone to church. Visit the chapel in the Church del Popolo designed by Raphael. The roof is very rich. The pictures are beautiful, and Piombo's is a noble great work. In the same chapel is a statue by Raphael: a triumphant effort, very chaste and full. In the Church del Popolo are two Caravaggio's, to be remembered for ever. The fierce reality of that man makes all else appear artificial. Nature is always true strength. His style is like a battle axe in a mailed hand. Next day a day of unalloyed toil. Leave my studio before dark, and read Childe Harold.

It appears curious Byron should have published, and the world received, such egotistical verbosity. Its strength is the strength of weakness. A man who had been so long in the world, and had seen so much of it, had he understood the bearing of things, should have been past such got-up and ejaculated-for-effect writing. Expect now all is clear before me in my drawing of Discord. Sally forth to visit some of the churches after dinner. Some good works in S. Lorenzo, of the Caravaggio school: always amazing force: it is overbearing, and yet has little permanent influence. At the same altar is a head by Leonardo, abounding in beauty of expression: the hands are of a full rich colour, the drapery red, the whole much lighter than any picture I have hitherto seen by him. Next in the St. M. della Pace. The Sibyls of Raphael do not elevate him in my judgment. The adaptation of the design to the space the picture fills, is good, but the Sibyls want expression; the Persica alone has indeed something Sibylline. The Prophets designed by Raphael, above the Sibyls, are painted by Rosso Fiorentino, and so, I suspect, are those below. An altar-piece is here by Peruzzi, in the old dry manner. Next in a church in the Stimata Strada, where there is a picture, rather remarkable, of a number of dead bodies, and others struggling above them—a figure flitting in the distance. Enter another church in the Corso; always something to look at; but in Rome these lesser notables are lost. Two other churches I was in, where sermons were going forward. Next day nothing to note, save that my stay in Rome is still uncertain, having had no answers yet to my letters. To my studio in the morning: call on Giegenbaur to keep him to his promise of giving me some instruction in fresco painting. Find him well pleased and ready to do so. Afterwards went with him to the Muratore, and to buy brushes. I hope this, should I

compass it, may be of use. Cannot help suggesting to myself how I may, on arriving in Scotland, find an opportunity of practising what I am, as yet, ignorant of. In two days, however, if I still live, I shall have tried this art, the last that can be new to me in painting. A man is now preparing part of the wall of my studio. Sealy, who has returned from Naples, sits expatiating on his excursion. He tells me I am getting thinner—very likely.

9th. Giegenbaur comes to see me begin my fresco. Sees my pictures, and exclaims, *molto talento*, &c., but says nothing of my large design.

10th. Early at my fresco again: Giegenbaur at nine, and works for an hour or two in explanation; afterwards go on by myself, and finish my first *prova*—a figure from sketch of the Fornarina model, against a vine-screen. Feel a new power which does me good. Suppose my illness hangs about me from exhaustion; determine to slacken in all useless effort. To improve my style be now my aim, and, when the time comes for me to make what ability I have avail me, it shall be by quietly proving I am worthy in my own walk of art. Go to St. Ignazio, which has a stupendous roof painted all over, a work of far more *labour* than the Sistine, but it is in the Cortona manner—splendid mechanism however. The *sotto in sec* of the pillared parts astonishing, the colour of the whole good, and the effect agreeable to the eye. The rolling down of some of the figures over the walls, and the high relief of one figure from another, is surprising, considering the light execution in which the painting is effected. Highly gratified by the skill of this performance. The painter's name is Padre Pozzi, a Jesuit. I prepare for fresco again to-morrow.

The strange wretches that are seen sleeping and crawling about Rome, are humiliating, but interesting to a painter.

It is wonderful that the Italians have no man among them to render the strong individualities about them, united as it is to so much appropriate to the artist. An old man, his beard white as snow, is seated on the steps of this St. Ignazio, eating fruit; the flies swarm over him and his fruit, and beside him lies a reed scourge for driving them off. Another, shod with goatskin, and nearly naked, is fast asleep, with a staff in his hand. The great amount of human suffering—for these people seem all marked by misery—and the vividness of character seen in Rome, have given me a different feeling in regard to depicting humanity, either elevated or degraded. The ideal remains where it was, but the realities of life are apart from it. I now hold Caravaggio (M. A.) to have been one of the greatest painters that have been. Independently of his excellence in effect, &c., there is vast truth (of an uncouth kind to be sure) in the forms of his compositions. A *caratello*, animated and inspired, would thus paint; but still he is a mighty genius. He, Rembrandt, and the author of the Laocoon, are three of the most forcible minds that have been exerted in art. This combination of names may appear strange to some, but each of the three worked towards natural truth, and in this unity of intention, they stand on the same ground. Raphael, Buonarotti, &c., are all modists, or according to an intellectual standard, in comparison with these.

14th. Working at fresco of a scene in Purgatory. In the Trattoria at dinner, while building castles in the air, their only foundation being my new fresco powers. Returning to my study, saw print of the battle of Constantine. Raphael all his life never drew a face well. He has done more beautiful faces than any one, and very correct. Still there is always in his heads—male heads particularly—a disagreeable jarring. This afternoon look at my studio—as

ready to leave it: roll up some of my designs: anxiety, my near and constant friend, creeps over me. Next day set out for the Church degli Angeli. This is the warmest morning I have felt. Meet Severn bound also for it. Call on Wolf. He is a good artist. A huntsman now under his hand has very much of the Discobolus—quite that style of thought. Call on Thorwaldsen, who meets his visitors with great affability. I asked him to call and see what I had done; at once said he would come at any time to-morrow I chose. Enter a church. The monuments of the dead are always interesting. Here, on the pavement, the faces rubbed nearly flat, put me in mind of many of Buonarotti's, in which the shadows are black and sharp, the lights all one colour, and spread out.

16th. Wait within for Thorwaldsen. Here he is, quiet, yet affable and open. He is a little short-sighted, as I observed on his examining Sappho and Anacreon. Familiar with the visiting of works of art, he said little, but "*bene*," "*molto grazioso*," "*piaciuto*," and some similar expressions. I wished him to shew me defects, and he pointed various matters out; then went on to criticise the effect of the light on the tripod, which, he had no doubt, would, even in daylight, be seen on objects about. He next looked at the Cartoon; silently, and after a little, began to remark on various parts of the drawing. Before he went away, I thanked him for the *onore* he had done me, and he returned me thanks for saying so, bowed and bowed, and so the visit ended. He is a kind old man, and great artist. Yet such formal visits, even from such as he, put me in a turmoil; I do not like them. The next time I am visited, the visit must be spontaneous and unlooked for.

17th. Go to the Spada Palace, and see the statue of Pompey, famous as that at whose feet Cæsar fell. See also

a series of sculptures, decorations of a temple at St. Agnese, outside the walls of Rome. Also Endymion and Perseus, which are, however, inferior, although in the same simple style of design. Go to the Farnese Palace. Annibale Caracci's frescoes there are executed with ease; but the drawing often not good, but licentious. The colour of the Ganymede may be considered Titianesque. The principal picture, that of the Triumph of Bacchus, is varied and full. I observed the lights to be very thin—nearly the original lime. In the Farnesina, some parts of Raphael's Cupid and Psyche are clumsily laboured and heavily coloured; in other parts, where he has been freer, they are very good. In a room above, Giulio Romano appears great in mythological invention: here he is the imaginative artist I always have taken him to be. In St. Luigi Francesi are Domenichino's two frescoes. After looking at these I have mentioned, Domenichino appears true and careful, simple in colour. I am about to quit my studio for a month in Naples. Let this be the period of division from all that is trifling in sentiment in regard to my labours in painting.

21st August. Not leaving for a day or two, look again at some great works. The Moses of Buonarotti is a crude performance. What means that left hand (terminating an arm, poor and detached, as seen from the other side) grasping the abdomen. To give full room to the hand, we must suppose it enters the bowels. The head is deficient in some points of view; the foot small, and the leg in a mannered style, without the greatness of Buonarotti. The whole of the drapery is bad. This visit to the Aurora, I begin to think less of it than formerly. In some parts it is musty brown, in others tinted blue; still it is a very pleasing picture. Some of the Hours are lumbering, feetless figures; Apollo is a poor personage. Its execution, as a fresco, is

not of so finished a kind as the Ganymede of Caracci, while some of the faces are laboured, like those in the Cupid and Psyche, though not so heavily. Among the oil pictures I have seen, the Twelve Apostles, by Rubens, are notable. The colour of the flesh is good. The heads are characteristic —of the portrait kind. But there is a washiness about Rubens, particularly in his draperies, that cannot stand beside the Venetians. Those three large pictures by Rubens, in St. Maria in Vallicella, painted, I think, in oil on the plaster, are more careful in design than is usual with him. Oil on plaster always becomes dark, but these are colourless.

Being without the walls, I turned into a little convent church before returning. Two churchmen were on their knees, along with a monk, before a coffin placed below, in front of the altar. I advanced, and found the coffin or box was glazed, and contained the preserved body of the holy Theodoro, who died eighty-four years ago in their monastery. The old face and hands were quite entire: the body was in the monastic habit it had worn while alive.

22d. Go after the voiture; and again on the search for notable works in churches. First enter the Santi Apostoli. Find a monument, by Canova, to Volpato—very softly, yet sharply executed. It is a single figure looking mournfully at the bust of Volpato, and may be called engaging. Here is also a monument to Clement XIV., by Pozzi, whom I saw at Florence—better than any thing I saw in his studio. Next go to St. Maria di Loreto to see a Giotto. The sacristan tried to light the candles before uncovering the picture; they would not light; some women in the church almost making a miracle out of it; the heretic, no doubt, preventing the lights from burning. At last the clerk threw down his reed match, drew the curtain, and exposed to view Mary in rich colours, with a saint on each side, dark, upon

a golden ground. I was very much delighted with the colour on the gold, and with the design of one of the saints. The clerk again tried the candles, and the Saint was pleased to allow them to light. Here was also a female figure by Fiammingo, simple and good. Went to St. Maria Navicella; but after toiling a long way, can only catch a glimpse through a grated doorway: and to St. Stefano Rotondo, near by; but the heavy knocker fell without an answer.

Afterwards I go to the Vatican. The frescoes that Raphael did himself are fine, broad and rich in the tints, and flat. They are carefully and rather highly finished. All his pupils appear to have been very inferior to him in execution; and a very small part of the chambers is done by his own hand. Since trying to paint fresco, I find Buonarotti is not so dark in the shaded parts as I thought he was. His colour is full and broad too, though, in general, it is more allied to the lightness peculiar to the Florentines. I have been much struck by the breadth of colour, shade, and drawing combined in the angular compartment of the Brazen Serpent. Romano's Battle of Constantine is very scattered; it has no unity or breadth of colour. In the gallery of the Vatican Lawrence's picture looks blue, black, and toneless.

Raphael is the best painter in fresco, except, perhaps, Buonarotti, as seen in the Prophets. The Last Judgment is stained and touched all over. The Parnassus, the School of Athens, &c., are free of defects of time, and retain unity and strength of tone. I seal up my Journal, this being my last night in the Via Sistina in Salvator's house.

NAPLES.

25th August 1833. At seven o'clock find myself driving southward. My companions, a little Trieste man and his wife. After riding a day and two nights, arrive at eight on Monday in Naples.

A spacious busy town; military in abundance; it gives quite a new impression. Meet Stukely in the Café d'Italia, who goes with me to the Museum. I find the gallery of ancient pictures from Pompeii very interesting, and shall certainly try to understand their method; it evidently admits of one painting over another. Quite worn out from want of sleep.

28th. Set out to visit churches. Find nothing remarkable. The Cathedral is poor enough. A chapel beside it has the dome painted by Lanfranco, and the angles below by Domenichino. Here, as in St. Andrea, at Rome, Domenichino triumphs. Two schools divide the art of Naples, the Giordano and Solimenes, and the imitators of Caravaggio. Evening, in the great theatre of San Carlo; the principal actress splendid in head and style of figure, not so dignified as one I saw in Rome, but still a good model for the painter. A number of men in the cortile of the inn, some sleeping on mats, others on the stones; I ask the waiter about them, and am told they are "*Lazzaroni gente della strada.*" Ponder over the question of my return to Edinburgh, or winter again in Rome.

29th. Tremendous rain, get, with the assistance of a carroza, to the Museum. Go over the bronzes, the sculpture gallery, and the Egyptian. Should say nothing very remarkable, but the sculpture the superior of the two, although the catalogue says it is the finest in the world.

Walk to the Piazza Reale: Naples more like London than any city I have seen. Evening at the Punchinello, a very silly affair, but one can laugh at it well enough. All next day in the Museum. Afterwards to the harbour, among multitudes of people. Crowds are collected round a man I suppose reciting a story, and there are mountebanks by way of cutting off noses. The clamour of melon sellers, fig sellers, grape dealers, vehicle drivers, &c., perfectly confounding.

Again in the Museum. Finish my notes on the pictures, and look over the vases, utensils, &c. from the unburied towns. Think the material used in the pictures is somewhat the same as that used on the vases; I believe it to be the same; both were done, I suspect, by melted bitumen mixed with the colours, used warm. The colours do not appear to have been heated so as to melt them after painting, there being no flowing or softening of the outlines, these being perfectly sharp from the pencil. Set out with a list of churches from my guide book. Find two fresco pictures by Veronese painted over a door in the dark. Also two showy novel things by Giordano in the Ascensione; very curious these are. Museum again. Examine the middle age productions. This is only an attempt at a collection. The bronze head of Dante is remarkable. Perhaps chagrin is the true expression; the face and head both small; no room for a phrenologist to expatiate on ideality. Observe a casket by Cellini; it has a great many figures and separate subjects, and is a production of great labour. Afternoon, again look out for churches. Happy to think this is the last time I shall have to do so from the vague accounts of a guide book. In St. Dominico a number of monuments; some of knights holding their long-handled lances. Also many pictures; in particular, a Flagellation by Spagnoletto.

Saw another picture (by an imitator, however) of the Dead Christ; the feet dark, turned to the spectator. S. M. Nuova. A soffitto, said to be painted by Santafede (don't know the name); the pictures here are mostly in simpler and better style than those of Giordano. Feel tired, and in a bad mood. Uncertain whether to end my Italian sojourn, or to keep my word, and hold by my intentions of remaining another winter. The last is best; ever after, I shall have most satisfaction in having done so. If I go now, I shall only have performed in part what I intended to complete.

September. Pouring rain. Forgetting it is Sunday, start in the omnibus for the Museum: find it open, however, and some of the *custodi* attending. Raphael never fails to satisfy the judgment, and to engage us in his Madonnas. Their beauty is beyond that of any other. I return to Spagnoletto with fresh excitement. He is the only follower that ever surpassed his master; for certainly he does surpass Caravaggio in the fluid-bloodedness of his flesh. His, indeed, is the most real I recollect, with the exception of Titian's Christ crowned with Thorns. The tone, strength, and power, in general, of his Silenus and his St. Jerome are unequalled. He is the greatest Spanish painter; Murillo (as I have seen him) is weaker, but rich and true. The Silenus, doubtless, is disgustingly befatted. Caravaggio, in the Entombment, is potent, but has not the same excellence in the flesh. In this picture, and in the Silenus, there is nothing to awe, command, or persuade, yet they are irresistible. The tone of this work I hope I shall remember. Looking at these is all I have done to-day. Could I meet such men in life, I would surely be happy!

3d. Sally forth for the Monastery of the Camaldoli. Get out of the road, and over to the opposite side of the mountain. Toil up the steep by a water-course; the per-

spiration trickling down my temples as I view the beautiful bay from the heights. Meet a priest, who cautioned me against these unfrequented paths, and at last find the monastery. The porter meets me with a most profound reverence, and here I get some bread and wine, omelet and fruit. The prospect round and round is very beautiful; but of all I have seen to-day, the morning sun rising over Vesuvius, seen from behind the Castle of St. Elmo, was most worthy of remembrance. The grey gold floating behind the mountain, on which the clouds, in portions of light, silver and shade, were scattered, never let me forget! The mountains near Vesuvius were in a wreath of cloud, while it was clear. Thou most intense light upon the sea, stay in my memory for ever!

After the monastery, go to the church of St. Martino, the roof of which is by Lanfranco, the best production of his I have seen. Over the pillars of the nave, are prophets by Spagnoletto in fresco. They are broad, in black and white, and have more gusto than any of the earlier frescoes; but, from want of experience in this method, they have required retouching, are stained, and a little inefficient in parts.

4th. Go to the Museum. See the MSS. of Pompeii, the process of unrolling, &c. The mosaic pictures are mostly very rude and rough. Visit a private collection of pictures, in which are eight by Salvator Rosa. Much genius: but his strength is in his landscapes; four of these here of great depth and force. Here are some modern works: the Homer singing to two rustics, by a Neapolitan, and the Three Ages, by Gerodet. Both fine works; good in execution even: Homer the best.

7th. Leave Naples. Disgusted with the Italian people in the boat to Sorrento. About ten passengers at once combined to cheat me by lying about the fare: some handing

their money in secret: a half-savage affair altogether. Find myself in what is called Sorrento; neither village nor single house, but a scattering of country houses above the cliffy shore. Make a lodgment in an artist-rendezvous; this residence is to cost me ten carlini a-day. Am disappointed in not finding a way to Vesuvius and the adjacent country: all is rocky cliff.

8th. Walk, lounge, bathe: dine, walk, lounge, and sup. Styled excellenza by my landlord. Nothing is too condescending—nothing too impudent for an Italian.

9th. Walk to a village above the *piano*, in company with Sir S. Stirling. Find there is a sort of curiosity in the house, an English colonel, who communicates with no one; he has a ladder at the back of the house up to his chamber-window, by which he gets in and out without passing through the dining-room.

10th. Have written a preface to a notice of the Painting of the Moderns: a game at bowls after dinner.

11th. We intended going to Capri, but cannot get. I must be off to Amalfi; it is not easy to shuffle over life, for even a day. No books; none since coming to Italy except Italian.

12th. Leave Sorrento in a boat for Castelamare, then walk to Pompeii, and, at sunset, see from a mound of ashes the cleared streets of the city. In the evening, sit in a curious albergo, on the seat of the excavations.

13th. Pompeii. The two theatres, the temples of Isis, Æsculapius, and Bacchus, the amphitheatre, the streets—especially that of the tombs without the walls—all most interesting. There is not the taste or beauty I expected in the garden fountains and other things. These are trumpery, shell-patched, little matters, and the pillars, both to public and private buildings, are of plastered brick, sometimes

painted half-way up. All the best pictures are gone to the museum. Leave Pompeii, and go through Torra del Annunziata to Resina, where are the excavations of Herculaneum. Here the uncovered parts are very similar to Pompeii, but inferior in painting and ornament—less of them. It is somewhat dreadful to descend into the theatre that was drowned in lava, and the impression of a mask remaining is curious. Early in bed in the house of the guide: for Vesuvius in the morning.

14th. At two o'clock rise and proceed by torch-light, mounted on a pony, towards the mountain. Some of the stars intensely bright, but the road dark and rugged. At the Hermitage, we call the gendarme, and he accompanies us to the top of the cone, the ascent of which is most laborious. At the top, smoke exuding from the ground, which is mostly sulphur, and yellow in colour. Climb the inner cone, an ascent still more difficult than the other, the soil being cinders, small as gravel, and so hot, that I found it uneasy to rest for a little, while sketching the top: some parts impassable for the smell of sulphur and heat. At length at the top; I look down over the brink into the crater, where red-hot stones and sulphurous rocks are reeking up. The top of this mountain is altogether wild and impressive; the toiling surges of lava dreadful. The descent is rapid, the heels sinking among the cinders.

15th. Do nothing but go to a country festival, and see the little church, decorated with Neapolitan taste, with silk, gold-paper, and other trash.

16th. An excursion to Capri with Sir S. Stirling. The cave is a hoax; only fit to amuse idlers. Afterwards we ascended on donkeys to the villa of Tiberius. The island itself is very romantic and grand. Little thought has passed across my mind to-day.

19th. Cannot get out of this confounded Sorrento: am now again anxious to be in Rome. To palliate my idleness, made a sketch of Young Bacchus and a Fawn.

21st. At Salerno; the boatmen would not venture out, but I have reached this by another way.

22d. Pæstum. Leave Salerno before six, and reach the temples about ten. Neither greatly disappointed nor excited by them. They are doubtless worthy of study. Just as I entered the Temple of Peace, a snake, at least three feet and a-half long, was making off. The cicerone struck him with a stone, and finished him with my stick; this, and a yellow-headed eagle seen on the return, the most notable things for me to-day.

23d. At break of day roused by the vetturino; and, in an hour, I am again on the way to Naples. On arriving there fix for Wednesday to return to Rome. Walked to the grotto of Posilippo, and Virgil's Tomb, as it is called.

24th. Early in the museum, taking a last look at the Pompeii pictures. After mid-day set off for Baiæ. Enter the Sibyls' Grotto—a long Italian wading with me on his back. What was called by the ignorant people the baths of the Sibyl have certainly been tombs. We are shewn a "*bocco*" said to have been listened to by the Emperors, and a brick portal said to have led to a palace of Nero. This cave is on the edge of Lake Avernus, now pleasant enough. Baiæ, and all the ruins of temples, Nero's Baths, &c., are much worth seeing; as also are, for the sake of association only, the *mare morte*, the Elysian fields, and other sights well known. To-morrow I return to Rome.

ROME AGAIN.

1st October 1833. Again I renew the Journal of my abode in Rome. Searching everywhere for a room, and at mid-day find one—a *camera*, not *appartemento*, to make the Italian distinction—and get my baggage removed.

3d. Examine the Aldobrandini Marriage particularly to-day. Find it is not fresco, but painted in the same manner as the Pompeii works. Also examine others of the ancient pictures in the Vatican. One or two single figures look like fresco, but these are so retouched, it is difficult to say what they may have been originally. Order canvass for my large picture. Meet Gibson; he comes with me to my studio; speaks highly of the works of Cornelius, a German, in Munich. Go out to see the competition frescoes of Guido and Domenichino. It is the worst Domenichino I have seen, and Guido opposite is brown, and much of the Cortona form and drapery.

8th. I find my canvass preparer wishes to facilitate his profits at my expense. Tell him not to go on. I feel this picture of Discord will be an unrequited labour; it will drain my last bajocco, or even run me into difficulties. Disgusted, too, with the kind of commendation bestowed upon it—fine group, good composition, and so forth—the qualities that give it value never dreamt of. I have to explain that it is abstract, and so on, and general explanation I hate. Slightly retouch a few parts of my pictures of "Time" and "Sappho." This evening thinking over what I have lost of romance and expectation.

10th. Again resolve, for good or for bad, to paint my large picture. It will be my final effort for notice. What comes after it must be to answer occasions. I do this to

satisfy myself; it may land me in difficulties in cash affairs, but my regrets might trouble me were I not to take advantage of the time. I know what its fate will be: my acquaintances will be timid; a few foreigners may come to see it; it will be rolled up, and follow me to Scotland. It must stand for the time I have lived since leaving home.

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13th. My cartoon is now traced upon the canvass.

18th. Commence painting. Paint shoulder and breast of principal figure. At present consider I have effected the tone I intended. Meet Severn on the Pincian in the evening, who tells me he has painted Life in Death, and Death, from Coleridge. Talked with him of Keats. Keats had lost his little independence, and his brother troubled him. Spoke of the tragedy he has left. The plot was invented by —— at Florence, and Keats wrote the dialogue without well knowing the plot.

18th. Now hard at painting daily. Very unwell—as ill, indeed, as I have yet been in Rome. Go out to get the sun, this studio being cold, but a cloud comes over the day. Return ill indeed. To work again upon the thorax of my principal figure.

Called on my ancient master of the Trustees' Academy. He asked if I was going to Raphael's funeral? Yes—but tickets? I had no ticket, yet went to the Rotunda. Try twice ineffectually to enter—have no piece of white paper in my pocket to pass for a ticket. Was giving it up in despair, when I saw a German tearing a piece off a newspaper with the same view. Get a bit, force myself within the Swiss guards, and pass the paper. Here I am in at last, but the keeper is after me, hurrying me back to the door. My broken Italian, however, saves me. The polished mahogany coffin—bright enough for the bones to see themselves in—is

placed high up, set about with lights. The mass is chaunted; the members of St. Luke's and others holding candles. And now the *Miserere* is sung; and thus are the bones of the divine Raphael reburied.

19th and 20th. Do the face and hair of the principal figure in Discord. Called on by Rothwell and Vallatti, and two others, but could not admit them to see my picture. I shall persevere to the finish in admitting no one till it is done. After dinner visit Severn; see his Life in Death, and Death. A good picture: the effect particularly so. Life in Death, however, a failure in my view of the poem—he having made her beautiful; the old mariner and the ship very good.

22d. In an hour overcome all yesterday's difficulty; then paint one of the arms of the father. At half-past nine all round seem gone to bed.

23d. To-day do more than my apportioned task; but whether for good or harm remains to be seen. Walk round the Pincian, and home to my *camera* of dulness. My countrymen complain of the long nights. "How am I to spend the long nights?"

27th. Sunday. Go out about eleven to meet Baillie, for the purpose of going to burned church of S. Paolo. It has been one of the largest and most splendid interiors in Rome, but now nothing to be here remarked but the marble and granite. The boasted portraits of the Popes, being worthless, may be easily supplied in the way they were originally produced.

2d November. Go with Baillie to see the shows at the Hospital of S. Spirito, and the burial-vaults. This is the commemoration of All Saints. See a wax-figure exhibition for the multitude. Afterwards meet a friend of B.'s in a coach, and accompany him to another church to see the

subterranean excitement again. Enter vaults grotesquely ornamented with skulls and bones, skeletons holding holy water basins, and neat arches constructed out of the machinery of former men. Here is a wax group of the Pope removing the body of St. Peter, the body being in remarkable preservation (as pointed out by the official), and in very clean linen. A stink and a rattle! The stink is that of washed or boiled skulls, arm and leg bones, and the rattle that of the box, begging relief, in small coin, for their souls, now in another world.

4th. The first evening of the Academy. A very small appearance. Two new faces, but none of the established Roman members. Life and art—ease and save. One or both of the new comers I passed last year in Paris: they have been copying all the way.

6th. Another new English face at the Academy; a prominent nose of thirty-five. This a good draftsman, as is also one of those who joined first. We shall have more talent this winter. Evening in the Greco; the first time for a month. Read William's poem about Shelley; studied, and of a high order, but too eulogistic. Lauder brought it with letters for me. Call upon him, and find him in the same house with Lees. Call on Dessoulavy: find him ill in bed; a very beautiful picture of the Aquaducts on his easel. After dinner, in the Vatican Museum, with the Apollo, the Laocoon, and the Elgin Marbles, and find great pleasure and repose in looking at them—companionship even with them, the wonder and admiration of the world, which I never before experienced. Attempt the hair of the third figure in my picture: do not effect it.

16th. In my study later now: the mornings creeping in. Evening; transcribe the greater part of a short article for ——— Magazine, on the Pompeii pictures.

18th. Hand and hair of the Daughter my day's work. A soft, delicious Italian day. In the Academy in the evening: five new members. Am introduced by Rothwell to the elder of the new men.

21st. A knock at my now sealed studio door. Find Gibson has brought Mr. Stirling. How did he rest till his hair was grey, then start up from his chair and begin to ramble? A wonderful sky over Rome to-night.

22d. Paint hand and arm of the Mother. Walk on the Pincian in the evening. I had formed a most incorrect idea of Rome in all that related to modern arts and artists: I had raised a God that was to prove a Baal, and fall upon his face. My idea of the intellectual and social elevation of the professors of art has been prostrated. When I look back, I see that I expected to find a Parnassus, where "no unholy spirit dares to tread;" but here is "Comus and his bestial train" —a very numerous one. This, however, does not annoy me now; I see I was wrong, and that whatever is noble is rare and removed. I now understand the moral bearings of the mistake, and have got over much that was disagreeable to me here as a place of residence. I should like to leave Rome in my present mood—satisfied and indifferent. At first there are a thousand things to try one, the manners are so whetted, and so different from other places. The strangeness of those unaccustomed to the ways is instantly remarked, and a name appropriated to them: they are "Griffins."

23d. Go to the Puppet Theatre in the evening, I suppose for the last time; and nothing to regret if it be. To pick up Italian is my apology. Mr. Stirling came to-day, and sat an hour, talking in his queer way. Then Baillie and I go with him to the Exhibition of the Porto del Popolo, to see the pictures of an Italian youth of twenty-one. Rather bold, but the strange blue and purple of all the foreign

schools prevail. To-night I am troubled, in spite of my knowing the cause; a want of some true stay for my secluded thoughts—secluded in reference to ideas, not realities, of art, and connected therewith, of life. Must I at last abandon principles and desires, and content myself: "say unto the mole, thou art my brother, and to the worm thou art my fellow?"

28th. Paint the feet of the Mother, and part of the blue drapery of the Boy. At *Ave Maria* go to the post. Letters from home; my pictures have arrived in London.

30th. Call on Heavyside. He shews me his designs: he has attempted more than usual. Call on Wyatt: he is without hardihood, but possessed of great taste and delicacy. This month now finished—time is creeping on me. I feel anxious when I look over the uncovered canvass. I have much to do. Evening at the café, to catch a glimpse of varied character while I may.

8th. To-day completes a year's residence in Rome. I doubted whether I should effect so long a stay when I came. I am now satisfied in having done so. Art has not assumed a higher interest to me, but I have gained much experience. My ideas on many subjects are more regulated, on others more unfixed. I have added nothing to my power of invention, whatever I may have hoarded up. Living as I now do, merely to work, eats down the imagination. My Journal has often been a relief to me, and preserved much that would long ago have been driven from, or rather covered over, in the chambers of the memory; while its records detect to me changes in my feelings and in my opinions of men and things. To-day I have been ruminating, as I very often do, on my isolated position in regard to art, and the friends of art, and in regard to the pride, diffidence, and indifference of my nature. All that I hold worthiest seems to remove me from

the sphere of other men. Disappointment, too, has morbidised my feelings; often I feel degraded in my own eyes, while I am struggling after that which still keeps as far off as ever. That I may ultimately effect the name of a painter, I have more grounds to believe than to despair; but tardy it may be. Without support onwards, I fall down, or stimulation comes too late to form part of my character, and I pass life in a continued effort. I am told I expect too much: I shall be glad if it turns out so. I felt disappointment at seventeen; that now I feel it more is not strange.

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11th December. A few folds of drapery keep me labouring all day, and ineffectually too. My room is surrounded with voices and breathings. Italian houses have always a suspicious character—one room entering from another. I ought to have my picture half a year beside me before I say it is done; and I am unwell again. Call on Lauder, and find he has got a sitter's chair erected, and is employed painting portraits.

15th. Pass over the yellow drapery and ground of my "Discord." After dinner visit some churches. Domenichino's frescoes in St. Luigi are uninspired. Enter St. Agostino, to see the busts of old German warriors, and the famous Virgin, still as much frequented as ever. Age leads still greater age to touch its foot, and to be anointed from the little dirty lamp that burns before it. Is that creeping, cold, withered wretch, the same being that was fifty years ago full of lusty life and blood, like that big-breasted, outstepping woman beside her? No, we only flatter ourselves that we remain identical throughout life.

This evening impeaching myself with not writing of the painters of the day and modern painting as I proposed. I palliate my neglect, by feeling that the most of them are

not worth many words: Italian art is now no more. Call on Stirling at his rooms. Find Macaulay and —— there. Recollect, of old, meeting Macaulay at the Edinburgh Academy; I little thought then, that the next time I should see him would be here. I must now go on with my picture laboriously, but I cannot work longer than I now do.

23d. Complete the first painting of my picture by concluding the drapery. The first painting of this is more satisfactory than that of any former picture; it is more advanced than any I have yet done.

Went to Ara Cœli to-day to the miraculous child—of wood. Observed the picture by St. Luke there. The Saint has not been a miraculous painter; but it is very dark, and nearly covered by silvering and crowning. When will the masses of men unite to effect what is great and good?

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Time passes on, and I am painting from morning to night. See various people at Torlonia's again, although I determined to go no more; pity I did not keep my determination. On the 28th make the first alteration in my picture. I pray that it may be the last. Rose next morning in strength and spirits; how gay a life a continuance of this health would be.

30th December. My stay in Rome has been and is a period of probation, passed of necessity; in some respects a dissatisfying blank, but also interesting as a woful part of my life. Formerly depression of spirits had a relief from expectation, now there is nothing but disappointment. Excitement causes reaction, and the greater variety in the mode of living creates opportunity for this morbidness to develope itself. Were I successful in my great aim being justly acknowledged (as I am sure it will be in a certain fashion),

this would in a great measure be removed. But, again, it is not the opinion of others that depresses me, it is my opinion of myself; I labour under doubt of what I have been doing.

31st December. *Last night of the year.* At the lodging of Richardson the sculptor. Rothwell, Dessoulavy, Jarvis, Bond, Henning's old pupil, a young Scotsman, the German I met at the subterranean show, Sanders, and another, name unknown, all of the party. So with free talk goes the old year down.

1834.

1st January. A mild scirocco. An early visit from Rothwell, whom I asked to call before he leaves Rome. Praised my other pictures, but not my large one. After his visit, take myself to task about my "Discord." Why did I stake my own self-opinion by bringing so much to the bar of Roman or any other criticism? Running myself into inconvenience to gain misconception and neglect.

3d. Leave my study to-day in better mood. It is all for the best.

4th. Paint for half the day. Burn my old sketch and my imperfect cartoon. Take down the paper screen; clean my palette. My picture is now visible.

The first caller is Macaulay. "Grand composition, fine drawing." Ask Gibson, who comes forthwith. "Very bold, very clever." —— calls. "Very powerful, the whole together." Begin again to paint upon it, and, after a day or two, consider it finished—ended for the present. Vallati calls to see it. "*Molto bello—bel quadro—quanto presto—bravo Scott—siete molto allegro—bravissimo.*" Stirling calls also. I go with him to see a children's festa;

man resembles himself all over the world more in his toys than in serious-things. But what are serious things? Call upon Wolf and Severn. Find the last going to Minardi, one of the best copyers. Go with him, and see a number of designs, some very fine compositions, two particularly—Tasso with his Genius, and a Dream of Hector. Hector dreams of a noble horse and furious chargers about him. Minardi is a fine, free, poetic-looking man. Lauder calls to see my picture, and thinks much of it. Time and Love he considers my best painting.

Richardson and a Londoner to see my "Discord." This morning, thinking of the manners of men, struck with the idea that very many pass through life without knowing themselves, or casting thought inwards. All naturalisti must be of this character. In society these men know much. Heavyside calls; then J. Macdonald; then Stirling; then a large party, with Charles Wilson as cicerone. Afterwards go to the Vatican, where Caravaggio upbraids me. What is my picture in tone to his? * * * Why has it been said Raphael is not a colourist? He and Buonarotti are the two best colourists, in the true meaning of colour as *a part* of painting. Titian may be added as the most engaging; but beside Raphael in the Vatican he is obscure. In the morning Baillie calls. "You have managed a most difficult subject." Then Macdonald and Count Gryse—"You have made a grand thing at last." Next day in my studio all day brooding—gloomy as the abyss of ——— Jamieson calls on the following day: his applause is sensible—he is the first to notice the intention expressed in the picture. I go with him to Camuccini's collection of old pictures. Giovanni Bellini's last work, finished by Titian, is a curious stiff production. The portrait of a Pope Paul, small, very fine. Walk to St. Giovanni Laterno: in the

church beyond it, behind the altar, is an immense work in fresco, certainly by Perugino; the figures here are the largest I have seen by him. Return by the walls of Rome.

Severn calls, and a Mr. Boadham. Then Darnley, a painter to be. Then Cope and Smith.—"Vigorous—very vigorous." Then Glennie. I believe every part of my picture has now been remarked upon, and constantly one likes what another has questioned. Where is any foundation in opinion for the altar of truth?

Wolf calls, and a German with him. The head of the mother pleased him as statue-like. Go to the post, but find no letters. Wyatt's card on my return.

This is the 19th it appears. In my studio, wait for visitors with little advantage. In verity I am alone. My mind is shutting itself up more and more. Nor do I see ought for the future but neglect and poverty—a constant struggle to reach something that circumstances seem determined to deny. I have painted a large picture, and have succeeded—I stand among the greater artists here. Say nothing of a great effort—even a successful one—and it falls back upon the author. It must be noticed or neglected. But time is needed, and a repetition of works is necessary. Am I forgetting of what I complain? My landlady enters my room; talks of my quietness; I am never singing nor making noise—"*mai canta perche e malinconico.*"

Sunday. All day in my studio. Write ten or twelve verses, Farewell to Rome. Next day in the Vatican. The Transfiguration strengthens upon me. It is superb in colour, and the flesh finely toned: no copy conveys this transparent quality. Again the stanzas and the Torso. Lawrence's portrait of George IV. has a chalky and flimsy look. Again at San Ofrio; the frescoes of Domenichino here are among his best. Evening in the Teatro Valle, to see a comedy by

Goldoni. To my judgment rather a poor caricature affair—the melodrama tedious.

Set out to the Exhibition. It is worse and worse this year, if possible; indeed, ridiculously bad. Remember to have seen Cope in the Louvre—he tells me he would not now have known me, I am altered so much. Baillie calls to see my picture, and Spalding, an analysing fellow, who has seen some of my pictures in Edinburgh. Next —— calls, tells me I have great credit—so has the Devil. Wyatt calls—praises my picture.

Go out to the Borghese. Here Titian, Veronese, Bonefacio, are losing their strong attraction to me, possibly from my late study of the Romans. Bonefacio's Prodigal Son evidently painted in black and white, and scumbled over. Titian's Divine and Profane Love evidently on slightly absorbent ground, of a light colour. To-day its brilliancy did not appear remarkable; but the toning of the colours, by breaking them, beautifully effective. The clouds of a cool grey, all lighter than the sky, which is considerably subdued. The simplicity of the warm grey tones, of different degrees of strength, on the distant houses, is great. The slightness of this picture, and of the other of Venus, is remarkable—on the flesh particularly. About the hands and on the Cupid, a touch and an outlined character is allowed, but where there is a flat surface, there is no *touchiness*.

Correggio's Golden Shower and the Divine Love of Titian are both much cracked. Both, I suspect, have been rather thickly painted with size preparation, which has caused them to crack. Correggio's Magdalene Reading is very thinly painted in the flesh, stippled, smooth, and clear, to the points of the fingers. The drapery is in the old mode, thickened by asphaltum or otherwise. Walk after dinner to St. Pietro in Montorio, and examine a Flagellation painted

by Piombo after Buonarotti. Various altars here are designed by him, with bad, but vigorous, figures of boys supporting the rails. Also two recumbent figures of Popes, nearly alike, and two others standing. The standing figures are worthy of him.

The Doria Palace. There I now meet the Claudes as something new. The two Heads, by Raphael, are very fine: their ruddy colour is rather carried too far. They contrast badly with a portrait by Titian above, which is of a clear, light colour.

27th. In the café in the evening, where I meet a German, who agrees with me to teach me German in exchange for English. To-morrow evening we begin.

29th. People again calling to see my picture. A young and inquiring American; Spalding, and another intelligent Scotsman; then Lees; then Williams.

Go to St. Maria in Cosmedin. See a picture said to be by St. Luke; but it is a bad picture of a later date than Giotto. Also the old Bocca della Verita. Afterwards to the Garden-house, where are the frescoes of the Germans. Schnorr's room presents very authentic works—very poetic they are, but still they are very real. Overbeck's are beautiful: there is a more graceful delicacy about his than about those of the others. Those by Kock (or Cox) are inferior in study; but a Boat Scene is very superior in colour. These two rooms, from Tasso and Ariosto, by Schnorr and Overbeck, are quite a treat—they are perfectly old romance.

This is Sunday, the 3d of February. I take a solitary walk, and sit in the sun in the Colosseum.

Monday: the Carnival begins; but few people in masks in the Corso. Evening, in the room of the German Schrödter. On the second day of the Carnival, a few more people in the Corso.

7th. At my German lessons. That German Schrödter seems always exhilarated. Martz was in his room at night: he seems unable now to pass his time alone. Next day to the Corso with Schrödter. Crowds of people, and white balls flying in basketfuls.

In the Della Pace. Raphael's Sibyls appeared better and stronger this time; but I may have felt compunction for having thought so little of them before. Meet Mackintosh on the Corso on the last day of the Carnival. The showers of white peas thicker than ever I saw them. Go to the masquerade with ———, in my cloak, fur hat, and black mask: the theatre so crammed we can scarcely move.

This is Ash-Wednesday. Go to S. M. in Trastevere, a curious old church, and a curious old rite going on—the foreheads of the people being touched by the priest with a cinder—this cinder to be afterwards pulverised, I suppose, as a scape-goat. My landlady comes into my room and talks of *malinconico*. This must be because I do not laugh —I know of no other symptom. How should she expect me to jest or talk with her? But a book in one's hand gives an Italian woman a serious impression. This woman, indeed, has a boy who uses books, but then he roars all the time.

To-day, the 15th. Blot out my frescoes, and burn my cartoon; then wait for Jones and the wright. Martz and a German painter calls. At the Academy in the evening for the last time. Next day the inspector calls to see the pictures to be sent off. He seemed to have come upon something different from what he expected. Afterwards Jeffrey calls, and praises it very freely. Then Harrison. Next Dr. Thomson, who studies it attentively.

In the Campidoglio. Again struck, as at first, by the two statues of Hercules. The bronzed one is the most

powerful embodyment of strength that exists. The proportion of its parts is to be carefully studied: small head, immense neck, biceps and deltoid growing into the bulk of the shoulder, the thighs widening above, the leg thick below the knee, the immense feet, are all the result of profound knowledge. In front, the figure is majestic; in every view it is powerful. Buonarotti's portrait here is a piece of fine finish. In this place I ought to write a character of Garofalo, another of Domenichino, another of Guercino; three secondary artists, whose works are here forced upon the eye, and held as chief ornaments of the gallery, which they certainly are, the collection being poor. But I need not trouble myself.

20th or 21st. Get my pictures packed up. The old woman who lights my fire, seeing them going, expressed her grief that I was leaving: the poor body looked sorrowfully about, the only one I suppose who may do so. I have left an order to insure my picture for £150 from Rome to London or Leith.

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Go to Agricola's studio at St. Peter's. No admission, but in the top of the Palazzo Giustiniana, see some of his works in a studio there. Very careful, but not a particle of genius in them; and he has a bad feeling, or rather no feeling for colour. Two pictures going on—Raffaello Painting, and Tasso brought to the Monastery of Ofrio—not worth anything. A portrait, in imitation of Raphael, and some sketches, were all. He is more like the older painters in his works than any other of the living Italian school. His drawings reminded me of Carlo Dolci's "poetry," they certainly were the most beautifully finished things I ever beheld in chalk. Afterwards to Thorwaldsen's studio, where the Prophets and Christ are, and his St. John group. In

the models, all the prophets are very fine, and the Christ particularly so: his figure is larger than the others. This is changed for the worse in the marble, where it has come apparently less in the process of copying. The marbles of all these figures are inferior to the models: they seem cut by inferior workmen. Thorwaldsen is by no means profound as an artist; his study of the naked has been slight. A large figure of an astronomer here, is wiry in the drapery, large-headed, and, in the lower extremities, small. It is large in size, but small in style: his horses are badly anatomized. The figure of himself, in the triumph of Alexander, is strangely disproportioned in the size of the head. The Venus at present finishing has certainly *no* modelling: how inferior to Canova: but *he* put the surface on the marble with his own hand. The bust of Byron is a very common production. However, it shews us Byron in a very different light from many of the very fanciful portraits that have been made of him. The face is good, but no more; the mouth not at all a remarkable feature; the forehead, nose, and rest of face, all as they very likely were, but not as they are said to have been. The Triumph of Alexander is freely modelled.

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Talking to Dr. Thomson of Overbeck; he tells me Overbeck has entered the Papal church in Rome. I recollect seeing him, very devout, coming out of the Gesù. This is the act of a weak enthusiasm. There is something of sadness, and much of weakness, in his expression, but there is also seriousness, which ought to have prevented him doing anything foolish.

Go to the studio of Wagner. There see a long frieze, the subject "A Descent of the Goths on Rome." He has given variety to his work, by commencing with the election

of a king, the rejoicings, war-dance, sacrifices, &c. The work is altogether good, but displays little that is remarkably original. It is possible to do such things mechanically. Then to the Vatican; this visit may be my last.

25th. Call on Thomson to go to Cornelius. Find the German at dinner, and do not disturb him. Go to Gibson to take leave of him. He has finished Hylas, perhaps the most finished group that has been produced by an English sculptor. It equals Canova in this respect. Now turn to Cornelius. His great cartoon presents a design that nearly any well-educated artist may learn to make; but it is certainly good. The idea of this Last Judgment is Gothic, and is after Buonarotti and Dante. Here are horned devils with hooks, and such trash, as we must call them at this day, while the angels are encircled by cherubs. The more sentimental portion is in the style of thinking of the earlier masters. In size it is to be very large.

Cornelius is a little dark man of a firm sort of physiognomy, not at all ideal in expression, but of a good bias. He shewed me a print of Orpheus playing before Pluto, in a splendid style of design, very full and varied, and at the same time severe; a dash of wildness in it, with classic study. It is one of many he has done. He is surely abusing his ability, in imitating Buonarotti and the older men, as he is now doing in this his greatest work.

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RETURN HOMEWARDS.

I am now resolved for the most direct way through France to Paris, by Lyons. Now I am done with Rome and its climate, delightful at present. This is the air for a vegetable rather than an intellectual life; it creates satis-

faction in idleness. The modern Romans have many things to master them: they are domineered over by former greatnesses in politics, religion, science, and art. A slave to ideal superiority is in the heaviest bondage. All attempt at the repetition of former greatness, by the institution of universities, academies, rewards, &c., is putting a pair of bellows into the nose-hole of a skull, with the hope of making it breathe again. Ancient exemplars fix themselves as the *only good*, while, in truth, there is no such thing existing as an *only* or a *perfect;* excellence being nothing more than following an idea further than it has otherwise been done. There is no absolutely *best* thing in art or elsewhere. The excellent may be found in as many ways as the eyes turn; but where an accomplished production, belonging to time and place, is set up as a law and a god, there is an end of endeavour. The Italians do this; their glory is in the past, of which they take the merit. But I am done with them. They have still wine and sunshine, but I leave them without regret.

Talking with Macdonald of remaining in or of leaving Rome. He said, that if I could stay, producing works as I had done, I certainly should succeed, in a pecuniary way too. This is what I feel, and it is all I lose on leaving Rome. Gibson talked of my having my picture lithographed, as a mode of spreading my name, the want of money being implied in my not formally exhibiting it. I do believe there never was a man who accomplished more than I have done as unaided, and yet found himself so far from gaining the means of living. These means, necessities, these alone, can now stagger me. I can meet criticism; I know the value of this opinion and that opinion; I can question myself on what I do, and pass on; but these vampires may drag me to the grave.

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28th February. My last day in Rome. Visit a gallery supported by Torlonia—a fly-trap. Evening, for the last time with Buonarotti's Moses. Phidias and Praxiteles are the great sculptors; so good night.

FAREWELL TO ROME.

Farewell to her who sits upon seven hills—
To call her by no other or worse name;
The Apocalypse has told of all her ills,
I, coming after, only wish the fame
Of all her *benes*, for the which I came:
And, going, I take leave of her in rhyme—
If it should be for aye, 'tis all the same—
I am indifferent whether father Time
Shall ever lead me back to this delightful clime.

Some by their constitution form'd to think
Wonders of most things, find their hopes are cheated,
And often, with a misanthropic shrink,
Turn round and curse their passion overheated;
While still their disappointment, many-feeted,
Keeps up with them, and only parting gives
Small recompense for mischiefs they have greeted;
Till knowledge their anticipation shrives,
And turns them out, to lead 'mong grass and weeds their lives.

That I've been disappointed thus, or pleased,
May to myself more clearly hence appear;
That I've been oft sore, satiated, and teazed,
I know; but that is different; more severe
Question I make than these brief feelings bear
An answer to. Meantime I hold my breath,
While Time doth weave around, for me to wear,
A robe that in its hidden meshes hath
A power of living life—a darker power than death.

Then farewell, first, to first of bungled fabrics,
The Turnkey's Dome! next, farewell ring for slaughter—
Or what was so—now magazine of bricks
The largest, and an echo for loud laughter!

Next, ground to lay one's flesh and bones in, after
Their use is past, farewell! and unto thee
By some call'd yellow, and I muddy, water,
The same farewell I freely wish all ye
Houses and dirty streets, call'd whatsoe'er ye be!

Ye temples ruin'd, or of present doing,
Farewell! I look at all religions, past
And present here, as much the same—their viewing
Soon becomes irksome—one or two may last,
To write their moral. Briefly then I cast
My hat upon my head—"Ye men of Rome,"
Farewell! and ye, fair donnas, kindly haste
Your long *adio*, else it will not come
More strongly on my ear than would a grey fly's hum.

I'm done with both—a *forestiero* more
They find me not—in peace with both I go.
Whate'er I think, or thought a year before
This date, of you, 'twere little worth to know,
Or difficult; there's much that's just so-so
About you—"ne respect ne admiration"—
Although there is good style about the flow
Of lines in the dark faces of the nation,
But soulless 'tis, mere physical conformation.

Farewell to mass-chaunts, rubric histories, and
Long-waited benedictions, festas!—all
Living, because they did live ere Time's sand
Had run these last five centuries: the call
Of many voices in your deaf ears brawl—
But deafness is your wisdom—so be still
As an old granite god, or move to fall.
Sphynx found her riddle read, and so yours will
Ere long be read; your number'd cycles fill!

Pictures and statues, great and small, farewell!
It must be we thus part—maybe for ever!
But some with memory shall always dwell,
Till ceases flowing the heart's rapid river;
Nor with the many is it pain to sever,—

Happy 'tis so. Oh, Spirit of these few!
Dweller in light, where the unworthy never
Can come to darken! thou, the always true!
Grant thou to light my path!—my only prayer to you.

My studio, to thee farewell! thy walls
Are again bare; those months I've past with thee
I've done my best to mark; if fruitless falls
My effort: so, if Fate says it must be,
Fate is the palliation; rests with me
The present duty, and its pleasures, pains,
Joyance or sadness, gloom or revelry,
That plague the heart and agitate the brain,
As comes or flees the good—the visionary gain.

Farewell to other studios, British first;
There may be one, or two, or three to see,
Which art hath visited; but 'tis a curst
Country they appertain to, in the free
Aiding of those who stake their peace, to be
The strugglers in the unrequited way:
Shops of the trade in art, where—mystery!
Gold leads forth what's called "mind" to light of day,
And reputation grows, as grows its gainer's pay.

Critics (all here are such) farewell! but no,
Enough of thy pretensions otherwheres
We have. One hydra I now leave, to go
Where there exists another, spreading snares,
Talking at second-hand, both corn and tares
Rooting up as he goes; the vulgar eyes
Shut up all quietly the monster bears,
In his Pandora-box, whence ever flies
A varied host abroad, and each its story cries.

Old picture copiers, and old picture makers,
I go where both your trades are little known;
Spectacled friends of Titian, Claude, and rakers
Of lumber rooms and halls, where dust hath sown
A soil o'er nameless pictures, by you grown

Into the labours of the greatest names,
They come forth patch'd and varnish'd, and are shewn
Authenticated, by well-managed claims,
And pass'd from prince to count, as best the story frames.

I part with both, and am well pleased to part:
A sufferer one I've found, and seen him toil
In galleries, working for life's lowest mart
Among the highest things, in ceaseless moil.
The other, a low trickery, a coil
For foolish judges in their self-esteem,
Who spreads his nets upon a fruitful soil
Of knavery, and smoothly drive the team
Of simple souls, that ne'er of being driven dream.

And last, farewell, thou band of artist-brothers—
Fathers, men-midwives; you may call them either—
Creators they of thoughts, or thoughts of others
Helping to live. Ah, perhaps Spirit-breather
Some one prefers being call'd, as through the ether
O' the Scalinata he may deftly soar,
Riding his Pegasus, till the mighty nether
World of common-sense is lost i' the roar
Of plaudits only heard voting life all a bore.

But I forget the Greco and *Bon Gout*,
With their best samples of the best of deeds,
Where throng the smoking, coffee-drinking crew
Of various nations, but the artist breeds
Most numerous—a slough wherein the seeds
Of idleness may ripen; but where knowing
Critics of tazzas, mezzo-caldos, T———ds,
Plentiful are, or seen, indeed, just growing,
As they are elbow'd round its ample tables flowing.

But I must end. In short, farewell to all
That I have met! Now I look round and view,
From where I stand, the glorious Capitol:
It answers more than words, and I renew
My ancient sympathies and hopes, though few

Realities have equall'd them, they come
Back on me fair, but not like those I knew,
Beckoning me on, before I left the home
To which I now return, rejoicing I know Rome.

The companions of my journey are an American, a Strasbourg Frenchman, two Swiss, and an Italian dancer. Of scenes to recollect, the most notable is the appearance of the country from the top of the hills between Florence and the immediate south. It was like a rugged sea of lava; and the sun gleamed on some parts of the distance—an immense pile of mountains, their rocky mass here and there covered by clouds.

On the 5th of March breakfast at the Café Colonna, in Florence, and sally forth to S. Lorenzo. Next visit the Baptistery, with its strange Christ, whose thumb is on the wrong side of the hand, and the glorious bronze door of Ghiberti. Again in this cathedral, looking at Vasari's dome, and then to S. Spirito and St. Croce, and from thence to the church, where is Sarto's Madonna, and his Life or Death (I don't know which) of a Saint, in the piazza.

Of all that I have seen to-day, my impression has been more favourable than when I passed through Florence before. Then I was looking forward, expecting immensities in Rome, now I find much here superior to what is in Rome. The Florentine mannerists are, after all, better than the Roman; but all here is nearly of the Florentine school alone. The David, by Buonarotti, in the piazza, is a very fine work in style. Baccio Bandinelli is very heavy. The Medici Chapel is a powerful triumph of Buonarotti. The heaving of mind apparent in his works is too oppressive for many. Some of these statues, Morning, for example, never could have been finished. The marble of that figure is too much hewn away in different places. Called on Mrs. C———, who was sur-

prised at my appearance: so much for my year's toil and illness—for I cannot say I have had perfect health at any time in Rome.

In the morning, fix with a vetturino for Genoa to-morrow early. Then go to the Ducal, and again see the Venus of Titian, the Medici, and, for the last time, the Niobe and Family. From thence to the Pitti, where I remain till it closes. Visit S. Maria Novella, and again see the sheets of painting, by Ghirlandaio, in the choir; each side being at least half the size of Buonarotti's Last Judgment. The labours of the early Florentines are immense. Orcagna appears here also, and a Virgin and Child by Giotto. The size of the Florentine churches, as well as their pictures, is greater than those of Rome. Visit also the Carmine, where are the works of Masaccio, from which Raphael borrowed. I have often supposed that the old masters, like our early dramatic writers, merely did their works as those of a notable trade, and were satisfied if they pleased the parties concerned about them.

Genoa—after a journey of four days and a-half from Florence. [Here a visitation of all the churches, and a finding of much that is good; but nothing necessary for our narrative to extract.] In the evening called at the steamboat office. My last sunset in Italy—ah, Italia!

* * * * *

Paris. Arrive here after a fatiguing journey, by diligence, from Marseilles, passing through Lyons, which is an imitation of Paris on a small scale. Marseilles, where I parted from Rothwell, was a change from Italy; the soberness of the Italians contrasting with the vivacity of the French: and now in Paris, I find the fritter about the public taste very marked. Go to the Louvre: all covered up, and the Modern Exhibition instead. I thus see what the French

are doing, somewhat against my will, but possibly with some advantage. There would have been little new in the old pictures; here all is so; affording some good advice, with much babbling; some cautioning, and some stimulation. The French are rich in artists, although no one can paint a portrait; and their sculptors have a low preference in sentiment. Here is one really fine picture, the Execution of Lady Jane Grey, and Bruloff's Last Day of Pompeii, which I suppose must be considered the chief work. It appears small in this immense gallery; it is fresh-looking as a new shilling, and does not strike as sublime.

Go to the Luxembourg. The only work of consequence added here, is Vernet's Raphael and Buonarotti in the Vatican—a very excellent picture. The constant activity of the French is their prime characteristic; by constant motion they are notable among the nations. Beset by little notions, they yet do great things.

Visit the Egyptian Gallery in the Louvre. The works of modern art here, on the roofs and walls, are stupendous, shewing a very different amount of encouragement given to French art, compared to the English—British I need not say. Meet Americans here also. America is to become the world-nation; talent is to be its rank; at least they have little conventional rank, and they must have distinction.

The taste that appears to be saleable here is perfectly trashy. Lithographs are its greatest efforts; small engravings next. Among the designers for these, it is curious to remark imitators of the English: one imitates Westall, another Smirke, and a third Corbould: this is also the case with the engravers. But there are of both French enough! Observe three English prints of the old school. I could not believe they were so flimsy. In recollection I thought them fine; but I have of late been conversing with stern, strong,

and correct men. Their drawing is wretched: I hope I shall be able to avoid falling into any thing weak or untrue. The pictures from which these have been engraved, have been produced as slightly as the first sketches of Raphael or Bartolomeo, and enlarged without study or correction. This Telemachus of Westall is like chinaware, or the lid of a lady's work-box. It has the elements of good in it, but no truth or study. And this Satan and Uriel, by Stothard, gives us a boy-Satan: sad stuff. French prints are like lemonade—this is milk and water.

Before leaving Paris, go to the Louvre again, and think better of some of the works. Bruloff is at all events a superior man. But a really fine work is the Old Warrior Father with his Dead Son, by De la Croix. This is truly excellent, very good in execution, and real in expression: more cannot be said. The tone of the picture of Lady Jane Grey, from dark to light, is very fine; it and St. George overcome all the other works.

* * * * *

London, 29th March 1834. Set my foot again on English ground, almost in a storm, which caused us to go to Ramsgate instead of Dover, the steamer being unable to make the harbour of the latter place.

Now I am back to the elephant among cities. The streets I used to think narrow, are now broad, and their length endless; but the mechanical misery, the black, pale faces, the misery of artizans and their dependents, is to be found nowhere else: it is the most hopeless and loathsome of all. I find my notions regarding political powers being vested in the hands of the lower classes, have considerably changed: experience, and seeing their varieties, and a higher idea of the objects to be upheld, no doubt have made the change.

I had lately lost all reckoning of the days, but this Sun-

day brings me back again. How different here from what I have been used to. No exhibitions; no post open; cannot even call on people; can gain scarcely any intelligence about the vessels to Leith. I must wait till Thursday, and take a sailing vessel for economy. Next day I go to the Adelphi to see Barry's pictures. Good invention, often great in style, particularly in his etchings, but of poor execution, the flesh very bad, the details unscientific where there is any attempt at such, but in general there is none. In the drawing, merely the most obvious features of the form are collected from the antique, no acquaintance with anatomy. The pictures are thin washes of oil colour over a hard dry canvass.

Next to the National Gallery. Find Titian, Piombo, and Hogarth as good as ever; Reynolds false. The face of his General Elliot is bricky; his Holy Family excuses deficiency by an affected freedom, and affected it is, and ignorant, in the drawing of the infant Christ and child St. John for instance. The vermillion edging to the feet is not colour.

Next to the British Institution. Find the colouring of English pictures of the day white and vermillion, flimsy, raw, unnatural, and sketchy. Collins' "Boys Bird-catching" is very true. I feel afraid to look at such a collection as this; its impression is new to me, and the whole seems done to please a popular eye. Call upon Burnet, find him engraving his own Greenwich Pensioners; and on Epps, and find him writing against the Church; see some magazines, but scarcely feel interest enough in them to read them. Call upon Wilkie, and wait in his narrow passage till the servant goes up to him; he comes down, a most uninspired-looking personage, a man cut out of red cheese, and invites me up to his little painting room. Found a picture

of a child dragging prettily an elder girl, a kind of remembrance of Lawrence, or somebody else I have seen, and a portrait of the Queen. In another room there is a second picture of the Queen, and one of the Duke of Wellington; very poor the Duke is, painted in wide badly drawn trowsers; also a picture of "Not at Home," and one from Spanish story—this a good composition; that rich and deep in colour. This visit has failed to realise my idea of Wilkie, both in appearance and in his works. He said little, and I also. I parted from him, impressed with no regret that I had known so little of him; indeed, I was mortified to find him and his pictures no better than they are, and that I had taken so much trouble to accomplish a meeting with him.

Thursday. On board of the Leith smack, the last part of my journey home. Now I return to what I once so gladly left; but I hope that I return with that increased experience that will enable me to meet it whatever it is. All along I have complained of the Italians as apt to take advantage of strangers. What can they do, after all, in their small debased coin, compared to these cormorant porters, waiters, and cabmen? We feel inclined to pay the Italians in the poorest way, and yet to live here is impossible under less than double the charges. These Leith smacks seem now utterly unfrequented —no cabin passengers but myself—and there is good reason. Here we are, loitering on the sea, nothing to do but sit in the sun—a weak sun—brooding and sad. Travelling wears down both body and mind: I am determined, in future, if I cannot do it in the easiest and most agreeable way, I shall not at all.

After a week at sea, landed at Leith. Funds quite exhausted. Find all at home much the same as when I left them.

Here I close this well-filled book for ever—unless I open it for reference, the purpose for which I have written it, if time, inclination, or length of life, enable me to look back and reconsider my residence in Rome.

End of April 1834.

PART III.

LETTER VI. THE RESIDENCE IN ROME.

LETTER VII. SOME SUCCESS FOUND AT LAST.

LETTER VIII. CHANGES.

LETTER IX. WRITINGS ON ART.

LETTER X. DETACHED THOUGHTS AND SPECULATIONS.

LETTER VI.

THE RESIDENCE IN ROME.

No change, no pause, no hope; yet I endure.
I ask the Earth have not the mountains felt?
I ask you Heaven, the all beholding sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever changing shadow spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas! pain, pain ever, for ever.

Prometheus Unbound.

WHILE writing these pages I see every morning from my window a little boy going to school, with his "shining morning face," and his book in his hand. He is now trusted to go alone; in his new freedom he is almost a man; he looks at all the houses, as if they were foreign palaces; now he goes over the stile, and thinks how high he is; and now he leaves the footpath, and runs up and down all the small knolls, counting them, and fancying he has done great things. See, he turns altogether away from the road, on a daring erratic excursion, fancies he has found a diamond, but it is only a piece of glass. Is there any state in after life answering to this in childhood? To the most of men there is not, and least to those who are endowed by nature with those penetrative and apprehensive qualities we call genius. He pursues knowledge and gains it, but behold it is not new to him, it is but the outward accomplishment of what was within him of old, grander and vaster in its spiritual

than in its formalised appearance. He brings things down to himself; he does not ascend to them. For "the character of the true scholar is founded upon that which already exists within him in his own being, independent of all manifestation, and before all manifestation; and it is necessarily produced, and unchangeably determined, by this inward nature. Hence, if we are to describe his duty, we must first unfold his nature."*

Insatiable indeed he is, drawing every good thing within the sphere of his experience, but still he remains the same. His ideas in relation to the great works of the past are expanded, rectified, or displaced, but the central idea of his own work in life remains the same. We see this to have been the case with David Scott. Was he altered, was he much benefited by going to Italy?

The Journal which fills the preceding sheets is about the third part of the original document. There is, moreover, another series of memoranda, nearly as long, relating exclusively to the works of art he visited: this series may be given in an Appendix to our volume. Of other writings, there are several fragments—tales, and critical papers. During that short residence in Rome, he made a set of eleven sheets of Anatomical Drawings, forming one of the most perfect artistical surveys of superficial anatomy ever made, with 137 Studies from Life, in oils or chalk; and in painting he did four small pictures of the Four Periods of the Day; a copy of the Delphic Sibyl, from the Sistine, with a number of studies from the Last Judgment; several exercises in fresco; painted "Sappho and Anacreon," a picture with life-size figures; and two or three smaller, but well-finished pictures; and, last and greatest, the picture of "Family Discord," or, as it was afterwards called, "The Household

* Fichte.

Gods Destroyed." The size of this last was nearly thirteen feet by ten and a half. This amount of work, if we consider the time lost, in a new scene and among new habits, and add the designs, sketch-books, and other little matters which he accomplished, shews us a Hercules in perseverance and impulse. Now and then a little rest—for we cannot consider the examination of works of art in galleries and churches as rest—Sundays came round, when the palette is laid aside, and a few weeks about Naples, regretted for their idleness, and again to the work. Indeed, it may be questioned whether he was a single entire day out of the studio while living in Rome; had any one advised him to relax, he would have answered, in feeling if not in words—"Rest, have we not all eternity to rest in?" He certainly did "work while it is day," in spite of ill health, and anxiety, his close and constant friend, as he calls it in his Journal.

And why this anxiety? may be asked again, and easily enough answered. He had vowed to dedicate himself only to what he felt to be worthy—indeed could do nothing else had he wished; at the same time, his judgment told him that both the subject and style of his art were alien to the popular mind—that there was indeed no field for it. Every earnest and sincere man finds the circle of his endeavour narrowed in a worldly point of view; he lives like the Christian, avoiding much; working out his salvation with fear and trembling; studying to satisfy himself as much as to satisfy others; and, it may be for years, doing nothing that finds an answer in society. To live in this way, the artist finds more difficulty than any other intellectual labourer. In the first place, his art, in a superficial point of view, addressed as it is to the sense of sight, appears to deal in a direct and exclusive manner with imitation, and therefore all people fancy they can judge of it, placing the

still-life and the animal painter in the same category with him who aspires to epic and scriptural sentiment, and thus the object of the latter class is not only overlooked, it is degraded. In England and in Scotland, where the respective churches ignore art, there is no counteracting authority, this false criterion is maintained uncensured, and ramifies itself into minor falsities of all sorts—falsities regarding the proper subjects for pictures, that they should be always pleasing and easy—falsities regarding execution, that it should strictly imitate the natural surfaces of things, and so on. And, secondly, the artist finds it more difficult to pursue his ideal than the literary inventor, because his audience is infinitely more limited. In the times of the great Italian painters, it was all art and no literature; now, it is all literature and no art. In Edinburgh, for instance, the number of individuals interested in art, possessing the power to assist it, is a mere handful. Again, and perhaps this third cause of his difficulty is the sturdiest of all in practice, he must fall short of his aim, unless he be possessed of means almost amounting to independence.

Now that his Journal is laid open for the first time to other eyes than his own, and we see the self-questioning and the struggle going on, we can understand better the greatness of his endeavour. He educates himself in all ways, arms himself with diligence and determination, takes himself to task as to motives and powers, and returns to his first love. His was not a blind enthusiasm, but an inborn strength, supported by philosophy. He could detect the causes of failure, and the weaknesses as well as the good qualities of modern men and schools, as well as analyse the works of the elder, and it was not likely he would be blind to the chances against himself. Yet, nevertheless, he held fast what he felt to be good; sacrificed everything to it;

and, the truth must be told, becoming more and more absorbed in his pursuit, and identified with his idea of high art, he eschewed every other pursuit as distraction, and repudiated every other field of exertion. He was never said to have been *facie rusticana*, yet we see him avoiding company; and, much as he enjoyed humour, we find him scouting it as an inroad on his study.

It may be questioned whether he had a right to complain of the want of success of his early efforts in Edinburgh; but disappointments still pursued him. The person for whom these four small pictures were painted, failed to remunerate him as he expected, and the plan propounded by Mr. Andrew Wilson to the Board of Trustees for the decoration of their gallery, by copies from the Sistine, was rejected. Had he remained in Rome? yes, but there was much involved. The reader will recollect what he has said in the Journal about Runciman returning to this dear but unendowed "corner of the world"—Scotland, our nursing mother; and his letters at that time, and after his arrival at home, shew that he returned with fear and regret. As it was, his protracted stay there, and his choice of a subject for a great picture, were not so clearly justified as the tenor of his after life has made them.

From these letters it may not be necessary to quote, and yet they display traits of character invaluable, as, for instance, the following about the pigeon, mentioned in his Journal:—

"I am very glad, my uncle George, that you are going, as usual, to the shooting, in good spirits. I was reminded of you the other day, and the high window at St. Leonard's came before me, with some of us at your back holding the bag of corn for the birds. I had a pigeon to paint from—and an Italian pigeon is little different from a Scotch one. My servant proposed that I should keep it in one of the *alto*

rooms which I inhabited; but I told him, '*Il tempo e passato par me fare quello*'—the time is past for that with me. Then seeing I would not keep it, he wished to cut its head off and make soup of it, saying, that letting it fly away was *peccato*. When done with it, however, I took it up stairs to a high window, and, on the way, met my long neighbour the American, who, possibly, having old associations too, would come with me to see its flight. The old and the new world giving liberty—to a pigeon." * * *

"My Dear Mother—Pleased I am to have your few lines in last letter. Deaths and marriages are always a part of your news. Curious it would be to say an old shoe walked about for so many years, and then was laid in a corner. So you have hung up my again and again returned picture of Sarpedon, and look upon it thinking of me. It is very dark on the wall, in twilight gloomy. But the sun often shines on it too, and its forms and meaning are sure. Most who have looked on it have been cold and indifferent, but your eye, I know, will brighten when a gleam strikes over it and over me. I now know Rome so as to enjoy and admire much, and try to be disturbed by few things. I feel that I should like to make myself a Roman by remaining for a time, in spite of untowardnesses, ill-health, the attempt to shoot me, loss of time, and purposes broken in upon. Under such opposition, equanimity must give way; and I am afraid my last letter, most of it written under ill-health, may have given you pain. I now look back, what did I expect? It takes time to know strange things, that is all: we move in circles which time tracks for us. Your notions about the ———'s living as they used to do, altogether, instead of getting married as they now have done, amuses me. They might still sit round their mother's table with their chins on its edge, were they not rather tall, and their

chins rather black. 'Mother, John has got a piece of sugar, and I'll have one too.' But I need not say this to you so much as to my father. I told you I had an old man for a servant. I soon tired of him, although he had a Highland bonnet on his head, which he said a *Dutchman* had given him. He could never wait for me at night, but must to bed after Ave Maria, and took too long to get across my wide studio. Now I have an old woman, who takes her sleep, and wakes again to kindle my evening fire: my present study requires no effort to cross. I get matters comfortably managed thus; but last month I did as most do in Rome—scramble up a dark stair, grope for the key-hole, enter one room, grope again, and enter another, strike a light, imprecating flint and steel, light my fire, and boil water for my tea—for I have got tea-at-home accomplished. Barry contracted these habits so strongly, he kept them after his return."

(To his brother.) "I am always the better for seeing your little upright writing. It contains a great deal. I intended to have written you before this some fragments of what I had seen and thought, but have been driven out of that as well as out of other intentions. A chorus of attending devils, whether imaginary or real, in the form of this or that mischief, make alternately such a thrumming and yelling, that physical as well as moral strength is required to raise one's-self above them. After hunting about for places and studios, asking one and another unintelligibly—the wolf and the bear—stupified and reduced to the humble pitch of a beggar by their indifference and my earnestness, little is felt at night but fever and fret. If I ever speak with dislike of Rome, it is of it as it now lives: no newspapers tossing and whirling everything about; no books—no library supply of intellectual variety;—the change is dreadful. The very placards are 'Life in Death.' All this, at a distance, may

appear soothing and quiet, but as I have met it, it appears decay and corruption. I saw a woman the other day with a wax nose on her face. Rome is that woman! I hold that every poet or painter must do the most fundamental part of his work under various influences, and while he has neither pen nor pencil in his hand. I have a very laborious theory of the origin of the ideal in Greek sculpture to advance. With books and the evenings at home, I hope to be able to do something, but at present I have no opportunity of reference. What astonishing beings would we be could we effect all that we wish, or perhaps the will is not sincere that does *not* effect its desire."

(To his father.) "Your letter of the 25th May was presented to me just as I had spread the paper on the floor of my studio for the cartoon of my large picture of Discord. Discord is ever with me. I read the letter with sorrow and anxiety. Your confinement to the house and to bed—the advices, and their reference to the future—sunk upon me. I looked over the great sheet of paper; I pondered and resolved; re-resolved, yet still irresolute; asked myself, What is my intention in doing this? To exhibit a picture in Rome? No; unless I am to remain I need not care for that, and I now know the small amount of respect anything of the kind receives here. Is there, then, a wish to remain? At times I wish for the strife, and feel the power for it; but again the worthlessness of the prize destroys the wish—nothing generates enthusiasm and exhilarating thoughts. I cannot go out constantly to be excited in galleries and museums. I would become in Rome a mere operator. I have no wish to make it a residence. What, then, is my motive? I have come here, learnt somewhat, seen much; attended to the grave various hopes and anticipations, not without seeing others rising in the obscure before me. What then? I would re-

turn with my time in my hands. Return to what? Here, whatever is the current value of ability, there are many good judges of all works of art. Rome is still the place for fame—that word has an empty sound—ambition. The accursed means stand ever in my way. I certainly must paint this subject as I proposed. You do not see my intentions. May not a picture instruct in the good, or terrify from evil? By this abstract representation of the writhing agony flaming from the mind over the body of a family of Discord, touch tragically the heart?"

These are among the milder passages from his letters. Generally they are bitter or sad—often painfully obscure, or rising in rebellion with society, and its necessities and conventions; with Nature and its laws—even with his own soul, and the divine voice. Why can we not do all we intend, be all we wish, shine upon the forehead of the world, and yet find the world our equal? Why are not men all gods, and women angels unapproachable, yet round us with enfolding arms and wings of love? Why can we not speak with the dead, in body as in intellect; and why not do all things, see all things, and be in many places at once, enjoying, and labouring, communing with other minds, yet speculating alone. The spirit of man thirsts after the infinite, and cries to heaven and earth, give! give!

A living artist has said in a short autobiography, it is good to have no more thoughts than we can express. It is indeed good for his peace, which may be then steady enough; and it is good for his pocket, for his productions will be as good as they can be. But, be he thinker or actor, there is little hope for him—he will never be either prophet, priest, or king. The larger the nature, the further we see beyond us. The great man in his youth sees many ends and truths before he has the power to compass them, or

understands how they are related to him. The sensitive man is humbled by the distant vision, and he questions whether the God's-gift be not a weakness—an inferiority other men have surmounted—for they have no hesitation, no spiritual disquiet, no strife with impediments, but are the slaves and the masters of every day. When all the other classes of men had scrambled for and divided the world between them, the loitering poet found no share left for him, and Jupiter, answering his prayer, gave him a heritage in Elysium. So says the fable, and it is a true one. He looks upon nature in its smallest and in its vastest aspects and meanings, and into himself with joy and awe, finding art higher than nature, as it is indeed nature animated by the breath of life, attuned not only to the wants of the body, but to those of the soul. He can say to the lyre or the canvass,—

"Tu das epulis accumbere divum."

The feasts of the Gods are indeed his feasts; he is above all other, yet below them, for he may die as a dog. And here is the cause of infinite despair, often of selfishness in worldly things, if the poetic be also an ambitious man.

He sees no reason why all the good he hopes for should not be realized, nor why all his wants should not be conceded to him; as if all other men—whom, nevertheless, he would have to be great as himself, fit companions—should stand by the way, or willingly assist. Instead of this, every day, every hour, gives him a denial: the commonest offices of life are paramount to the whole world of intellect. Such is the fiat of God in nature. Acknowledge this, submit to it: humility and labour will put the sceptre in the hand, rise against it, and the iron rod falls incessantly on the lacerated head.

During a great part of his life, David Scott did not submit nor acknowledge this practically. He lived like St. Anthony in his anchorage, whose book was darkened before him by black hands, the skull transformed into derision, and the words of his prayer (Oh, fearful image!) changed to his ear into blasphemy and allegiance to the Devil—every stone and rock round him becoming animated with inimical life, distracting and destroying his peace and hope, foul things swimming in his water, and his loaf turned to poison.

The history of our country of late years is a history of its finances; and the history of every Englishman is, in its circumstantial point of view, a battle with fortune. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of life is now to be seen by the infernal light of this struggle. But it is the fashion to waive this matter altogether in contemporary biography as in life, that the stage purse may be gallantly tossed about in imagination. We will not depart from this reservation here or in future in these pages; indeed there is nothing to make a romance of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" in the career of our artist. David Scott went abroad for one year, and remained nearly two, painting, as we have seen, a colossal picture. During nearly the half of this time, his father was confined to bed, his brother Robert had just returned unsuccessful from Demerara, and his youngest brother has yet a lively remembrance of the requirements of that time. Yet still the letters from Italy brought, as we have said, objurgations manifold, and presented the picture of a mind apart and injured.

Nor was this younger brother without a glimpse into the truth as concerning David Scott's mind at that time, nor without endeavour to assist him in that respect, although it will be seen from the following extracts from letters

of the time, in a way peculiar to a very young logician, whose character since then has rather taken an apathetic cast:—

"It was really painful to me to read your last letter—none of the others can understand your mode of speaking. I cannot help thinking you have no reason to consider yourself so martyred. You say, "The means stand ever in the way." No doubt they do, and in the way of every one else. But the greater man shews his superiority by creating the means—using them is what many can do. When Napoleon was a lieutenant, he might have said, 'If I were an emperor, how I could manage the world!—But the means—the means?' He did not revile the world, or, if he did, hid his enmity, and went step by step to create the means. It is your grasping at and expecting to seize what no one ever did in a few years—(the chances of which you should have calculated more reasonably)—that makes you miserable by failure. You must conquer this impatience. I, for my part, would say, put ambition under your foot; but if you will not understand what I mean by that, lay your account with the difficulties. I met a remark in a book by Dr. Chalmers, the other day, which I shall transcribe for you: it is this—'A man at twenty-five is much more anxious about his future life, and the objects of his living, than he is at forty-five.' Can you draw any courage from that? Again, it appears to me, your feelings nourish a falsity, and that self-esteem has a truer basis in the fact of the accomplishment of what is good, than in the praise or encouragement of others in reply. Your pictures are too abstract from living interests: reason on this as the cause of your failures in disposing of pictures, and either lay your account with such failure, or meet the world on the wide field between your present works and the every day class of

things. What you say of the subject of your picture, may be true; the fitting embodyment of evil has almost the same end as that of good, as regards moral impression, and, what is as much to the purpose, it affords stronger poetic materials, apart from the morally effective view of the matter. All success to you: may you strike a knell that all may hear, wherever it summon them. * * * * I imagine M. Angelo did no more than they of the nineteenth century in this respect; that he worked at what was current in that day, and had he lived in our time, he would have done quite other work. The rush would have been, however, as deep, although the current flowed over a different channel. Let me remind you too of your habit of thinking over and feeling everything. You do not even take your hat from the wall, and place it on your head, with ease and carelessness. Your mind is ever awake to pride or degradation, or some other notion, and takes every opportunity to augment its store of pains. You talk of knowledge of the world—is it not practical—and a matter of appearances? not those of moroseness and haught, but of care. * * * * There is a wide difference between a man to himself, and a man to others. Indeed, the world is not to be expected to apprehend a man's idea, however well-founded, of himself, or to give him credit for it. When one has learned this, what is he to do? is he to expect the world will treat him differently from others? or is he to hope to reconstitute the mind of society for his own advantage? You remark upon certain entertainments, as if you were commenting on a serious page of the world's destiny—they were only amusement. I write this homily, trying to say the best I can for your use, but conscious it will not raise me in your favour. I, for my part, with what little experience I have had, strive only to be contented: whatever intellectual work I may do, will be

for its own sake; received or rejected by others, it will remain the same to me."

Not bad this, some will say, being very like what is called common sense. But, in truth, it was not good for much, and the advice to David Scott to modify his style in subject and treatment, was an advice he of all men could not take. The whole current of his life, from the impulses of earliest youth, flowed in one direction, that of tragic expression and poetic symbolism. All his newly acquired acquaintance with the elder art too, tended to confirm him in the justice of his views in regard to the pursuit and embodyment of those qualities in art. His idiosyncrasy was apparent, even in person and manners: it tinged every thought. Some minds are capable of many exertions and methods, others of one only. Some minds, the most catholic, it may be, seem to be the *medii* through which Nature speaks; they are only the instruments, more or less formative, or more or less variable, whereby clear thoughts and truths, similitudes of moral or of physical beauty, are expressed, by the spirit working through them. Shakspere has been instanced as the type of this class—Raphael also may be pointed out as an example, in its highest development, in art. This character of mind may be the most valuable, as it is the widest: it possesses powers in harmony with the entire frame of the world. It is above teaching: it endeavours to enforce nothing, but only reproduces what *is*, as existing in a given point of contact, or in a constantly varying aspect. Its tendency is not towards one style of art—one phase of mind or nature more than another; it embraces all. Raphael is a higher example than Shakspere, for this reason only, that the sphere of his operation was accidentally nobler: the Christian mythology and the sacred history of Redemption, include higher humanities than the secular drama of

England could possibly touch. Thus, Shakspere, the universal, is remarked as having never drawn a truly good man —like Chaucer's poor parson, for instance—while Raphael reached nearer to the expression of the character of Christ, than, it may be, any other man has done in art or poetry. Each of them filled their spheres, and, we might almost say, might have filled any sphere. The works of both, however, require to be sifted and selected from: they are in this like the works of our common mother herself, no two specimens being equally perfect, as if they had resulted from chance, a profound, sublime, God-permitted chance. Raphael is, however, very clear in his adhesion to rules in art, and is the least variable in his excellence. Opposed to these is the powerfully conscious and reflective order of thinkers. With them the poetic mind is the potter, and nature but the clay. Exploring the roots of life in religion, metaphysics, and science, they come out into the world of action as directors and instructors; and in taking upon them the office of the artist, they transcend knowledge by imagination, and subjugate the universe to their imperial sway. They can do one particular thing better than any other, and to fulfil and do this is necessary to them.

Indeed the entire modern productive mind may be divided into these two orders of men; the masses being of the Raphael, and the leaders and innovators of the Michaelangelo order. Every *caposcuola*, every first man in any path, every man who becomes inspired by the perception of an idea, is of the latter class; and many besides, who, for want of power or judgment, lose themselves in sectarianism, peculiarity, and madness. There is no perfection in them: they are ever working towards perfection, but, except by sign and symbol, they never attain to it. They are often made kings, and are oftener burned at the stake, but without them, in both

extremities, the world is in danger of moral death. To this class, then, belonged David Scott: he could not turn nor change, yet he entered critically and logically into other spheres of exertion; but had he even been willing to modify his efforts in art, he could not have done so with any good practical result. To advise him to do so was but to ask him to fail.

Here is another extract from these fraternal epistles:—

"Dear David—I now take up the letter, which is a rare piece of mosaic, in my estimation, who have never seen St. Mark's. [This letter was written on a large sheet, each member of the family contributing to fill it.] Seeing the hot ploughshares spread for you on the other side of the paper, because of the classic and tragic subjects you have chosen for your pictures, I will now give you my opinion. You know your own powers best. Looking over a portfolio of your designs the other day, this truth struck me. In the next place, regarding the application of those powers, which is something different from the possession of them, whatever is permanently good, and aiding to a just development of the nature of man, human and divine, that give yourself to. The human heart is, indeed, strong every way, but there is more power for good than ill: there are more hands stretched out in amity than in wrath, and the image of moral beauty is more incentive to excellence, than that of sin is repulsive; and as to working for our own age, and for the sphere we move in, is it not necessary for our own health? You seem absorbed by the qualities of Titian, and Raphael, and Caravaggio, several and distinct as they are, and incapable of amalgamation. Our own age is the only one for us; it is the last and best: the product of any former does not answer the wants of this. Every great work has been characteristic of the age that gave it birth: judge you what is

the character of this age. The days of strong passion and individual exertion have passed away; even the representation of these in art is perhaps past."

* * * * *

"It is strange in your banker to protest a bill that never was accepted. You must attend better to business; if you do not, the consequences will distract you. In a conversation with Rennie the other day, when he inquired about you, I said you were enjoying yourself vastly among the great masters, but not in very high spirits. 'Indeed, he has to strike his own light sometimes; and he writes so from Italy to us poor souls staying at home!' was his reply; and there seemed some truth in the sarcasm."

* * * * *

These extracts will be sufficient to shew the view taken of his studies and state of mind by those at home. At this time we find a letter from Mr. Dyce, written after his return to Edinburgh, to David Scott in Rome, wherein he says, "And what do you think of Rome, or rather what does Rome make you feel? Does not its greatness and sublimity of character overwhelm you? I wish you could let me hear from you. In me at the least you will find one deeply interested in all you can write of Rome. All my recollections of it are associated with the most delightful, I may say exquisite feelings. In truth, to me Rome was a kind of living poem, which the soul read unceasingly, with the soothed sense which poetry inspires. I am quite sure its quietude, and the senatorial dignity of most of the inhabitants, will be pleasing to you."

Here is an extract from David Scott's last letter from the ancient capital of the world:—

"I left off painting two or three weeks ago. A number of people have seen my picture of 'Discord,' and said much

of it. Words are not worth repeating. I only mention that (apparently) the opinion of those I most regard has been as I should wish it. One thing, however, I expected to have been more recognised than it has been—the intention, idea, or moral, of my work. But in Rome, as everywhere else, I find the most of the artists, and others, more admirers of the means (especially that portion of the means, too, most exclusively addressed to the eye), than interested in the purposes of art. But to those who think more widely, I address my labour, and leave it, knowing that such criterion must ultimately decide its life or death. A Scotsman here said he should like to see it in some proper gallery in Edinburgh. I wish it were to be in such, there or anywhere. It would go from me, to leave me to do greater, and more.

"I have now drank my 'cup of the warm south,' and it has not inebriated me. I place it calmly on the board again, I hope strengthened. I am now done with the works of former art; whether they shall have been a light for my path, or a bar to hinder me, short time will decide. I hope I return to a freer air—colder, it is true—an air less thickened with the breath of passed multitudes. Once I thought Rome must be the place where I should most desire to live; now preference seems a weakness, and choice a jest. Two or three years might possibly have placed me among the first——but say no more of it. If, in my idea of Rome, I framed an absurdity to myself—a satisfying place—I have undergone the correction of instruction. For a time, the idea I had framed struggled against the fact before me; it was difficult to break from the web I had been weaving as long as I have lived. But to live is to change, and from change results experience, and experience is the brother of age. To-day we have gained what yesterday we sought,

yet still we seek: but he who reaches quietude soonest is he who soonest finds that all is alike, and moves on without passion and without expectation. Deity must be a negation of desire."

* * * * *

A month after the date of this letter we find the memorandum-book he sealed on leaving Edinburgh re-opened.

He had now much more experience in writing, as well as in painting, but never after took any pains to journalise. In the notes on Italy already given, you will see, in the latter part, how greatly the facility had increased, and also how clearly he understood his own position. He had evidently made his note-books his friends, and spoke to them in his solitude. Many of his criticisms on the great works of the Masters are complete in a few words, the place he accords to each being marked out by wide observation and general principles. Those especially on the various works of Michael Angelo and Raphael are most valuable, penetrating to the root of the style or sentiment. When Haydon, during his last visit to Edinburgh, was in Scott's studio, they chanced to speak of the Last Judgment of M. Angelo. Mr. Haydon gave, as he was apt to do, a hurried opinion of that work, and expressed himself unable to understand why the upper figures should be larger than those below, on a level with the eye. Scott advanced the true reason—which a superior opportunity of study, accorded to few, had taught him—that the Christ and all the attendant figures were the foreground figures, and were thus intended to advance over the rest of the picture. To the quiet enunciation of this explanation, the answer was characteristic, being nothing more than—"Ah, that indeed."

The remarks also on Overbeck, Thorwaldsen, Bruloff,

Cornelius, and other notable men, will not be read without shewing how truly he apprehended the true position and genius of the several men. During the fifteen years that have passed since then, these two great Germans have become well known in England.

"May 1834. A change has come over the day of my life. I am again in Edinburgh, and open my old book. Time and life, knowledge and power, are mere turnings and changings, departing from one state of being to enter another. Is this all, and are all things of but equal value? I have been looking over my old productions, and repainting upon them. Have turned over all my sketches, and torn many an hour and day's work to pieces.

"16th August. The anniversary of my leaving Scotland two years ago—the crowning of my desires—the journey of art—the sacrifice to enthusiasm—the search after greatness, in meeting the great men of the present and the great labours of the past. Among my old pictures and people, I now feel how different I am from the man who left this but so short a time ago. I have looked too much for what was without individual prototype in nature. The veil withdraws and withdraws, and there is nothing left permanent. But I believe I can now meet difficulties practically. Analysing one's own thoughts and actions—studying things in their relations—is often a painful task; but he who has not done so is a child.

"My pictures have arrived from Italy, and I have been busy again going over Sappho and Anacreon, and designing a 'Taking down from the Cross' for the priests of the new chapel, which I am to paint for nothing. Another effort

added to those I have already made. Sent a small picture to Glasgow of 'Mercury trying the Lyre,' and had it returned!

"November 9th. I have now been employed going over the pictures I did in Rome. I have gained something, but I have laboured hard for it.

"1835, February 8th. A gloomy day unemployed. The Exhibition is now open, and I have four pictures—'Sappho and Anacreon,'* 'The Vintager,'† a Fresco,‡ and Sketch of the Head of Mary Magdalene. On the hanging committee this year. The largest of these pictures blown against the rails in being carried to the gallery. After all my labour, and having come so far, nearly destroyed! Difficulty about exhibiting it; but, with much trouble, get it lined and repaired. No result. Wretched occupation this. Doing over and over again the same thankless work. My fifth year without remuneration. Many things combined make me very miserable. Prostration of spirit must induce decay."

And here we find a note from a gentleman, now a grave university professor of the scholastic arts, thrust between the leaves of the Diary; and, as it will relieve the end of this letter from the accusation of sadness, here it is:—

Dear Scott, I can not
Find out excuses (help me ye muses!)
For my silence neglectful,
Far from respectful!

* * * * *

But I told you before, I had read o'er and o'er
Your brother's poem, and certainly owe him—
Not money, d—n it; poets contemn it;

* Now in the possession of W. Kinghorn, Esq.
† The property of A. Coventry, Esq., Moray Place.
‡ Property of J. Dunlop, Esq. of Brocklock.

Pardon the oath, 'twill occur at a time ;
I was just, by my troth, at a loss for a rhyme.

I say then I owe him for his short poem
My thanks for—*belave* me—the pleasure it gave me.
Like its subject—Shelley, 'tis rather swelly ;
But has vigour and heart, and the unction of art,
With a richness of fancy, which seldom does one see.
Now by the way
I have just got to say
That the book is sent back along with this snack
Of rhyme without reason, the first of the season.

* * * *

LETTER VII.

SOME SUCCESS FOUND AT LAST.

Now about midway up the Hill of Difficulty was a pleasant arbour made by the Lord of the Hill for the refreshment of weary travellers.

Bunyan.

We can now be fairly done with this journey and abode in the old city. Leave behind us the studios with their familiars, the old Masters, galleries, and even the Vatican itself, and come home to the *mezzo giorno* of home. Rome is the summer trip of thousands, it is merely the substitution of dear sweet Italy for dear delightful Baden-Baden, or the enchanting poetical scenery of somewhere else:—hundreds of young artists are continually running the course, sketching picturesque Calabrians and so forth, but wisely acknowledging to each other that much of the Vatican, &c. won't do at all. His was not either a pleasure trip or sketching tour, and the Journal just given must stand very much alone as an expression of Italian experiences, modified, or indeed entirely seen through individual and artistic habits.

His return was followed by a season of uncertainty and hesitation, with consequent inaction. The new Catholic chapel of St. Patrick, in Lothian Street, being then in progress, he made an offer to the bishop and others interested, to paint an altar-piece for it, the subject being agreed upon by both parties, and the expenses defrayed by the church.

The subject adopted was "The Descent from the Cross," which was completed towards the close of 1835, much to the satisfaction of the clergy of the church.

While this picture was going on, Lord Meadowbank and others visited the painter, and became much interested in his success. The picture was exhibited in the next Exhibition, along with two small pictures—"Oberon and Puck listening to the Mermaid's Song," and "Macchiavelli and the Beggar." All the three shewed the artist's powers in different lights, and it was acknowledged that the student was now the scholar. The "Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts," which has since acted so prominent a part in encouraging and sustaining the Scottish School of painters, had suddenly grown up to great strength, by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. H. G. Bell; and in pursuance of the plan of circulating an annual engraving to the subscribers, the altar-piece was placed in the hands of the engraver. The two lesser pictures were purchased at the same time by the Committee. The engraving, however, was not sufficiently well executed to enhance the character of the picture; indeed, it may be considered a failure as a print; the funds of the Association at that time making it necessary to have the engraving done in mezzotint, and the artist employed being unaccustomed to the method of etching below the mezzotint.*

Of the two small pictures, that of Macchiavelli was the first of a series of works embodying historic character, produced by the painter from that time till nearly the close of his career. It was, indeed, but a small beginning, and gave

* On the publication of the print, he painted three small copies of the subject, using the engraving as the basis. One of these is now in the possession of Lord Meadowbank, another was purchased by Messrs. Bonnar and Carfrae from the exhibition of Scott's works in their Gallery.

Lucretia stabbing herself in presence of Tarquin and Collatine

a faint promise of the Alchymist, and the Globe Theatre, and Peter the Hermit; but the stern truth of the head of the Florentine casuist, has been seldom surpassed by any but himself. The poetic subject from the Tempest is yet fresh in the recollection of many. It too was the beginning of a series, the particular members of which may be mentioned in their proper places.

In the Exhibition of the following year, he made what he considered his worst annual appearance, in the pictures of "The Abbot of Misrule," and "Judas betraying Christ." The cause of this limited contribution to the public exhibition, was the time occupied by some commissions, the painting in body colour of "Lady Macbeth leaving the Daggers by the Sleeping Grooms," sent into the Royal Institution exposition of manufactures, in answer to a competition for a tapestry design, the prize being, we believe, divided between Mr. Dyce and him; and the occupation of part of the year in preparing for publication the Illustrations to the Ancient Mariner.

In the course of this Memoir, these designs have been more than once mentioned. Their author endeavoured strenuously to have them brought before the world, and had, at the time the drawings were made, etched one of them on a reduced scale, intending, could no publisher of sufficient enterprise be found, to execute them in that manner, and bring them into the light himself. This reduced copy the reader will find on the opposite page. "The wonder is," says an article in a recent publication,* "that they found a publisher at all; the poem itself being comparatively far from popular, and the treatment of the designs being of an original character; and Mr. Alexander Hill certainly deserves the thanks of such as take pleasure in the high but peculiar region

* Hogg's Instructor, May 5, 1849.

of art to which they belong." This writer says further—"It was at once the misfortune and the glory of David Scott that he belonged to no school, or section of a school. He was an individual genius; he had a nature of his own, to be penetrated and understood before his works could be estimated aright. Indeed he is, in all probability, the only painter whom Scotland has yet produced of whom this can be alleged with any emphasis! To return to the Mariner, it is interesting to know that Scott had an opportunity of shewing the designs to Coleridge before they were published. The poet expressed his satisfaction in them, and confessed that he had not thought it possible to illustrate such a piece. In so far as Scott can be said to have been a student of philosophy, he belonged to the same school as Coleridge did—not to subdivide the philosophical domain too minutely. Nor were there wanting many points and lines of coincidence between them in their æsthetical tendencies. Their mutual affinity found a very natural expression of itself in the Illustrations of the Ancient Mariner, at present under consideration."

The opinion of these designs, here alluded to as having been expressed by the poet, was, as far as we can recollect, to the following effect:—Dividing poetry as Descriptive, or dealing with outward nature, and Imaginative, or dealing with the forms of things in the mind, he thought the first of these classes was to be illustrated directly by the painter, and that the one and the other should be coincident in their impressions. But in the latter class—that of the purely Imaginative—illustration by the painter was infinitely more difficult—that exact circumstantial illustration of such works was none at all, and that the only way in which the artist could work with them was by an adequate expression of the same imaginative sentiment, different in form or

mode, according to the differing nature of his art. This, perhaps, is the true theory of the matter. The designs in question he thought a successful example in point. Many critics will be found to base their opinions on a theory similar to this of Coleridge; but these very designs were misunderstood by one influential critic at least, in consequence of the want of it. The Ancient Man is represented, meagre indeed, but of great strength of bony frame—a conformation necessary to give weight pictorially to the narrator of the wondrous tale, who overawes his listener, and *forces* him to hear of the abyss of suffering he has passed. The Mariner of the poem, on the other hand, may be in the mind of the reader the most shadowy of impersonations. Undoubtedly, the great effort of the illustrator of works of imagination must be to give a parallel, and not a transcript.

Many letters of congratulation on this publication are now before us. The following sentences are from a letter of H. N. Coleridge, dated Lincoln's Inn, April 1837, and bearing somewhat on the remarks made above: every man of a poetic temperament, necessarily forming to and for himself an image of the strange hero of the tale. "The whole series is exceedingly impressive, and gives you a good claim to be our Retsch, if that is a compliment. It is curious to see how many conceptions may be formed of the imagery of a work of pure imagination. Yours is not like mine of the Ancient Mariner, and yet I appreciate, and am deeply sensible of the merit of yours. Will you allow me, as some return for your splendid gift, to beg your acceptance of the accompanying volumes of Coleridge's Literary Remains, which, having received little public notice, may possibly not have fallen in your way. You will, I think, find in them some things *digna cedro*."

Some few other designs for publication also occupied him at this time; and in July he joined his brother William in a visit to the Louvre—not without an invigorating effect on David Scott, now more at ease with himself, and looking forward with hope and confidence.

1838.

We now enter upon the last decade of our short biography, the second of the painter-life of the subject of our memoir.

His appearance in the Scottish Royal Academy was made by four pictures:—"Orestes seized by the Furies after the murder of his mother Clytemnestra, to which he was prompted by his sister Electra, in revenge of the assassination of their father Agamemnon;" "Rachel weeping for her Children;" "Puck fleeing before the Dawn;" and "Ariel and Caliban." With the first of these, which was on a large scale, and one of a pair—the other being "Achilles addressing the manes of Patroclus over the body of Hector"—his visit to Paris had no doubt some connection. The French are the great painters of classic story. Painting in France repeatedly shewed a tendency to fall into the same rigid form adopted in the dramas of Racine and Corneille. David, however, was the great master who regularly formalised the French taste on the classic model, setting the antique in the place of the living figure. But our painter looked upon these more as a warning than as exemplars; the pictures which he painted from the heroic age of Greece being, in many respects, treated in an altogether different manner. The "Ariel and Caliban," one of the other two of this year's production, is perhaps the most truly poetic production of the painter. The two im-

personations are severally unexampled as embodiments of Shakspere's types. They represent the whole of each character as collected throughout the play, and the antagonism of the two natures gives a wonderful power to the picture. They represent, as it were, the two poles of human nature; the ascending and descending forces of mind and matter. Caliban, the brown and hairy slave, half-brute half-man, has crawled from the capture of a green snake, which he drags by the head. Ariel, long and thin, like a swift bird, touches the monster's forehead with his heel, at the same time striking into the air those sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not. It may have been only a poetic instinct that gave the antithetical character to these two figures; and yet there are signs of a deliberate intention, as the great toad is made the companion of the one, and the moth or butterfly is seen fluttering by the other.

Among David Scott's books and portfolios was found a greal pile of newspapers. At an earlier day he was very sensitive on the score of newspaper notices; latterly they were indifferent to him. Some of these notices, about the years we have now reached, are very curious. Literary and artistic criticism in London, in connection with the daily and weekly press, is a distinct profession—its peculiar requirements are admitted. Out of London the matter is different. In the notices of the various English provincial exhibitions, in which his pictures now began annually to appear, the papers contented themselves by an intimation that such things were there, with, perhaps, an objurgatory remark on Mr. Scott's painting things that never were, such as the heroes of Greece, and the impersonations of poetry. The Edinburgh public press, however, was always ready to decide upon the works in question—the modern Athenians were of course fully armed. We certainly do not wish to

bring any portion of that press upon this little book by way of reprisal, and freely admit the qualifications of many Edinburgh critics; but these will no doubt make over to us some of their brethren, as more notable for humour than profundity. From the newspapers of this year are the following emphatic decisions. One says—"David Scott has the imagination of madness. Each year his pencil defies our conception of anything wilder than the last, and behold a wilder still! We do not like his largest work, as seeming but the imitation of *tapestry*. Neither is a female *clasping two dead infants* to her breast a pleasing subject for the adornment of a room." Another ventures into deep waters. "Mr. Scott constantly chooses the most *outre* and impracticable subjects. Painting is an imitation of nature, and the many-coloured scenes of life, or if these" (including nature?) "*are not sufficient*, the great scenes of history, surely afford ample range for the genius and the fancy of the artist. These contain, indeed, the only proper materials for the exercise of his skill. But Mr. Scott travels out of the region of realities into those of pure imagination, where we doubt whether any thing is to be found available for the painter's art. The ethereal visions of Shakspere, and the fairy beings of his sportive fancy, are exquisite poetical creations, but they present no very distinct or individual image to the mind. In describing the spiritual world, his ideas, whether of beauty or deformity, are all general. Any thing precise or particular would break the charm, and give a prosaic cast to the whole." This throws much light on the character of the dramatist, which must somewhat shake the analytical Shaksperians, as well as stage-managers. "Again, Caliban is a caricature of the 'human face divine;' and what merit, we may ask, can there be in the delineation of mere deformity? Nor does the figure of Ariel realize our ideas of this

spirit. The *portrait* of Rachel weeping for her Children has," &c. One of the best criticisms that have appeared on our artist's pictures was in the Scotsman of that day.

In this year was painted the "Alchymical Adept Lecturing on the Elixir Vitæ," and in the Exhibition of the following season, his other works there present were altogether forgotten by the effect it produced. The power to return into the past, and to enter fully into the characters and manners of the middle ages, in such fulness of understanding that every part of the work is harmonious, was here shewn. The vitality and individuality seen in the head of Macchiavelli in the small picture some years ago, was now seen in full vigour on a varied subject—a subject the best adapted, perhaps, to his peculiar powers of any he ever treated, and many yet hold this work to be every way his best. Whether it be his greatest work in the class to which it belongs or not, it is certainly such a picture as has rarely been produced by any other artist. In design, the action and expression of the features, the arranging of the scene, and the knowledge and invention in the accessories; in execution, the solidity, hard and learned drawing, grim and gorgeous colour: all contributed to realize the beginning of the sixteenth century. Even the peculiarities of his style aided this important end. But the great triumph of the picture is in the delineation of character. That of the mighty quack stirring the inexplicable potion, and looking abroad upon his auditory with infinite mastery, is beyond all price. The jaw large, with its yellow beard and ample mouth, wonderful in the action of the lips, which also extends to the nostril; the nose high and cartilaginous, and the eye almost terrible in its acuteness of observation. Then the gaunt Operinus, that union of studious ardour with the

blindly-violent temper so frequently met with in the history of these times, as the painter describes him. And the two Italian students, travelling for adventure as much as knowledge, among whom is an Englishman in black listening attentively—no other than David Scott himself, whose sympathies would decidedly have been with the lecture, and against the lecturer.

In purchasing this picture, the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts first proposed £150, and afterwards agreed to £200, Mr. H. G. Bell accompanying his ratification of the purchase by an intimation, that it was only by a majority of one that the Committee had so agreed. To this David Scott replied, deprecating the system of abating the prices affixed by artists to their pictures. The question is, on which side did the evil begin, on that of the artists, by their affixing too high prices on their pictures, and thus making it necessary on the part of the Committee, as stewards of the public money, to require reduction, or on that of the Association, inducing the artists to place a high price on their pictures, in order to allow of abatement? The sale of this picture was further curious to those interested in the working of Art-Unions. The individual to whom the picture fell at the distribution, by lot, of the annual purchases of the Committee, was resident in the country, one who did not know or care much about either alchymists or pictures, who consequently gave it up to its present enlightened possessor; proving that, but for the constitution of the Association, placing the purchase of the works to be selected in the hands of a Committee, this great picture might never have found a purchaser. So also with the "Duke of Gloster rowed into the Water Gate of Calais," exhibited by Scott three years later. Let this be weighed against the chance of favouritism, which is one of the great arguments in

favour of the public being allowed to select. There is no doubt that the best pictures for sale in the London Exhibitions are not those that appear on the lists of the Art-Union.

For some time before the painting of the Alchymist, Scott had employed himself occasionally in writing on art. He now had etched several large plates of figures from the sketches he made in Rome of portions of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. These he intended for publication, with an essay "On the Peculiarities of Thought and Style" in the Picture. Publishers, however, appeared just as little inclined to undertake Michael Angelo's works as his own, and the scheme of separate publication being abandoned, the article was accepted by the editor of Blackwood, and appeared in that magazine in the number for February 1839. This was followed, in June, by a paper On the Genius of Raphael; in January 1840, by one on Titian, and Venetian Painting; in August of the same year, by Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio; and in March 1841, by an article on the Caracci, Caravaggio, and Monachism.

Of these valuable contributions to the literature of the Fine Arts, or rather to criticism, we will not now speak, but rather proceed with the yearly notice of pictures, till we find him, in 1841, commencing his great picture of Vasco de Gama encountering the Spirit of the Cape.

1840.

In this year's Royal Scottish Academy, he exhibited the "Agony of Discord, or the Household Gods destroyed," the picture whose progress we have seen often noted in his Journal; "Philoctetes left in the Isle of Lemnos by the Greeks, in their Passage towards Troy;" "Cupid sharpening his

Arrows," and "The Crucifixion"—the last two of these being of small dimensions.

When the Discord arrived from Italy, and was again extended on a frame, filling the end of the room in which he then painted, the artist sat down before it, grimly silent, for a length of time. At last he said, "Yes, it was well to persevere; that is the work I must live by." Then, again, "It *is* like the Laocoon; it is drawn as the Laocoon is modelled." Some misgivings had crossed his mind, but he felt reassured by the presence of the picture. The execution, however, did not satisfy him, and he set to work again, and while the Queen Elizabeth at the Globe Theatre was under his hand—which was two years nearly in progress—he again repainted this picture. It was now for the first time exhibited.

Let us try what the press has to say. "'Discord; or, The Household Gods Destroyed.' This is a large, unwieldy picture, to which Mr. Scott has appended, not a large, but certainly an unwieldy explanation. The figures in the picture are of colossal proportion. A man is represented struggling with a youth and two females, the child of one of whom has fallen back from its mother's arms, while an older youth holds up his hand to the refractory hero of the picture with a warning manner. Mr. Scott says the whole is meant to have an abstract reference. This may be very true; but the object referred to is, from the mythic nature of his reference, so completely abstracted, that it is impossible to find it out."

Here is another of a different colour, which we learn was written by the Rev. J. Fairbairn:—

"The group of mortals, the sky, the earth, the still life, the symbols of religion, by a oneness of scope and sentiment, are powerfully bound together. And how can we hope, by

descriptions of individual parts, to convey a notion of that which, as it emanates from every portion of the work, and lightens from every inch of the canvass, is in danger of being interrupted and impaired by analysis, however skilfully managed?

"The picture represents a family of men, or let us rather say of demi-gods; for it distinctly belongs to the fabulous ages. They are the primeval occupants of the earth—'in glory and in pride' wandering over its recently created, and hitherto uninhabited tracts—masters of their own thoughts, and fashioners of their own destinies—of vast stature—strong in limb and sinew—cast in the boldest mould of form and proportion. The females are the fit associates of this Saturnian race—lofty—compactly built—daughters of noble daring, and invested with a certain severe and awful beauty. Each figure is a type of humanity; an idealised model, embodying and exhausting all imaginations of grace and symmetry. They are typical, not real; generalisations, not individuals. Imagination sees such in her happiest moods, and in her highest *cœlum*, for

> "Each passion there idealised is seen,
> Moving in likeness of a demi-god."

But in vain should we look for them in the world of living men, and every-day realities. So much for the figures considered abstractly. Such the epic poet chooses for the actors in his epopee, and the epic painter to be the vehicles of those passions and sentiments which he wishes to exhibit to the admiration of men.

"The evil genius of the scene occupies the immediate foreground; this figure is full of the character we have described—a Prometheus unbound, or like one of Milton's colossal draughts in the Pandemonian council. He is ac-

tuated we know not with what malignity of purpose and perversity of will. He has arrived in breathless speed, and supporting his recumbent strength upon his falchion, stretches his right arm against the patriarch of the house. Do the evil workings of his own heart fly off like the effluvia of the plague, and shrivel their miserable victim, or, like the finger-guided stream of magnetism, radiate upon the soul, and master it by a fatal ascendancy? However attained, his influence has not only instantly become supreme, but also terribly efficacious. Like the stoical Fate, it has overcome, without an effort, all resistance. All equanimity has disappeared—all love, hope, pity, resignation. All the household relationships are disturbed—all human feelings dissipated. The frame of the patriarch is wrenched with agony, and his spirit no less. His expression is that of utter prostration, and despair insupportable, and, by reason of its intensity, collapsing into unconsciousness. The matron and the rest of the group are equally torn by fierce passions. Humanity instinctively impels to soothe the head of the household, but jealousy interrupts the native outgoings of the heart, and regards him with an evil eye and upbraiding countenance, as the plotter against their happiness, or even their existence. They unconsciously cling to him, as ivy to some venerable trunk, whence it draws its life: they consciously wound and poison, as the snake inflicts its sting upon the bosom that cherished it. The matron has dashed the infant to the ground, where it lies neglected; the altar is overturned—the household god thrown down and broken. Nor can the mind gain a resting-place, or anything to mitigate its feeling, as long as we look upon the picture. No gleam of hope comes down on a sunbeam; the heaven is dark and troublous, cloven with hurricane and lightning. Hesiod has described discord in chaos, before order was

called out of confusion, and beauty out of the formless abyss: this picture enforces the idea of harmony falling headlong into chaos. It impressively exemplifies the divine text, 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.'"

Here is a later description of this picture and its properties, worthy of preservation:—"The scene is laid in the porch of a doom-laden home; and the imagination of the spectator is transported into some Pelasgic or other primeval epoch of the world. The son has risen up against the sire; the patriarchal giant, closing his eyes, and bowing his head under the mighty sorrow of such a conflict, has left his native seat between the pillars of the house, and he struggles impotently forward; the house-mother and a daughter hang upon his arms, dragging him down with their very efforts to sustain him against the glorious rebel. Trailing on the ground before them, yet erecting his head and trunk like a young lion, the first-born lifts up the right hand of an accusing child with a passion of energy which is truly grand. There is a cincture round his temples, and a sword under the pressure of his brawny left hand; his scanty raiment is partly of skins and partly of crimson-purple; for he is predestinated to the ascendancy, as Saturn superseded Chaos, and was overthrown by Jove; the latest being still the best. Beside him lies a fallen tripod and an image of stone—a household god—broken in pieces. The father had made unto them gods that were no gods; but the son had been with the Assyrian on the tops of the mountains, seen the stars, subdued their adorers, and could no longer worship the paternal idol.

"The patriarch himself, however, is the principal and the greatest figure in this representation of the eternal strife and tragedy of the progress of humanity from generation to generation; and that whether considered dramatically, sym-

bolically, or anatomically. Blind and helpless fury, pain never to be assuaged, and a certain consciousness of the dutiful necessity to succumb, are all presented to the eye with irresistible force. Of the artistic properties of this sublime production, we refrain from speaking at large, as well as from the attempt to describe the other figures of the group. The treatment of the colour and shadow of this work is the very best exemplification of Scott's mature ideas concerning the sensuous portion of pictorial art. The whole canvass is as dark as necessity and fate could render it; the breadths of colour are small when compared with the deep, dead shadow of the piece; and most assuredly no bright hues are employed for the purpose of relieving the mind, as some critics would express it—that is to say, for the spurious purpose of conveying a pleasure in discord with the essential sentiment of the work." *

While this picture was in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, that of "Queen Elizabeth witnessing the performance of the Merry Wives of Windsor" was finished and forwarded to the Royal Academy of London, where it met with that probationary fate that all have to abide at its hands. It had an obscure place out of the reach of particular examination. This treatment, with the rejection two years before of "Achilles addressing the Manes of Patroclus"—the excellences of which he found, in conversation with some members of the Academy, to be largely acknowledged, but it was considered unfinished in its style of execution—determined him to send there no more. This was infinitely to be regretted, but he held by the determination, and sent no more, except that in 1845, by some chance, a small picture by him—Pan Awakened—appeared there.

* North British Review, May 1849.

1841.

"Queen Elizabeth in the Globe Theatre" made its appearance in Edinburgh, and, along with it, the large picture of "Queen Mary receiving the Warrant for her Execution," "The Death of Jane Shore," "Ave Maria,"* and "A Parthian Archer."† The Queen Mary has some of the highest qualities both of art and of the particular artist, combined with a misapplication of his own powers, as well as mistaken style of colour. Besides, it is scarcely true to historical narrative, and if any one were to assail the artistic character of David Scott, this undoubtedly is one of the most vulnerable of his productions. But to the mind of the public, the Jane Shore seemed much more so. While all other artists were working to please, Scott seemed here directing his abilities, not only as in tragedy, to awe, instruct, and lay bare the holiest sympathies, but to terrify and disgust. And why did it seem so? Because the picture was viewed in juxtaposition, and in comparison with works directed only to excite the pleasurable emotions of a certain class of society—that class most likely to reward the artist. In relation to the first aim and varied powers of the art of painting, it holds quite another significance. Viewed, too, in relation to humanity and to history, it is not excessive—it is barely true. Perhaps the half of the products of Christian art have had a sad and terrible sentiment. This Jane Shore is nothing to Poussin's Plague, or Domenichino's Medusa, in our National Gallery, to stay at home for illustration. But with the delicacies of the day, real or assumed, such pictures jar most foully. Death must not be exhibited

* In the possession of Mrs. Littlejohn.

† Painted for Mr. Dunlop of Brockloch, and sent by him to America.

to eyes polite: it was very impolitic. He did not avoid the subject, as he might have done, because it excited painful feelings; but, having adopted it, he did not misrepresent it.

But Scott's great picture of the year, and the most laborious and extended exhibition of character ever accomplished by him, was the Globe Theatre. The musicians, the crowd of *groundlings* and balcony men, the great literary lights of the Elizabethan age, and the patrician and political notables of the time, including the implacable and stiff "Virgin throned in the west," are all characterized in his most powerful manner, both individually and in relation to class. The heads of Shakspere, of Spenser, and of Fletcher and Sackville, are among the most beautiful male heads ever painted, for intellectual clearness, simplicity, and refinement. And yet, withal, they belong to their age, and are the men who sparred with sharp wits in the Mermaid —rare Ben Jonson being among the number, who is here in plain black, a humble dress in those gay days—(Old Aubrey describes his doublet as somewhat slit under the arm)—clenching his hand, and enjoying the practical jibes of the Merry Wives.

Except a little sketch of the harlequin, fool, and the long lean *basso* in the foreground, made apparently to be painted as a small picture, none of the studies for this picture are extant; neither are those for the Alchymical Adept, nor for the Preaching of the Crusades. Ample evidence, however, is afforded of the study this picture cost, by the mass of notes relating to the men of the era, their ages, costumes, and portraits, and on the form and fittings of the theatres of the time.

On the appearance of the "Globe Theatre," the artist received some letters, the subject being one that interested men of literary tastes. One of these congratulatory letters,

from a gentleman well known in the critical circles of London, calls in question the figure of the Queen, both as to age and expression, seeing that we have Rowe's authority for the anecdote of her having desired the dramatist to write the play she is represented as witnessing so staidly. David Scott's reply, on the back of this letter, however, puts the question, we think, right on both points. On the most important one—that of the expression of Elizabeth—he says:—"Doubtless among equals, or indeed in any society, politeness and indulgence would mark the reception of any effort to please, but in the case of a queenly command, this would not be necessarily seen—in a proud-tempered queen certainly not; and, after all, the right thing to be done was to give the general and true character of Queen Elizabeth, in which I hope I have in some measure succeeded."

LETTER VIII.

FAMILY CHANGES—AN EPISODICAL PAGE.

Heigh ho! on we go,
Wave after wave,
Until we reach, high up the beach;
The tide is full, then back we pull,
Out we go, heigh ho!
And then, again
Comes sweeping on another flow.

D. S.

It may be recollected by the reader that the family circle was diminished before David Scott left home, by the death of his sister. To a mind bent entirely on study and attainment; constantly—from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof—with the chalk or the palette in his hand, and one predominant idea in his mind, the most serious occurrences of life fall comparatively harmless. They affect him only as the great object before him may be influenced or interrupted. Apparently it is so, but the nature of such a man is to feel profoundly, and to bear the memory of the calamity too long.

His brother Robert, many years before the date we have now reached, after much opposition and deliberation, had sailed for Demerara, in the hopes of finding El Dorado. Open-hearted, and a little erratic, he was much beloved by his friends. Painting was not, however, more deeply interesting to him than many other sciences or arts, and this

was enough to divide the sympathies of the brothers to a certain extent. On his departure, however, David, who had participated but little in the family anxieties in the matter, placed among his personal luggage a letter, to be read at some future time. Robert read the letter, and crushed it to pieces in his hand, which was not weak. He did not however destroy it: going across the Atlantic, this evidence of his brother's interest, dictatorial, and rather paternal than brotherly as it was, came back among his other papers, and now lies before us, with the evidences of its rough treatment upon it, among lists of Belmont gangs and Vreezen-Hoop gangs, Venus, Cato, Nap, and Bobby. "11th March 1830. Formal advice I have none to give you. I would only again say, dear brother, watch your health, consider the consequences in the climate you go to, of the violation of the strict resolve to pursue a regular and uniform tenor of conduct. You have enough determination if you exert it properly. Keep observation around you always, and strong attention to what you are engaged to do. Many men far inferior in ability have only this to recommend them. Keep these words in mind. DAVID SCOTT."

On his return from Italy, our painter found his father much debilitated, and verging into blindness. This continued till the beginning of 1841, when the end approached. "Dear William—I have no doubt you will be in possession of my note written this morning. I now write you a little more fully. I mentioned repeatedly the state of our departed father's health in such a way, that I hope you were in some measure prepared for the intimation my letter conveyed. I had on a former occasion taken blame to myself in some measure for having alarmed you needlessly, and I was loath to say anything that might again distress you, if it were at all to be avoided. During this last illness, he has repeat-

edly, for about a day at a time, appeared worse than formerly, being somewhat confused; but even to the very last I expected that this immediate or added illness would pass off, and that he would rally again. Just two or three minutes before he died, I had been assisting him to eat a little, and that being finished, I sat down at the foot of the bed. Mother immediately thought she heard him speak; she rose, went forward to the bed-side, and called to me—'Oh David! your father is looking up.' I started to his side, and he gave another bright look, when the easy flight of his spirit began. Uncle and Robert were called into the room, but he breathed no more; all passed under the awful change. He died a few minutes before twelve."

A month afterwards, the death of his brother Robert followed, in a manner altogether unforeseen. "1st March 1841. Dear William—I am scarcely able to write you. Some time ago, you are aware, Robert was far from well. I am soon called upon to repeat the intimation that the hand of death has been with us; our dear brother died this morning very suddenly. Yesterday, Sunday, he complained of his chest, but was down stairs, and walking about. This morning I went into his room, when he said he had not slept all night. In a little time I returned with a letter, which I wished him to read, and, on entering his room, found him expiring; he could not speak, and before a surgeon arrived he was gone. What poor short-sighted nothings we are. Last night he spoke of the kind of person his wife was to be; this twilight he lies for ever silent in that white linen. * * *"

Such short records must suffice for these events.

Immediately thereupon he took a lease of the house at Easter Dalry, and began the building of his studio there. This was the more necessary, as he had determined to paint a historic picture larger in dimensions than any yet accomplished by him, and fulfilling in power of design and execution the advanced ideas of the artist. This picture was destined to be the last great demonstration of the man—the great work of the last ten years of his artistic life, as that of "The Agony of Discord" was of the first. This studio, the sphere of his future labours, was built with ample room and verge enough. Had it been in Paris, or in Rome, or Munich, or even in London, it would have been only one of many maintained by their possessors with eclat and ease; but in Edinburgh, which is nearly double the size of the little city of Munich, it was a hazardous experiment this width of canvass and height of wall.

But here we must open a new page of the inner life of the man. All we can do is to suggest, and that by merely giving some entries half erased in his early diary, leaving them to the reader without note or comment. The influence of woman, and the passion and sentiment of love, were too potent and sacred in his nature to allow him to speak of them. They were over him like heaven, and beyond him like the promised land to Moses. His friends thought him insensible to much that rules the heart, and that he was "like age that cannot hear the glad birds sing;" but his coldness did, in truth, resemble the chemical ice produced within the red-hot electric circle. The following mysterious notes are all we have at present to say on this subject. They are here given, because they belong to years whose artistic history we have already treated:—

"August 1830. August again. I have been there again for the last time I am afraid. * * * (much

elaborately scratched out, and a green ivy leaf wafered to the edge of the page.) Since coming home I have painted an embodyment of myself as 'a cloud;'—a floating figure gazing at the moon.

"September 1831. Another summer has passed, and again

* * * * *

We will not see you then for two years, cried ———, and her sister said nothing. They lighted me across the lawn at parting, she bearing the lantern. They left me: I watched them recede, dark against the light they carried, and disappear. I have left with them a sketch of ——— done in the twilight; when shall I see it again, and them?

"May 1832. Met my friend, who told me much that I feared to learn. The forms of society, are they above all?

* * * * *

"March 1836. Life goes forward opening many doors. I am strange even to myself: hoping and not doing. —— has now left Scotland, and one dream of my youth ends: a long hope that lived with me for many years is dispelled."

* * * * *

In a sketch-book the following paper is found, which may refer to the same story:—

"The hedges and flowers of June are in full blossom, and I am in the country. The air is fresher, the leaves more green, and the blue sky more intense, than they ever were before: a day of gladness. Than they ever were before? yes, to *me*. Yet am I looking back upon days marked in the memory by strong feelings, but now intellect and sense are alike alive in harmony.

"On such a day as this I saw a youth accompany his elder friend down a rocky road from the village. Their track was a winding one, leading from the heights to a level strath. The youth appeared to have the gaiety natural to

[redacted] anticipation of some good; but his [redacted]clad in black, and who was also of stature [redacted]rdinary height, was calm and undisturbed. From his measured steady pace, and head declined, a stranger might have supposed he was brooding over more sombre thoughts than the youth seemed ever to have dreamt of. However, if properly observed, he might have been discovered to be but temporarily exhilarated, and not endowed either with the God's-gift of a joyous nature, or the blank impressibility of an idle mind. Perhaps, too, there was an assumption of superiority about him. Their course was directed to a mansion of an unassuming appearance, situated in a hollow to which they had descended, and through which a great river wound, with a mountain range beyond. Trees surround the house, and hide it as they approach. Now again it is disclosed, and they approach the green sparred wicket. The beech trees are thick above, and the leaves are beginning to fall on the gravel walk and on the steps of the door; but, before they enter, a fair face appears at the window, whose recognition the youth returns, not without some hurried embarrassment. And now they are within and I see them no more.

"This is one of many visits to that white house with its green gate in the strath. Less, and yet more happy, more embarrassed and yet freer, these visits became; but still a progressive gloom kept more than even pace with joy, till all was lost and absorbed.

"At the first of these visits the youth was yet a boy. Fathers and mothers were there on both sides. Full of life and health, the lady of the mansion came out to meet her guests. With gladness and hospitality she welcomed them, and every one partook of the sunshine: her children were running about her, and the daughters were all laughter.

"The next visit was in autumn. [redacted] hold faces now; two of the blythest are go[redacted] blythness with them. But are not the trees [redacted] the flowers as fair, and the slight figures taller, than before?

"Again the number is decreased. A great flat stone is newly placed in the churchyard, without an inscription, for the father has said that his name may shortly be cut upon it, as well as others. There is silence about the house, and sadness within. But such is the law of nature, and *she* is still there, and, doubtless, will smile again. The brother, too, has gone, for times are changed, and all they have from him is a letter written months ago in a new country.

"Another year and the daughters are alone. The letters are now their hope, and they look upon the old house as if they wished to care less for it than they do. If they should have to leave it? The beech trees are heavy and black, and they speak of ships sailing; and so the last of our visits is paid."

To this we may add these verses, since their date refers them to the same period of time:—

Love stood listening to my song,
With Hope upon my shoulder leaning;
While the early sun along
The strings was brightly gleaming.

I sang with joy; and thought Love smiled,
And Hope looked proudly on,
And then a voice all heavenly mild
Accompanied each tone.

I sang; the voice soon died away,
Then died away mine own;
Hope soon fled, and Love, once gay,
Changed and became unknown.

Oh! could I once more touch that lyre,
And live amidst its joys again,
I would bring down the heavenly fire
To melt away all grief and pain!

1832.

Having extracted these few allusions from their environment in the note-book, and written them out here, we confess there is something of the boy about the incident—too much perhaps. It may have been altogether only a dream, unsuspected by living soul, and nourished by himself as a little stolen romance—not, by any means, like a later but somewhat similar incident. Still we have retained it: it is characteristic of him; in some matters, and those of the deepest importance in life, he was a boy to the end. Moreover this noting down in sealed books has a tendency to give things that will not bear the test of discussion, or even of sympathy, an undue importance in the eye of the writer. Doing so is the resource of morbid and solitary natures—it nourishes egotism. Incidents and thoughts that are shaken from the mind in contact with the world, like dew from off the lion's mane, thus become crystalized, and pierce the flesh. The habit of watching feelings and noting them, is like that of the timid invalid watching his own symptoms: the irregular action is increased, the disease confirmed. The white house with the green wicket, however, was rather a poetic than a painful dream, as far as possible, in a nature whose every sensation and experience partook of the dark and probationary.

LETTER IX.

WRITINGS ON ART.

Reading makes a full man; Conference a ready man; and Writing an exact man.
Lord Bacon.

We have mentioned the series of papers of the Great Masters published by David Scott in five numbers of Blackwood, ending March 1841; ending then, but not with his will, as a long paper on English, German, and French painting, considered comparatively, and in relation to the application of the fine arts to the interiors of the new houses of Parliament, was ready to follow, when some disagreement or cause of separation intervened. Willing to quote the opinions of others instead of putting forward our own, whenever we can do so with propriety or advantage, we quote the following remarks from an article in the North British Review. Any one who has gone so far with us, and perused the Journal in Rome, and other occasional extracts, will be prepared to find in those magazine papers more than is usually met with on the subject of art, and he will not be disappointed. The criticism, however, does not, as might naturally be expected from an artist, deal either with the technical or scientific properties of the great works noticed. It deals only with the æsthetical and metaphysical relations and tendencies of the works in question.

"The most decided attempt he ever made to give a permanent literary expression to his ideas concerning the theory and practice of plastic art, was published some nine years ago in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. It consisted of a series of remarkable dissertations on the distinguishing characteristics of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Titian, Correggio, the Caracci, Caravaggio; and of the schools of art, as well as the kinds of men and circumstance, they severally represent. It needs scarcely be mentioned that the differentiating qualities of these great artists are not sought in the external properties of their works, but in principles holding directly on the generic constitution of the human mind—the modifying influences of time, place, and personal idiosyncrasy, not being overlooked. The differing creations of the masters are considered as the natural and necessary—though the plastic and variable—exponents of the differing ideas by which they were severally possessed. They habitually looked upon nature and man from totally diverse points of view, and therefore their representations of the ideal of human life were wholly dissimilar; circumstances which obligated modes of treatment equally dissimilar and diverse. Those classifications, for example, which designate the Venetians as the school of colour, or as the ornamentalists, are shewn to be insufficient. Our author penetrates to the secret of Venetian life, and finds it sensuous to the core. He seizes the theory of Titian and his subordinates, and discovers that it is essentially material. And then he tries to deduce all the characteristics of their colour—their light and shade, their ornament and their composition—from these premises, with what success the student must judge for himself. But the central and deepest idea of the remarkable pieces of critical literature now described, is the proposition that the sole purpose of art is the sustaining of humanity in man: a

simple, obvious, yet profound principle, which never forsakes him in these essays, and which was never forsaken by him in life.

"This way of criticising works of art from within, is certainly far from peculiar to this professional critic. In truth, the existence of any other mode of investigating such subjects will hardly be credited by the more secluded student of modern æsthetics. Yet it is equally true that neither the artists nor the public are much accustomed to consider those things from this exalted point of view, although it is the only one which is tenable to-day. Those dissertations, then, are not without their every-day value, as well as their intrinsic worth. The studious reader will find them surcharged with thought, and plentiful in illustration. They glitter with quaint allusions, and they are sprinkled over with many a felicitous image. They sometimes soar into the neighbourhood of eloquence, and quite as frequently they dive towards unknown metaphysical depths, which they never reach. In a word, they are so crowded with information, knowledge, fancy, reasonableness, imagination, and poetical, if not philosophic insight, that they should unquestionably be republished in a separate volume, in spite of their literary defects.

"In respect of mere style, they are surely the oddest incarnations of good thought one ever perused. At the very first glance, you perceive that page after page is spotted all over with eccentric, pedantic, and even altogether questionable phraseology. The Latinism of Isaac Taylor, the rugged word-coinage of Chalmers, or the gigantic Teutonism of Carlyle, seems the quintessence of purity when compared with the wanton vocabulary of these otherwise excellent pieces. As to their syntax, it must just be confessed at once, that never were there composed such sentences

for length, involution, and confusion. The style reminds one of old Beccher the phlogistician, who professed to write in Latin, but thrust in a German word or two whenever he was in distress, and that was every other comma! Yet, if all these knotted and intertwisted heaps of rich and radiant speculation were combed out with care, they would deserve the grateful acceptance of the commonwealth of letters."

Admiring the general scope of these remarks, as pointing out the peculiar excellences of the papers in question, with their counteracting defects, we do think the strictures on the literary style more severe than called for. That the complexity of parts in his sentences only served to obscure, not to clear his meaning, as he thought it did, is doubtless true, but scarcely to the extent above insisted on; and it must be recollected that he opened a field hitherto hardly touched by English critics on art. To give in few words some of the results of his investigation into the motives and intentions of the Italian caposcuoli, we may say,—In the first place, he finds a predominating quality in each, whereby a permanent independence was established. These predominating qualities result from general causes, influencing not art only, but all the intellectual endeavour of the age or locality where and when the artists lived, modified more or less by the mental constitution of the master. Thus he finds the different schools to be separated, not superficially —for many superficial qualities are alike possessed by all— but profoundly, by the central idea or purpose to be found in each.

This last point was one of great importance in his eyes. The comparisons of the technical properties of works dissimilar in their basis or intellection, and the preference of this one or that one because of greater technical excellences, distressed him beyond every thing. In general, indeed, he

was silent in the company of such critics, but it was the silence of hopelessness to contend against mere darkness.

To descend to the particular masters he treats of. He considers Michael Angelo as the exponent of the intellectual element in man. Raphael is greatest in the moral; or, to quote the last sentence of the essay on that beloved painter—"Raphael represents moral distinction under the influence of reposed benevolence; from which, in common with Pythagoras, Plato, and the Evangelist St. John, he derives his title—the divine." Titian and the Venetians is the third of this trinity, and is most expressive of the physical or material side of humanity.

These three divisions he calls generic, and by the subdivision of these into specific qualities, he places the next in rank, Da Vinci, Correggio, the Caracci, Caravaggio, and others. This last name he associates with the corrupt monkism, instigating to the establishment of inquisitorial authority.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to draw the attention of those who wish to study art in its more philosophical than popular aspects, to those essays; and it may not be inappropriate here to collect such detached scraps upon the subject of painting as have been found scattered among his papers. These may be called

FRAGMENTS ON ART.

Who is the student of high art? Before answering, we would first require to define art, and afterwards to find out what are the mental and moral qualities necessary towards appreciating, exercising, and inculcating its essence.

Of Form. Squareness is most characteristic of death:

roundness of life. Squareness intimates termination; roundness expresses infinity.

Imagination is the faculty or power of bringing natural things, or incidental circumstances, under the relation of sentiment, or gifting them with intellectual or moral significance. Fancy is the outskirts of the imaginative faculty, or the power of characteristically combining outward things without an interior sentiment. Wit lies in the *joining* of salient corners of things which resemble each other partially, but of which the inward meanings widely differ.

Art, in an elevated acceptation, is an attempt to satisfy the desires of the mind.—(See Bacon's definition of "Feigned History.") In this attempt it removes all peculiarity which is in no wise essential to the significance in hand, and carrying its purpose forward, represents physical beauty and greatness in connection with, and as significant of, mental beauty and elevation. In various degrees this is the case with every work worthy of the name of art.

The most valuable property found generally in the productions of art, is the simplification of meaning; making the complex impressions of nature, from form, colour, and chiaro-scuro, strike home to the mind as an unity, clearly and uninterruptedly.

There is no standard of correctness of style, except such as may be found in the *meaning* of the work. There are many faults in the antique—no measurement-standard of form—and frequently what we call mannerism. The frieze of the Parthenon may be given as an illustration. But in spite of unequal size, stiff action, and so on, the strong meaning and elevated style places them in their high position.

The superiority of the French in high as well as in ornamental art, is consistent with the national idiosyncrasy;

it is of a scientific tendency, and in that way attains a great deal, but not in the highest manner.

The divisions of style in the history of every art and school: style of advance, that of attainment, and that of relaxment. The first is often mere labour and timidity; the second is exemplified only in grand instances, each on its particular summit; the last is generally discursive and varied.

The mind that works with special and particular things, when it endeavours to generalize, either becomes vague or shows incompatibility, by petty style unequal to the aim in view. There is also another character of mind which gives birth to meaningless generality, namely, those whose works are the effect of mere culture. With them mannerism is carried to a great extent.

Those only can effectually generalize who truly exist in a wide perceptive sphere, who appreciate the references of all things. These are very few. Throughout all their processes there is seen an elemental war for a time, more or less triumphant in establishing their own peculiar relations. Dante, Milton, Michael Angelo, Pindar, are high examples of this class: Blair, the author of the "Grave," Young, and others, are small examples.

To remain intact and unharmed, the mind must retain a mastery over the affecting cause that may operate upon it. In passion, the moment the mastery is lost, weakness is the consequence. If an actor becomes inspired with the passion he represents, that moment he ceases to wield it. He should always be showing passion as through the desire to hide it—the struggle for the mastery. The work of a master only can shew the virtue that is in art. Directing his materials according to his intention, he never loses his individuality in the labour; his work is a part of himself.

Art may be divided into three degrees or circles—1*st*, Abstract or intellectual art—the epic and religious; 2*d*, Moral, or belonging to human passion—displayed in history and the drama; 3*d*, Material or physical—displayed in the expression of all qualities distinguishing the superficies of bodies.

In each of these, beauty (that of the human form, and especially of the female) is an element, and often usurps an important place as a final end or aim.

The accessories in a grand development of art become the essentials in a lower walk. In the highest the idea is *one*, and derives confirmation or force from every direction, admitting details and subsidiary matters as far as they do not interfere with it. So in the secondary or subordinate classes, ideas of detail or episode in the highest order of works, become those of expression or essentiality.

The highest art embraces all qualities of the lower, but keeps them general, or receives them only partially. Sometimes it rises above them altogether, as for instance in the statue of the Apollo, which is thoroughly the supermundane or godlike. In the Venus we find the texture of the flesh, with the fluidity of the blood, an essential feature. The Elgin marbles shew irregular but flesh-expressing folds of skin and muscle. The Apollo, in its higher aim, does not admit of these particulars, but simply adopts form as its necessary means of medium.

The end of art may be best defined as the reproduction of the impressions of being. These reproductions are for the most part confined to the more pleasurable impressions; hence the narrow mistake has arisen that the fine arts exist for the production of pleasure. To confine the arts to this sphere, would be altogether to destroy their truth. It is by the admixture of painful impressions with those of pleasure

(always, however, under certain laws, which keep mean suffering at a distance), that their grandest and boldest results are produced.

It is not in shapes of government, or in the regulated institutions of society, that the change or advance of civilization and thought is to be looked for; and it is a striking fact how little the tendencies of thought are watched by those in political power; how little the subtle movements of popular taste, knowledge, and habits, are observed by them, until these matters force themselves into notice on the political arena, which they do at last, as a confirmed portion of the mind of the time. In our country, this is in a great measure the result of its freedom; we admit no interference in whatever is not strictly within the sphere of politics, but politicians would see much before them in popular tendencies.

Of Beauty. There are different kinds of beauty, according to the senses. The widest definition of beauty would be the pleasure-giving qualities of nature. There is beauty for the eye—form and colour. Beauty for the ear—melody and harmony. Beauty for the touch, taste, smell—going little further than the nerves. Then there is beauty for the mind—all gracious qualities, moral and intellectual.

The figure of the Discobolus reminds me of a definition of *the* ideal—that it was the representation of figures in action as if they were in repose. This foolish definition has some sense in it: the antique always subdues expression. In this statue, however, the expression is false; it is a *caput mortuum* of motion. There is little of the abstract in it; it is an individual in a particular action, and the motion not given.

All strong expression is considered extravagance by

those who do not enter into the feelings expressed. Extravagance or bombast depends altogether on the subject, and on the executive force employed being more than the subject demands.

Without being sublime, a thing may be energetic; but there is no sublimity without energy.

We may separate works of art into those that represent the positive and the negative, the active and the passive, *in* nature. The passive is the general favourite, for it allows superiority, in a certain sense, to the spectator; the other, the active, claims superiority, which to many is, even in a work of art, an unpardonable offence. Those minds who have no conscious participation with the power depicted, feel this way, and also those who have the power, but not in an abstract or transcendental relation, which would enable them to identify or sympathise with the work before them. Many again hate all pictures of passion or imagination, because they cannot understand them.

Nature, although made up of a number of particulars, makes but one impression or sensation. The Venetians imitated the one sensation of the colour of every object. They made it what it appeared to be without minute examination: its effect on the mind was their aim.

Remarks while sketching from the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel: 1*st*. A sharp hard outline in general—in some measure the result of the strong tracing of the *style* from the cartoon. 2*d*. The joinings of the lime in the darks all appear light now. 3*d*. Often bad drawing, seldom poor drawing. 4*th*. Here is the character of the age connected with the individual style of the artist. 5*th*. Here is not nearly the detail in anatomy we find in modern French and other pictures. 6*th*. The ancients are in general correct, but in following out his idea Buonarotti often departed from correctness.

In all the old masters of the greatest time of art there is a species of materialism, a transcribing from particulars, both in regard to sentiment and execution. All parts of their works, including even saints, angels, &c., may or might have been an actual copy from nature. At the same time their conventions in the general treatment of the subject, remove it from nature. This particularly belongs to the older time of art; and, after the termination of advancement in Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, merged into systematic allegory.

Michael Angelo reached to the head of that path, whose progressive steps are marked by Mantegna, Signorelli, and Donatello. He announces the struggle of man in endeavouring after the infinite, and that in the highest connection painting can hold—namely, religion. Many small varieties of this great announcement afterwards appeared, wherein it was diluted, weakened, or altered. The genius of Fuseli may be said to have expressed the struggle of man in relation to the superstitious. This was the origin of his leathery extravagant mode, which appeared to him the true mode. Blake touched the infinite in expression or signification, without distraction from lower aims, and in a kind of Christian purity. He is very abstract in style or meaning, but very defective in execution. (To analyse my own endeavours, I may say, that I have attempted to unite this relation of man to the infinite with his historical appearances. Hence my style is a *purified realism*, and ought to exhibit physical strength, while it is also abstract and general.)

The ground of union or resemblance existing between many men of different characters, is this: They have a common centre, or grand idea, towards which they look, but they see it from widely diverging points.

At Windsor the Vandykes are of different periods of his

career. The family of Charles I. gives a union of his Italian and English modes; the different groups of children almost exemplify the strong firm richness of his Genoese pictures. The portrait of Charles I. in three views is in a dry style; it has not the rich surface or Venetian tone. The portrait of Charles standing, in St. George's Hall, is open and agreeable. The often copied portrait on horseback is not altogether distinct in style.

Rubens' pictures, in one of the state rooms, present his works in a very favourable point of view, with rich and clear surface. St. Martin dividing his cloak is beautiful, fresh, and light. The portrait of Philip is fine; the horse and figure dark against a light sky.

Holbein is here in great truth, and even agreeable effect. Various portraits have even a degree of amenity in style.

The Waterloo gallery, with the exception of the portrait of Wellington and Gonsalvo, and a few others not done for it, does not raise Lawrence in my mind.

Wilkie is pedantic and poor in the portrait of William IV. The ignorant display of the anatomy of the knees, high fronts to the feet, &c., give it the appearance of a juvenile production.

Wilkie mistakes flimsiness for refinement in the execution of Napoleon and the Pope in the R. A. 1836. There is no dramatic power in the work, Napoleon is perfectly milk and water; for the Pope I think he is indebted to Lawrence.

Delaroche. The Princes in the Tower (Luxembourg Gallery) is excellent in conception and study. The execution is very careful, and in every respect true; in painting it may be considered perfect, but for the skin of the figures, which is too red, and tinted in some parts, also dirty and blackish.

Vernet. "Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican" is one of the most unexceptionable works in the Luxembourg, in regard to design, colour, and execution. In character it is good and strong, but in real truth it is much below the productions of Delaroche.

Scheffer. My recollection of his picture of the Father and his Dead Son, which I saw four years ago, is in no way disappointed. It is exceedingly fine, both in expression and execution.

Parallel between Canova and Thorwaldsen. The names of these two artists are frequently linked together in notices of the sculpture of our day. Is posterity likely to do the same? The works of the two men are very different—they result from mental and physical constitutions totally distinct. You have seen the head of Canova in marble, cast, or portrait; it is keen in expression, sharp in form, not without breadth in the parts, bony, and a physiologist would declare characteristic of a nervous temperament. For Thorwaldsen's expression we do not require to depend on picture or bust. His head is large and round in general form; his face of a fair equal colour; his long hair and large blue eye are very uncommon in appearance; his temperament is phlegmatic.

I have looked upon the works of Canova with more satisfaction than on those of any other artist since the days of the authors of the Apollo, Venus, and Antinous. They are particularly fitted to generate such a feeling, combined with pleasure, in the beauty and cultivated modern grace which exists in them. This is the peculiarity of Canova—all his works are satisfactory and graceful.

It has been said that the greatest artists have always produced the most numerous works. Canova and Thorwaldsen have been very unequal in this respect. The commencement of the career of each was different. Before

Canova had gained much attention, he had worked out ponderous productions. Thorwaldsen, on the other hand, was sent as a pensioner to Rome, and was employed on an occasion of emergency—that of the reception of Bonaparte. His dexterity pleased, and the subject of his work—the Triumph of Alexander—flattered the vanity of the conqueror. What was at first a crude sketch, was expanded into a finished work executed in marble, and the reputation of the young sculptor was established.

Within the walls of St. Peter's, the two sculptors might be compared by their monumental works with justice to each. The general design of Canova's is superior, the style more studied, and the execution more highly finished. That of Thorwaldsen appears, on the contrary, common, and leaves little distinct impression. In Canova's Pope, there is much peculiar to himself in invention: Thorwaldsen's is more like figures that have been done before—there is more simplicity, but less originality.

Throughout Canova's works we find scientific attainment, and some of his subjects require and exhibit all the knowledge of the artist. Thorwaldsen has displayed little of this; what he has done has been of a more simple character. His reputation must stand upon the figure of Christ, and those of the Apostles; works, certainly, of great ability, but, after the numbers that have been previously done, similar in many respects, no man of a certain degree of executive power could mistake his way very far in dealing with the characters again. During his early pensionary years in Rome, it is reported Thorwaldsen did little, and now, in his advanced life, he has relaxed his application in a great degree, while Canova was a close student from first to last, and continued producing works to the end. A Roman, talking of the two, spoke of the greater *coraggio* of Canova.

I have spoken of the fine beauty of the works of the Italian sculptor. It is a beauty peculiarly belonging to our time: it is that of women conscious of its possession. Were they to speak, it would be in modulated tones, and refined language. His Venus is the greatest beauty of the nineteenth century; and his male characters are also of the same time. This cultivated conscious grace is his strongest characteristic: it constitutes his main difference from the antique: it is considered by some as so much that is bad—by others as a new and charming aspect of nature. At all events, it gives him a claim to originality. Moreover, we find a fantastic minuteness in many of his works which belongs entirely to himself—the result of modern fashion, and a taste for decoration that becomes at times petty and trifling. His studio in Rome is an exemplification of this taste. A rude, disjointed, half-stable half-shed looking building, similar to the majority of the studios in Rome, he decorated by sticking into the wall a multitude of fragments of antique sculpture of every description. The Italian partiality for display had its effect upon him, and he carried not a little of this love for ornament into his works: in his drapery it is especially obvious.

Neither of the two can be considered as rising to the grand. The Hercules and the Perseus of Canova are strong and energetic, but no more—their great size aiding their effect; while Thorwaldsen, with the exception of the Divine Strength, on the monument in St. Peter's, which is too material and gross, has done nothing to merit such an appellation.

Among the ancients there appear to have been decorative artizans of the most mechanical kind, distinct from artists.

Before the appearance of great Greek productions, these possibly supplied the place of art proper to the Romans, never remarkable for ability in sculpture or painting. And at a later time all was again broken down into decoration, before merging into utter imbecility. The remains in Herculaneum and Pompeii belong to a period when methods and certain forms facilitated production as a trade; originality, thought, and adaptation, have nothing to do with them. They are copies of the common-places of the ancients in painting and sculpture; but with us they all have their loads of applause. They are inferior specimens of the mannerism of the ancients. Yet we find imitations of them even by the most able modern sculptors, and those commended! This imitation does not seem to be deprecated in regard to the works of Greece or Rome, although it is so in regard to works of more modern times. Our artists are, at this day, producing what passed from one to another before our era had commenced. They find commendation, because they obviously suggest the works of antiquity, and these Pompeian remains have advanced from being merely valued in an antiquarian way, to being lauded as fine works of art!

LETTER X.

DETACHED THOUGHTS AND SPECULATIONS.

Sent up from ages past, and from those late days given.

The spirit facing its life absolute.

D. S.

PERHAPS I cannot do better than insert in this place a variety of maxims, notions, and short speculations, of a miscellaneous character, but chiefly presenting a metaphysical aspect, which have been found interspersed among his more serious studies. They will follow appropriately enough the few fragments on art given in the last letter; and as they do not belong to any particular year or time of life, cannot with more propriety be introduced elsewhere. Some of these are not very new, but many also are thoroughly original in their character.

Could we meet the angels Gabriel or Michael, we would recognise in them combinations of number, as an ancient Pythagorean would have expressed it, or, as we shall now phrase it, of qualities in such harmonious quantity, as would approximate to completeness. There would be found in

them at once the evidence of both spiritual and outward beauty. They would be related at all points to our intimations of divinity. But men are only related to the divine at particular points. Hence one possesses moral beauty, another intellectual, another physical, in all their different modifications, positions, and degrees.

The ideal—God; the generic—man; the essential—men in classes; the historic—action or character; the individual—partial or accidental qualities.

Men, when numerously and closely compacted together, growing in constant contact, are like a bed of turnips too thickly sown, where one prevents the growth of the other, and all are alike stunted. The largest growths will be found on the outskirts, where a seed has fallen on the rough mould separate from the rest.

Every man who lives in a principle, when he has the opportunity of enforcing it, becomes great.

Big square-headed men are those who care most for their own interests, which are generally of a selfish kind: when endowed intellectually, they are the great men in politics or other spheres of exertion which combine action and reflection. Men of smaller, or of prominent and sloping foreheads, have more passion and impulse: they are usually the *subjects* of a principle or of a passion. If the former, they may be poets or painters, or the victims of self-sacrifice in any great form: this is their selfishness. If they are the subjects of the latter, *i. e.*, passion and impulse, they form the dissipated classes. The square-headed men usually keep these tendencies in obedience to the laws of society, and manage to advance themselves, taking these laws as their standard. The one is the judging, the other is the intuitively perceiving head. So far my phrenology goes.

Why is wit mean? It is admired, and yet it is con-

sidered inferior. The witty man is not often able to think deeply. All this is the case, because wit is the contrary to *direct* thought. It consists in discovering resemblances, not in the ultimate meanings of things, but in their specialities or coverings, which are non-essentials. Wit is therefore very attractive to those who are blind to essentials, and by practice becomes their faculty. They are continually busying themselves about individualities and subordinate points. To the definition of wit, "That it is the finding of resemblances in things very different," might have been added, "dealing with inferior or subordinate meanings."

The history of mind is analagous to that of the natural world; it presents its chronological varieties or strata. It has undergone successive formations, violent displacements, and gradual changes.

Every species of fruit reared from seed changes its character in a degree: reared by slips, it presents exactly the same character as the original stock. This suggests an analogy to mental influence. One mind is produced from another, inoculated or grafted from it; hence are found followers in a given track, pursuing certain ideas and purposes to their furthest end; while the generation, from father to son, does not necessarily produce any similarity whatever in character and mind.

Every mind is a procession from some other mind or minds, but each succeeding mind attaches to itself a variety of qualities from foreign sources; and hence arises increase or advance, and new features of combination.

The philosophy of the present age endeavours to embrace the whole nature of man, to look down upon him, and to discern his relation to absolute being. The philosophy of the last age made man the centre, and saw but short way from the individual.

The outward world meets the inward by sight, sound, and touch; the inward meets the outward by speech and act. The mental world lies in the relations between the inner and outer, and bears two very opposite fruits—passion and intellectual sway. Passion belongs to the sensuous—intellect to God.

This assertion of the Godhead, or supreme truth, is carried forward by some men as the prime object of their being, sometimes even in a way that does not appear praiseworthy. Others acknowledge it only, and are unfit to assert it in the world; they feel its influence, and are often religious people in an obvious sense, looking to a future life as the substantiation of the good, and the reward of their faith in things difficult to believe.

The first thing the æsthetic critic has to do, is to ascertain from whence, and consequently with what aim, the work has been produced, whether from the intellectual, the moral, or the merely imitative faculty.

Is not the solution of that strange question, the freedom of the will, this, That man is partially free, different men being so in different degrees, and in relation to different spheres of being, action, or thought? Thus one man finds the strength of his personality above particular objective things. Another can assert his personality in the face of surrounding influences; while a third, although unable to do this, has more independent power in higher directions. Thus no man is free in relation to the absolute, of which every one is a portion; but he may be free, *or above* many manifestations of this absolute in other men, in the world or in himself.*

* In nearly all these maxims, &c., we have had to alter words and sentences to make their meaning clear. This one we have given as illustrating the character of the author, not for its truth, as the reader will see at once that it does not touch the question of freedom of the will, but relates to comparative strength

Philosophy compels itself to walk with crutches, when it makes the lamentable mistake of subordinating the mental, or deriving it from the senses. This is the constant error in discussions respecting the reality of ideas on the one hand, or of sensations on the other. One party may be found asserting, that the mental origins of the sentiments of justice, honesty, &c., are abstract ideas. Another party, feeling the sophistry of this, denies them altogether; yet these are positive to man, as much so as the ground beneath his feet, and the existence of the one is susceptible of just the same proof as the other. Man is "midway from nothing to the Deity." There is beyond him that which is superior, around him that which is akin and similar, and below him that which is inferior—dead matter. Philosophy is not to take up its abode in either of these directions exclusively. The activity of the whole being of man, through the reason, is required to apprehend or recognise each of these, and to unite them. Sophistry has arisen through the attempt to apply the laws of one portion of our nature to explain the entire nature.

The course through the stars.—It was night, and a new human soul was born. Gradually it comes out into consciousness through the struggling senses; through pain, and striving many ways, it feels the upward longing desire, as if it needed to find the sun, which seems to be reflected in its nature. It endeavours to find it out of that. Looking up into the firmament, through the night in which it was born, it sees the shining of many lights. To one of these it bends its course, reaches, and dwells in the new light for a time

of will. One of his Monograms of Man is directly opposed to the above in its meaning and inference; but, as he had great strength of will, he could not admit in words that he had no freedom. Nevertheless, it is clear that the mind operates in obedience to laws which transcend itself, and that any assertion of will is only the substitution of one necessary motive in place of another.

with happy experiences; for it has approached, but has not reached its sun. It obeys other desires, and flies to a further circle, colder than the last, yet it imagines it has found what it sought. Becomes aware that this is not the case, and hastens on to the bounds of the starry sphere, then hither and thither in search of the brightest, still unsatisfied. At last it sees the earth it has left below lying in the starlight, and returns; experiences the solidity and the earthiness, united with all good, which it has elsewhere met. And here it lives until the day breaks, and it dies away into the absorption of the mighty radiance.

"Victory, or Westminster Abbey," says Nelson; "Victory, or my brains scattered on the deck," says the sailor. Which of the two enters the battle with most calmness and courage? Which is the greater hero? The leader, the mover; the other is a passive agent; when his blood is mopped up from the deck, no one inquires to whom it belonged.

It is surprising that the actions of a boy-man, such for instance as Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, should have the importance attached to them that they frequently gain. Crude objects, pursued in a base manner, even because they are played on a wide theatre, instead of being done in an after-dinner fashion, assume the importance of history considered and discussed by all men. The subjects propounded at the table of Bonaparte, during the passage to Egypt, bespeak the state of mind of the principal and his colleagues—a state of mind we can only smile at, contented with vague solecisms and juvenile apings of intellect.

It is only in relation to a principle that actions become great, although they often are bold or striking. All young or useless acts, having no such relation, are boy's nonsense or mischief.

The desire to effect some objects, and to substantiate some conceptions, results partly from the indefiniteness of these in the mind, and the difficulty of effecting the end proposed.

To enable some men to be happy, all that may be wanted is the means of providing food and clothing; others require, in addition, the means of keeping their position; and others again demand the means of asserting it. With the deficiency of these, in either case, misery commences. There can scarcely be any measure of happiness or morality where there is a continual struggle in these respects.

How old are you? I am just the age of the gods. You do not understand me, I will explain myself. The Greeks, in their sculptures of heroes and demigods, represented them as not more than thirty years of age; and the same with the celestial gods, excepting the first triad. The mundane gods being of a more material nature, as Pan, Silenus, &c., are represented in middle life, or aged. Cupid is a boy. What may be inferred from this? That they considered man progressing *into* materiality, and at last, it may be said, dying into it, to be regenerated.

The history of the world always shews us one nation dominant over the others; not, of course, in general, as conqueror or ruler, but in superiority or influence of some kind or other, operating over all the others. One particular nation will be always found either as the head or centre of the civilization of the age.

Diseases may be divided into three classes, according to their originating causes:—1st. From derangement of the physical system through internal causes—stomach, blood, &c. 2d. From derangement of the system by external causes, also physical—as damp, heat, cold, wounds, &c. 3d. Super-physical causes operating on both the before men-

tioned sources of disease, proceeding from the diseased mind, acted upon by despair, anxiety, social anomalies, &c. The derangement operates on the nerves, and these again on the entire system. The diseases proceeding in this last manner puzzle medicine. The aim of medicine ought to be to reach the root of disease in each specific case, and adopt the treatment accordingly.

A man, though great and useful in a certain position of affairs at a certain time, may be altogether unfit to remain a continued leader. Oliver Cromwell, in relation to the mistakes of the Cavaliers and Charles I., was well fitted. For the period of his government, he was a great man—needed and proper. The necessities that brought him out being past, he, and all such as he, pass away, and we recur to a broader basis. Cromwell's style and policy only recognised one portion of the public mind of England. The same with Napoleon. But he failed from being in a measure false to the principles by which he rose. His sway was founded on a wider basis than the Protectorate of Cromwell, which lasted so short a time, and utterly disappeared.

Nations, like men, shew various predominating characteristics: One is characterized by falsehood, and perhaps show; another by artifice, and perhaps art; another by force; another by an excess of animal life; another by culture, religious or moral.

The mind seldom reaches what it seeks: it oftener finds an illusion in a worthless formal substitute—a seeming reality, but only a poor equivalent for its desires. Oh! longing after the undefinable—how is it ever to be gratified?

Polite men frequently take precedence of the intellectual, or of original-minded men, in point of success. Their manner is their genius. They sustain the very necessary conditions of society, and are rewarded accordingly. Their

province is to smooth the way of life, and, if not selfish, they do so. In a state of high civilization, where men are brought into constant intercourse on indifferent occasions, a mutual regard and common understanding is indispensable. And possibly the more this is under conventional forms the better. Politeness becomes the atmosphere of some men. They carry through the most trivial as well as the most important affairs in the same fashion.

Beware of the rejection of any exercise of our faculties or element of our being. Such must be an error. If rejected in its just use, some defect or imperfection must follow. Every exercise of our powers, physical or mental, has its right purpose; and all those systems which are founded in some view which demands the total negation of admitted elements, must be defective or wrong. Depend upon it, the world has not been altogether astray for thousands of years for your new discoverer to detect her at last. Synthesis will find her true and right, although the rejected element may have had some time an undue activity, or, at another, it has been cloaked and covered.

Every work or performance (of the voice in music for instance) may be considered in two ways. It may be considered by itself as an expression of nature, and as spiritually related; and comparatively, as it affects others by the compass and power displayed. A voice not high, gracious, or good, in its spiritual expression, may have great extent of capacity. This is the case in regard to the singing of Jenny Lind. Her voice has great modulation and compass, but it is not in itself gracious, or related to the transcendental good in nature. The lady who sang after her, a stouter, shorter woman, had a far more humanizing, heart-winning voice, without the same capacity.* It was moral or

* Was this Alboni?

loveable in its nature. Neither of them had an intellectual or grand character. Lind's voice belongs to the brilliant and capacious, having at the same time simplicity. Thus it has an advantage over most modern brilliant things in art or literature: they have capacity and brilliancy, but without simplicity. They end in artificiality, which she does not. But still, although her voice is pleasing, it is not that of a woman *in idea*—it is not either morally or sensuously loveable, still less is it seraphic. It is a rare thing, shewing great power highly cultivated; it possesses the qualities demanded by the present day—finish and extent.

Most men can act from personal motives, when they cannot or do not act from principles. That is more difficult; the relation between the principle and the action being obscure and uncertain. Is not this the cause of the backwardness of thinking men to action?

I.

I saw the Eternal seated on the Heaven,
All time surrounded him, and through all space
His arms extended, fates and souls and worlds
Were underneath his feet in order firm,
And throughout all the might of justice burned.

II.

The world rolled darkly on:
When I saw Life descending,—
I saw him rending
The breast of the deep.
In his mighty embrace
He strained the earth:—
It crumbled from its place
And Life remounted his high source of birth.

All the repose, as well as all the fruit of life, comes from participation—the flow of thought into thought, of act into

act. To be met, understood, known and trusted, loved and respected, is necessary. Without this participation, the spirit is bent down, or wandering outwards. It does not move simply erect, looking freely round and before. Without this it is not strong-willed, unless through ignorance, which always directs the gaze to one side, and makes the foot stumble—though many go on stumbling, and out-strip those who see better. All our efforts of introversion and self-analysis are seekings for participation in ourselves; and the return to intuitive impulsive strength is only its having been found. Many live from birth participating with others, and thus pass through life in comparative unconsciousness and happiness. Some never participate; they want the power entirely, and pass through life in a state of mental and moral slavery. Others feel its want, but cannot gain the power: they are constitutionally miserable. Hence the power of true, full, enlightened love, which is one great form in which this want is supplied.—(This maxim is dated October 1848, the last we find in his writing. The psychologist will see much in it to apply to the mind of the author. It seems as if his own life had been getting clearer to him at the time he was leaving it.)

PART IV.

LETTER XI. NOTICES OF PICTURES CONTINUED.

LETTER XII. "NOTES FOR MEMORY."

LETTER XIII. POETRY.

LETTER XIV. HIS WAY OF LIFE AT THE END.

LETTER XV. THE END.

LETTER II.

NOTICES OF PICTURES CONTINUED.

"It has been said, but let us repeat it: the proportion of will and power is not always reciprocal. A copious measure of will is sometimes assigned to ordinary and contracted minds; whilst the greatest faculties as frequently evaporate in indolence and languor. When will and power agree, then we find greatness."

Henry Fuseli.

Our former notices of David Scott's professional labours came down to 1841, and the pictures exhibited by him that year, which was, perhaps, the most eventful year in his life. In it he began his great picture of Vasco de Gama encountering the Spirit of the Cape, and arranged his works in his new studio. This was enough to distinguish the year as the most memorable in his later career; but another circumstance contributed to make it so. This circumstance it is not necessary to allude to here more particularly, nor indeed can it be further disclosed in this brief Memoir, except as it may be indicated by some poetical pieces to be given in a future letter.

In this year also he made the sketches of forty designs for the Pilgrim's Progress,* and painted the Duke of Glocester taken into the Water Gate of Calais, and other pictures—in themselves enough to distinguish an artist. Accordingly we find exhibited, in the following year 1842,

* This series of Illustrations will shortly be published by Messrs. A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh and London.

"The Duke of Glocester," "Silenus praising Wine," and "The Challenge."

The first of these pictures is one of the most striking of the painter's works, and also one of the most admired, and generally acknowledged as possessing extraordinary artistic power. It is, indeed, a remarkable tragic embodyment of an obscure historical record. The Duke of Glocester, brother of John of Gaunt, quits mysteriously the page of history. He was suddenly arrested by order of Richard the Second—a measure necessary for his own preservation—hurried on board a ship in the river, which conveyed him to the prison of Calais, where he disappeared. Let us extract a notice of this work from the *Observer* Newspaper of that year:—"There is a mystery and grandeur of effect in this picture irresistible—a moral dignity overawing the spectator. The calm, yet anxiously inquiring gaze of the doomed victim, seated near the stern of the small boat, behind whom, dark against the sky, cower the savage messengers of his fate: the gloomy portal, with its ponderous portcullis; the strange half satanic aspect of the stooping rower as he holds up his hampered oar, are all highly suggestive of the deed of darkness to which this passage forms the prelude. The artist has skilfully heightened the sensations of mysterious dread by the judicious management of the secondary parts of the picture. The introduction of a pair of brawny arms and hands, in violent action turning the fatal bolt, which will for ever separate the doomed Glocester from the world of light, contrasted with the spectral glide of the figure in armour of whom little is seen, carries the mind forward into a dread futurity of suspense;—all these give token of a work of deep study and creative power. * * * In this subject Mr. Scott has happily adopted a style of colouring more in accordance with every-

day nature than has hitherto been his wont, and, in consequence, we doubt not it will find favour in the eyes of many who judge of little else than the effect of colour; and to that extent he will have increased the circle of his admirers." This last sentence must refer to the moonlight effect, and the simplicity of light and shadow over the picture. The total absence of detail was far from likely to satisfy the admirer of imitative execution. This absence of detail however, it is, in a great measure, that gives the sentiment its force. Many remarks tending to elucidate this, as a principle in painting, will be found in his Journal and Notes. The treatment of the details in the "The Challenge," and in some of his other pictures, is still more remarkable in this respect. The execution of "The Challenge" is analogous to that of Turner in landscape. There is in both the same indistinctness and variety, the same massive execution without particularity of form. The principle worked out by Turner, which has given him the highest standing in the world of landscape, is undoubtedly the same as that here exemplified with consummate force and facility in history.

The variety of the details of landscape nature are always of a pleasing, and generally of a poetic kind; but still the mental image, the one sensation impressed upon the mind, is the great object of the artist. And this is what Turner effects; and, in this view, his detail is infinite—not by particularising objects and working them out individually, but by giving infinite variety of colour, infinite variety of effect and touch. And so it is in certain of David Scott's pictures, especially this called "The Challenge." "Pilgrim entertained in the Palace Beautiful," and "The Triumph of Love," may be also mentioned as instances—the last indeed is the greatest. If this treatment be admitted in

landscape, it is evidently much more appropriate in history, where the details of costume, &c., are often antagonistic to the historic expression. Any one who has seen the works of the French painters, must remember the distracting effect of the care and display in the dresses and accessories. So it is with one or more of our greatest English painters, and in the productions of nearly all our second rate artists. The novelty of this style of execution effectually prevented the picture being understood in the true light: it was a venture, and the principle we have pointed out was carried, perhaps, too far; but, doubtless, it is a most remarkable production.

The grand topic of 1842, in the artistic world, was the employment of painting in the New Houses of Parliament. Scott being one of the few artists in the country who had done any thing in fresco, looked forward to this with much interest. In February he published his pamphlet, entitled "British, French, and German Painting: being a reference to the grounds which render the proposed painting of the New Houses of Parliament important as a public measure."

In this pamphlet we find an able exposition of the characteristics and properties of the three schools, and a review of the English artists who have made the higher walks of art their study. The causes of the want of encouragement of our artists whose aims have been the highest, were partially pointed out—for unsupported they have all been; and even the designs of Flaxman, so much admired over all Europe, and published in Rome, were a dead stock in the London market for years. The truth is, that the sphere of the arts in England is social life, and it is well that such is the case. The painter must take with him the sympathies of the day; he must aid the gentler virtues. High art, like epic poetry, has embodied itself in certain ages of

the world, freely and with energy, but the English mind has never manifested itself in that form. Our artists must address both sexes. Of the various branches of painting among us, that of landscape is the most sought after. Somehow or other, landscape scenery is now considered the most poetic of all things, not only in painting but in verse-making. Portrait or animal painters can appropriate to themselves Iago's advice; and among those who aspire to depict human nature, they who limit themselves to familiar illustration are most successful. Very extraordinary are the limitations to be found among the latter; one book or two of a popular kind will be often found to constitute their library, and over these will their lives be spent. Whatever is intended to be popular, must be easily understood; and the constant reiteration of the same subject and class of subjects, insures that at least. Another result of popularity is, that prettiness is substituted for beauty and character. An amusing instance of this was related by an artist lately engaged on a series of Shakespere's female characters. On presenting his embodyment of Mrs. Page to the gentleman superintending the work, it was objected that the face was too old. "Why," said the artist, "as it is, I have made her very little older than her daughter." "But," said the other, "you must make her just as young and as handsome, if you can. We can put them at separate parts of the work. Who, do you think, will buy her, if she is not young and pretty?" A softening down of all peculiarity and emphasis has resulted from the exclusive desire to please, incompatible with great efforts, and that in the works of even our men of genius the first in rank. Wilkie, whose perception of character and power in depicting it has never been surpassed, in his later years, in pictures of a large size, studied even his male characters from female models. The hands of

Tippoo Saib dead in battle, are the hands of a woman—studied, as those will recollect who saw his sketches, from the female model; and even the head of Palafox defending Saragossa, if we are not mistaken, is studied from the female model so well known in his pictures. That Wilkie was not without his object in this is clear enough; but he did not work on this principle in any of his best pictures, either those done in his earlier or later time—the Rent Day or the Knox Administering the Sacrament.

These remarks may fitly introduce our notice of the next public appearance of David Scott—the exhibition of his large picture of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of India, passing the Cape of Good Hope, and there encountering the Spirit of the Storm. We have said it is well that social life should be the sphere of the arts in England. In France, historic painting on a large scale is publicly honoured, and that because of the military tendencies of the nation, luckily little favoured by us. But the grand exhibition of noble daring and endeavour will, we hope, never be foreign to the national feelings; and if those artists among us who have dedicated themselves to this high class of invention had possessed the power as well as the will, as Fuseli phrases it, the lofty historic walk of art would have been more respected among us. Fuseli, Barry, West, and Haydon, in the majority of their works, shew weakness that every tyro can detect.

The exhibition was opened in the Calton Hill Rooms in December. The artist had received assistance in the accomplishment of the long labour, by a friend becoming half-proprietor in the work, and participator in the results. That the exhibition should be successful was, therefore, most important to him, not only on his own account, but that the friend who embarked with him should not be a

loser. It was, however, a total failure; the loss being more than seventy pounds, and that although all means were taken to insure its success. The exhibition was open during two months; and although the number of visitors, in one day, rose to fifty-two, generally it was very small. The reason for this, it may be however acknowledged, was not only public apathy towards high art, but may be found, in some measure, in the subject. The name even of this Portuguese navigator, second only to Columbus in importance, is scarcely known in this country. A few readers of the history of discovery, and a few acquainted with Meikle's bad translation of "Camoëns," comprise all those who were likely to be interested in the subject for its own sake; and it is absolutely necessary to the popularity of any effort, that the public be prepared to receive it. Any one might have told him that, perhaps did tell him, if he confided his intention to friends; but the pictorial and poetic capability of the subject was great, and fitted to his powers—the only rule of choice for him. So this intense labour of nearly two years—one of the greatest works of modern art—recoiled upon its author with a sadly depressing effect.

The incident and mere body of this imperishable work, although taken from "Camoëns," is very freely altered to afford the pictorial elements required by the painter. The appearance of the terrible genius of the then solitary seas, is described by the poet as coming suddenly upon them in a cloud during prosperous weather; but on the canvass, Adamastor gathers himself up from the weltering waters over which he reigns, and rises gigantic above the surge. Ashy pale, his head bristling with hairs of withered red, this potent monster opposes the advancement of the gallant explorers with all his armoury of terror and of tempest in vain.

"In the picture it is a thick night-scene. The good

ship is caught and entangled in a wild chain of lightning dashed from the hand of the fiend, which not only furnishes the rapid light and shadow of the circle, but signifies the thunder-crash of the moment we are permitted to gaze upon the hero and his companions. And what a ship-board it displays! In the centre is rooted the figure of Gama, full in the blinding but momentary light, his right hand tightening the helmet upon his head, and shading his eyes, his left hand pressing his cross-hilted sword upon his faithful heart, his manly countenance full of concentrated purpose, his feet planted immoveably upon the reeling deck, and his whole frame and attitude expressive of the imperturbable trust and courage of genius and of virtue. He searches the thickest of the storm with his unquailing glance, and questions the disclosing lineaments of the apparition.

"The spirit is ahead of the labouring vessel—a vast, vague, half-visible and fearful colossus, conjured out of the palpable darkness of the distance.

"Such are the circumference and the middle of the work. It is in the antagonism of these principal elements, and in the equipoise of these opposing forces, that the painter has most signally displayed his poetical insight. Around and against the hero are arrayed the treacherous night, the lightning with its angry roar, the enraged billows, the demon of that lonely zone, the distracted ship and her self-abandoned or mutinous crew, and the impending ruin of the great undertaking for which he had prayed and toiled his whole life long; but he is steadfast, self-contained, and equal to them all. It is a heroic man filling his sphere, sufficient for his circumstances, and a match for fate. It is a universal text. It stands for Homer, St. Paul, Dante, Michael Angelo, Luther, Shakespere, Cromwell, Kepler, Luis de Camoëns, or for Scott himself, as truly as for De

Gama. Nor is any man alive who may not, or ought not, to see the express image of himself in this self-sufficing Vasco, with his faith in the cross, his confidence in himself, and his ready-handed use of means. This is one of the great and beautiful lessons of this noble epic.

"The various figures which crowd around the pillared hero of the scene, present the diverse effects of the same circumstances on a number of the different characters humanity takes on; and they help to insinuate the moral purpose of the artist more effectually into the heart and imagination of the docile spectator. The bitterness and cursing, even in the hour of trial, of the sensual mutineers, one of whom draws a dagger from behind his back; two pairs of mariners deriving a diminution of their courage from clinging to one another; the dependant but chivalrous audacity of a young nobleman drawing his sword against the immaterial, and a group of mailed knights bristling forward with their spears beyond the noble youth; an old pilot on all-fours at his captain's feet; an athletic soldier daring the demon with a cross held up before the mast; a monk paralyzed with horror; a Moor upbraiding him for the impotence of his creed; and a dog howling to the winds, are some of the features which are scattered with equal prodigality and skill between the hero and the surrounding night.

"The technical qualities of this grand work are very great. Not only is the drawing true, powerful, and expressive, but its vigour is supported by an equal strength and virility of touch. The colour is remarkable for its predominant unity of tone over the whole canvass; while it is clear, distinct, and satisfactory in the details. When you go near the painting, you are struck by the massive body of colour which has been used in the production of a surface so homogeneous. In addition to these things, and far above

them when intellectually considered, is that unity of character pervading the style of the whole multitude of figures, which gives a genuinely epic feeling to the work. It is our opinion, however, after years of acquaintance with it, that this crowning creation of the genius and industry of David Scott is more than epic; it is also a symbolical picture, representative of humanity in its august and perilous voyage. The painter worked at it under this idea also; and it is from such a point of view alone that all its significance can be drunk into."*

The failure attendant on the exhibition of Vasco de Gama deterred him from sending it elsewhere as he had intended, although letters from Dundee, and other towns, held out hopes to him in those quarters, and it stood in his studio as one of the sights to be there enjoyed by the visitors of his later years. Some parts he partially repainted, and very much harmonized and strengthened the effect, before its last appearance in this year's (1849) R. S. Academy,

* This excellent description of the picture is from the pen of Samuel Brown. In the illustrations to the "Ancient Mariner," the weird old man—

"Long, and lank, and brown, as is the ribb'd sea-sand,"

was made like the ruin of a Hercules. Here the frightful water-goul of Camoens was changed into a vast phantom of sulphurous storm clouds.• Such changes does the artist find necessary to unite the text and the picture in one common mental effect. The following is a literal translation of some of the verses of the "Luciad," Canto v., stanza 37, *et seq.*—

But now five suns had passed
Since we had left from thence, thus cutting
The seas never by others navigated,
Prosperously breathing the winds:
When one night unsuspecting
As we watched on the cleaving prow,
A cloud that the air obscured
Over our heads appears.

So awful it came, so surcharged,
It put in our hearts great fear,
Moaned the black sea with far-off roar
As if in vain against a rock.

"Oh, potentate sublime!" I said,
"What threat divine, what secret
Doth this clime and this sea present?
What wonder appears, what tempest?"

I had not finished, when a figure
Is shown in the air, robust and broad,
Of unshapely and greatest stature,
With visage heavy and squalid beard,
And eyes encased—menacing us—
Evil disposed—all earthy and pale,
Clotted the strange woolly hair,
Yellow teeth in the black gorge seen.

* * * * *

from which it has been taken finally to the Trinity House of Leith. Letters from the Brazilian Legation in London, and the British consul in Rio de Janeiro now lie before us regarding it. These missives are in consequence of an application made by some friends of the painter, and there is some probability that the picture might have made a voyage half as long as that of Gama himself, had not a public subscription for its purchase been carried out by some gentlemen of taste and spirit, as will be afterwards seen.

At this period he was occupied on "Richard III. receiving the children of Edward the Fourth from their mother," "The Four Great Masters, being Michael Angelo, Raffael, Titian, and Correggio," in separate pictures, but connected together as a series; and "The Belated Peasant," from Milton,

> ——————— Elves,
> Whose revels some belated peasant sees,
> Or dreams he sees.——

all of which appeared in the exhibition of 1843. They are among his best pictures. The character of Richard, the Shaksperean Richard, is unrivalled, both in expression of body, action of hands, and peculiarity of face. The visage is that of a cruel, strong, noble, cunning man at once, a mixed nature most difficult and masterly; while the dramatic moment of his grasping the children that stand between him and royalty, gives him the expression of atrocious joy. In execution this picture is altogether different from that of The Challenge, being strongly defined in all its parts, dark and firm. The Elves is similar to it in this respect, and the figures of the quaint lank fairy folk, apparently of the cavalier order of their society, are among the most vivid pieces of fancy he ever expressed. The great moon in yellow haze, serrated by the corn-heads, completes the scene. The treatment here, and in the Triumph of Love,

and other pictures of David Scott, puts us in mind of an anecdote, well told by one of the eminent artists now in the northern capital. The anecdote, as far as we can give it, is this: Turner was touching on one of his very extraordinary pictures on the walls of the Academy before the opening of an annual exhibition, just then Constable entered, stood looking at the magical, but strange surface, of Turner's landscape for a long time, and at last said to the master, that really he must tell him he had never seen anything resembling it in nature, when Turner replied, "Very likely you haven't, but don't you wish you could?" The Four Great Painters is also among the notable pictures of Scott. In depicting these he entered into their spirit, and the diverse positions of the illustrious artists admirably embody and signify the nature of the respective genius of each. Doubtless with these men art and life were one and the same thing, and the aspect of the man exhibited the animus of his work.

We have alluded to the Westminster Buildings about to employ the energies of English artists being the great topic of the day, and an object of hope and solicitude to David Scott. He had published his pamphlet, and now the time came when the decisions should be made by competition. For this competition he prepared two cartoons, but prepared them in his own way, and as if he had no one to please but himself. In vain a friend in London wrote him again and again, himself trying his fortune, and therefore informing himself of the requirements of the case, that care, precision, and correctness, technical qualites of design, and the prevailing taste in sentiment, would afford the criteria. His reply was, that all these qualities were very well for those who belonged to particular schools—that for his part he did not need to expend so much care over the preparation

for his work, and that the great thing was to give the idea in its full force—that this, from the first rough sketch to the last finished work, should be the great care of the artist. True enough, but this was little to the matter in hand. Here was a competition to ascertain, not only if there was genius to be found, but also if there was cultivated talent, and exact artistic knowledge, the judges being men whose tastes and education led them to view the decision almost entirely in regard to technical qualifications. Indeed no public competition can take place on any other basis, and the man who asserts his individuality, and claims to have formed his style—to have completed it with a view to his own intentions, and *only* in accordance with principles worked out by himself—must not submit himself to a tribunal whose decisions are made by rules mutually recognised and commonly understood. These few remarks will place his failure in the true point of view; many thought the worse of him for it, but a man of powers so original must stand alone. Some no doubt concluded, and that reasonably enough, that it was want of ability, or want of knowledge; but he had undoubtedly more than enough of both. What he required was conformity to a standard not his own, and that rather in execution than in anything else. The reason of his failure here was the reason of his failure in every other case, and none other. Strength of will, the source of determination, perseverance, and success—and wilfulness, the source of peculiarity, and in public life of failure, are twins—indeed, generally of the Siamese order, inseparable.

In setting about the drawings to be forwarded to the commission, his first idea was to do a series, which should carry forward in narrative and dramatic form the different steps and aspects of some great event in history, the last of

the series showing the grand conclusion and result. The labour attending the execution of such a series was Herculean; but no amount of *labour* ever seemed to incommode him. Never robust, but at this period strong, and possessed of great certainty of manipulation, he feared nothing.

The subject he proposed to treat in this manner was the History of the Spanish Armada; and four designs were sketched, the subjects being—The Merchants of London making preparations to oppose the Armada; Queen Elizabeth reviewing the Army; Drake on the Quarter-Deck; and the Sinking of a great Spanish Ship. Lord Meadowbank, whose assistance and consideration is amply evinced by letters on his affairs from time to time, appears to have been consulted on the subject, and the following reply may have had some effect in changing his mind on the matter:—

"My Dear Sir—I have been so constantly engaged in business that I had not a moment to devote to the consideration of the letter with which you favoured me. Those occupations still subsisting, and from other causes, I am quite unequal to making observations upon your statements; but I may generally state, that I rather think you are embarrassing yourself by mixing up the object of an epic poet with those of a painter in fresco. For it is totally out of the question, as it seems to me, for any mortal hand, while performing the operations of the latter, to accomplish what may be in contemplation of the same genius, and not unattainable, within reasonable compass, in the composition of an epic poem. It seemed to me that, by adopting the plan I took the liberty to suggest, while you might exhibit to a certain extent the powers of your mind to execute, were it practicable, a series of designs having those very objects in view which your letter makes it clear that you contemplate, you could prove your capacity to perform that which is

within the reach of human exertion—painting in fresco individual pictures powerfully; leaving the past and the historian to shew the progress of events. The multitude of circumstances necessary to express the history of a period is decidedly not within the scope of a painter; at the same time there are remarkable scenes in our history, leading to *one* great event, capable of making one or two interesting pictures. I fear all I have written is not much to the purpose; but I have been eight hours in Court, and have only been able to snatch a few minutes from reading my papers to acknowledge your letter.—In haste, yours faithfully, ALEX. MACONOCHIE."

The subjects ultimately fixed upon were one of the above mentioned scenes—that of Drake witnessing the Destruction of the Spanish Ships, and Wallace defending Scotland; the latter being a design done some years ago, which he was at that time painting on a larger scale than formerly. We find by his correspondence, that, even while making these preparations, he avowed his determination, should he be successful and appointed, he would only have undertaken the duties on condition of having an entire department under his own management. But he was not destined to have the chance of making any conditions—his cartoons meeting with no notice, nor his frescoes of a subsequent year.

On this remarkable exhibition, we find some judicious remarks from a friend in London, addressed to him on his return to Edinburgh from seeing the cartoons deposited in Westminster:—"My Dear Scott—I have been at the private view of the cartoons to-day, and have been much gratified indeed. A number of works have been produced, in which fine composition and treatment of subject, and fine drawing, are exhibited. A power, indeed, has been shewn in English

art that probably was not anticipated, and which hold out a certainty that, if this school is duly encouraged, great things will spring from it. The first prize has been gained by a pupil of Delaroche. This is remarkable, and it will assuredly be quoted as a triumph in France. There is much energy in the composition, and, whilst it contains many figures, there is no confusion. There is, however, a want of ideality in the forms; they are too literally like the models. The Fight of the Beacon is another—perhaps the best; and this seemed to be the general opinion. As a cartoon, it is equal to any I have seen in Germany. Caractacus, another prize, is very well, and shews much good knowledge, and also considerable *cribbing*. Una and the Satyrs, another, is very excellent in many respects: there is, I think, as much well chosen form in this as in any one. I should say the exhibition is excellent; but, while there are cartoons equal to any German works, there are many so incredibly bad—nay absurd—as to make one wonder there are beings found to exhibit such things. But the good ones make up for the bad. I must not omit Bell's—a capital cartoon. He has always some weak points to do mischief; but this design is by no ordinary man.

"I wish I could enter more particularly into the subject, but before doing so, I would require to go several times. I feel confused by all I have seen, and cannot make up my mind very well. I find some works exhibiting some originality; in others I am reminded of certain schools. In looking at Florentine or Roman pictures, or at those of any other locality, we see a certain direction of thought, fall into the current in a short time, and our feelings harmonise with those of the artists. But Westminster Hall offers a chaos of thought, exhibiting itself in such a variety of action, that no current can be fallen into. Every new cartoon gives

a new blow to the mind as we turn to it. We may look at one, and think with the artist; we turn to another, and must begin to think over again. Criticism is difficult under such circumstances. Thus I can't tell you what I think at present, nor write you any satisfactory account of the most interesting exhibition yet seen in this country.

"There is less of the frippery of English art than might have been expected. It does, however, peep out now and then, especially in the Boadicea, one of the prizes. As to manipulation, I feared that little knowledge would be shewn; but it is wonderful. I saw Mr. Joseph Hume; he said Sir Robert Peel had remarked to him—'Here the prizes have been carried off by men whose names we never heard of.' 'So much the better,' said Hume. He thinks we should frequently have such competitions. Very truly yours."

Here is another scrap of writing from the memoranda of an artist, himself concerned in the scene. Every thing connected with this competition is interesting, as it must always form an important point in the history of English art; therefore we give it:—"I went down with David Scott on the first day for receiving the works. There, in the great scaffolded hall, with the carpenters hammering and artists directing their workmen, every one full of his own affairs, his cartoons were standing ready to his hand. I felt certain in a moment their peculiarities would debar them. They were vast sketches, without mural or fresco adaptation; crowded with vigorous but slightly made-out figures. He had done them, as he will do every thing, purely in the manner suitable to evolve his own conception. Many competing works were very imperfect productions, applications of style imperfectly acquired or totally misunderstood. Others seemed to have been sent by people utterly ignorant, enthusiasts,

amateurs, or madmen, coming forward to 'assist' on the great occasion. All who recollect the exhibition need not be told that these were the exceptions. The majority shewed free thought and much talent; grandeur and mastery were indeed only found there to a limited extent—much study and care, with oftentimes strong feeling, stood in their place. The novelty of the method seemed little felt. It was a greater triumph than either artists or the public expected. On the second day I had my own to look after, but could not help forgetting my production for a moment, when a little man like a village schoolmaster, with an umbrella in his hand, and something like a quire of paper under his arm, came up to where I was working. Laying down his umbrella and taking off his hat, he began to unfold and spread out the quire of paper, which was indeed some thirty sheets or so pasted together. Two carpenters followed him with the materials for a stretching frame, and soon it was all tacked on. This drawing afterwards became well known to every one as a sort of lion for surpassing badness, although placed far up between the ribs of the roof. A line or two across the middle of the paper represented a table, on the other side of which was seated King John, with a crown on his head, ample as a lobster-trap, and a festoon over him bearing the word 'Runnimede' in legible characters—that being the best part of the work in its execution. As for the face of this doubtful king, it is needless to try to describe it. Innocent body! the author of this delectable work did not seem conscious of any absurdity either about himself or his work. Mr. Eastlake advanced to get the title: I was curious enough to observe him. At first he looked grave—on turning round, perhaps, there was the least smile in the world on his face—but when he accosted the author (I am doubtful whether to call him author or artist) no one could

have said he thought less of this than of any production in the hall. I recollect, after leaving the place on the first of the two reception days, we repaired to dine. David leaned his head upon his long white hands, and as he sat thus buried in thought before me, I speculated on his meditations. Had he any doubt of the appropriateness of execution or choice of subject he had made? To ask him were needless; he would disown the idea. His effects were black and rough —his drawing, vigorous and gigantic, was uncompleted— yet nobody knew better what was expected in a preparatory cartoon for fresco." * * * *

That this disappointment was not strongly felt by him, it is impossible to deny, and much more that of a year or two later, when fresco was the subject of competition. The two specimens he sent were much inferior to one carelessly painted on the wall of his own studio, now exposed to the open light of heaven on the part of the wall yet remaining. One of these specimens was very large, expensive in carriage, and rejected. The other has been frequently mentioned as of the highest excellence by some of the greatest of our artists, but no notice was taken of it, probably from the nature of the design, which was only a fraction of a larger one. Of indomitable courage, and pride commensurate with his power, he proceeded from this time in a track still further deviating from the beaten road, both in art and habits of living, working much alone.

This year, also, the office of master of the Antique, in the Academy of the Honourable Board of Trustees of Edinburgh, was vacated by Sir William Allan, and Mr. Duncan appointed his successor. David Scott was his competitor for the appointment. Mr. Duncan had been for some years

connected with one branch of the Trustees' Schools, and this gave him a legitimate advantage.

Here is the letter shewing the result of the matter :—

ROYAL INSTITUTION, EDINBURGH,
18*th July* 1844.

Sir—Having laid before the Honourable the Commissioners of the Board, when deliberating on the arrangements consequent on the retirement of Sir William Allan, yours of the 14th November, offering yourself as candidate for the chair in the Academy for the Antique, and the testimonials of your qualifications for that office, I have been instructed to acquaint you, that they have incorporated the chair of the class for drawing from the Antique with that for the theory and practice of Colour, and appointed Mr. Duncan, who filled the latter, to be head master or director over the whole establishment, with the assistance of Mr. W. Crawfurd and Mr. J. Ballantyne as preceptors under him.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, J. WILSON. *(for the Sec.)*

The arrangements here expressed were in consequence of a change of views regarding the direction of the schools of the Board; and it is questionable how far he could have been serviceable in carrying out the plans of others.

The man of a limited exact nature, who does nothing but what is required of him, is, in such situations, more efficient than a comprehensive, original, or penetrating mind—at least the fortunes of the masters of the English Schools of Design seem so to prove. Even respectable incapacity is successful before him. This last character is often, indeed, a very fortunate official functionary, where much business is not required, standing in need of pleasant patronage and assistance: he does nothing in opposition; and if it is absolutely necessary to lay him aside, perhaps it is done by promotion—a small situation at least can be additionally endowed for him!

To work with any one was difficult to David Scott; and, in an institution like that under the management of the Board, harmonious co-operation has been very necessary, and, we are told, highly successful.

Less than a year from the above date Duncan died. His death was an event deeply regretted, not only by artists, but by the public. Universally esteemed and acknowledged as an artist the most likely to sustain and extend the fame of the Edinburgh School of Painting, he died exactly at the time when his powers had attained their full vigour, and surmounted all external difficulties. David Scott again offered himself for the chair of the Antique, but the views of the Board to which we have alluded having been pushed still further, he was informed, that no new appointment was to be made, but that the office would be divided, by the promotion of the two senior masters. It has been necessary to give this detail, although not very interesting now. This Trustees' Academy had been for a century the college of art in the north. In the absence of native artists, or for the introduction of better methods, it was first under the direction of a Frenchman, De la Croix. When the appointment became vacant, at the time Runciman had returned from Italy, he was elected to the office. To him succeeded David Allan, under whom the studies pursued were more of a decorative than of a high art description, as the drawings of the father of David Scott, done there towards the close of the last century, now before us testify. They consist of ornaments, combined with figures, in French taste, animals' heads, and roughly drawn parts of the figure, such as are used to this day in the School of Design in Paris, under the direction of M. Belloc, so much valued and spoken of in the Committees of Inquiry, relative to our own greatly superior institution at Somerset House, and in the leading towns of

England. The fine arts in Scotland rose up and waxed strong —the Trustees' Academy became exclusively a school of the Antique. Now, however, that decorative art schools engage more public attention, or at least more of the attention of government, than their more aristocratic brothers of fine art, the governors of this institution have bent it back to what appears to have been its original occupation. At the time of its institution, and indeed until lately, however, there was abundant reason for the ornamental being its principal sphere, as no body of artists, or room for such, existed in Edinburgh.

1844. In this year the pictures exhibited by David Scott were, "Wallace, the Defender of Scotland," to which we have already alluded; "Sir Roger Kirkpatrick stabbing the Red Cummin in the Cloisters of the Greyfriars, Dumfries;" "The Baron in Peace;" and "May," from the Merchant's Tale in Chaucer. The first of these is by far the most notable, and possesses many of the best qualities of his best productions, some of them indeed in greater force than almost any other picture we recollect. The picture had been thoroughly studied by the sketch, or rather small picture of the subject which he now repainted, and by the cartoon. None of these pictures were sold.

1845. Two pictures were exhibited, "Christian listening to the Instructions of Piety, Charity, and Discretion;" and "The Dead rising at the Crucifixion," two of his most remarkable productions. In design and in execution both of these works abounded in his peculiarities, now confirmed. They are in all respects different from each other however, and it would be very difficult to say they were the work of the same hand, or had proceeded from the same mind. In the "Piety, Charity, and Discretion," the whole picture is made up of positive colour, there is scarcely any shadow; all is solidly painted but not detailed—both of which cha-

racteristics offended the critics. The method peculiar to the Scotch school of painters is considered in London to involve an inordinate use of glazing. If a picture makes its appearance in which the effect is produced by relays of thin transparent colour, with shadows of asphaltum, it is at once put down as a Scotch picture. This is not so much followed as it used to be, but any picture painted without much depth, is certain in Edinburgh to meet with condemnation. The greatest excellence of the picture under notice, is, however, independent of its execution, and lies in the heads of the three virtues represented. It has been said David Scott could not paint a beautiful face. Perhaps not, as those who make the remark interpret beauty; and two kinds of beauty he certainly could not. One of these is the faultless beauty of form, admirable as being the purest and most perfect development on given principles, as the antique in the grand and elevated, and Canova in the sweet and engaging aspects of female nature. The other is the beauty of refinement, of fine physical development under the culture of modern manners; and this seems to be *the* beauty demanded. Every face he ever painted is soul-informed, and the beauty resulting from the soul shining through the countenance was within his range. These three virtues have an ineffable sweetness, and the elevation of truth above timidity, or modesty, or any shade of perishable passion. In the "Dead Rising" the figures are larger than life. It is a revelation of the supernatural in nature. It is abhorrent to the artistic conventional ideal of Christian sentiment—it is to be looked upon once with awe and wonder, not to be imitated, not be spoken lightly of. Behold, is it not possible that the dead should wake? The earth breaks, the lids of the sarcophagi lift themselves, and the faces of the dead are below them, with open eyes for a moment,

dead and yet living. Respect the man that painted that picture. Had there been any attempt, or any tendency to shock or horrify, we might say, turn its face to the wall; but no, it is altogether another thing. Lovers of the domestic, of the pastoral, of the delicate, even of the beautiful and the dramatic in art, we pray you say nothing against it; for the things you admire all men admire, and thirst after. But beyond life there is death, and beyond day there is night and the infinite, within us indeed, and waiting for us. When the writer of these pages first saw this picture, he spoke to the painter sternly against it; such a treatment did not seem warranted—all ought to have been elevated beyond nature—nor likely to be powerfully realized, without some dangerous effect on the mind of the artist himself; and the intention of sending such a picture to a public exhibition, among smiling portraits, was quite absurd. The painter answered sternly; and, perhaps, he was right both to paint and exhibit it, God knows.

1846. His labours brought before the public this year were—Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades; Dante and Beatrice; Fragment from the 'Fall of the Giants; Rhea bewailing the Overthrow of her Titan Sons; and a small but excellent picture of the Ascension. In the first of these he again took his place in the walk of history, and many of his friends congratulated him thereon. This was the last picture in this department he painted, and in all mechanical qualities the best. Here, again, the power of throwing himself into the epoch of his subject, is productive of marvellous effect. Thoroughly and wonderfully does he realize the scene. The mixture of romance and coarse reality elevates the work altogether out of the sphere of the mere novel writer into that of the historian of manners. Peter himself is eminently true and dramatic: Emaciated and

haggard from penance and pilgrimage; wild as a wolf; inspired with the one idea of revenging Christendom on the Infidel—he holds in his right hand the cross and the palm of martyrdom together. In an age of faith without reason, and adventure without forethought—such is the effective preacher. After five hundred years of change and completion, history diverges into the poetic in our conceptions of men and things. The imagination of the young fancies to itself every great mover in history to have been a god-like man; but Shakspere shews us Cæsar and Brutus otherwise. In the first centuries of Christianity, we are accustomed to regard the church through the red glare of persecution, and every Roman Christian as a heroic sufferer. But no such thing appears on the innumerable inscriptions in the catacombs, or very few. On the contrary, the love-feasts appear as joyous occasions, and the cup carved on the tombs has quite another meaning from that of martyrdom.

The heart beats the same in all times; the manners—the embodyment of social humanity—being only different. The old enthusiastic widow presses her reluctant son into the service of the Cross; he has got his book, and would far rather be a scribe. The warrior and the bearer of the papal banner; the mace-armed retainer bowed down on the steps; the old harper, and the queer young apothecary, of whom incredulity—except perhaps in the matter of the philosopher's stone—has already taken possession, are all powerfully described.

1847. One picture only appears in the Royal Scottish Academy catalogue of this year, and a small fresco formerly exhibited in London. This picture is the Triumph of Love. We have mentioned the execution of this work in connection with "The Challenge." It is a marvellous piece of colour. Altogether conventional in style, it is profoundly

thought; the colour itself is a gorgeous web of fancy. None of his pictures are truly rich and surprising in colour but this, and the Peter the Hermit in a lesser degree, as befitting the subject; also Time and Love, and some few other pictures, might be mentioned as secondary instances. David Scott's theory on the subject of colour has been frequently discussed; and many would have it that he despised colour as a means of art. There cannot be a greater mistake; and his theory, if it be one, may be expressed in very few words, at least as far as a general announcement goes. Colour, then, he considered subject exactly to the same law that regulates the other elements of a picture; namely, design, disposition of drapery, chiaro-scuro, &c. Colour, in his opinion, was as strong a means of impressing the sentiment as any other at the command of the painter. It was not to be considered merely as addressed to the eye to afford pleasure. In a severe subject the colour was to be severe; in a historic subject, treated with greater or less brilliancy or sombreness, as the nature of the incident was joyful or the reverse. Such a subject as the Dead rising at the Crucifixion, in this view, would have little or no bright colour; all colour belonging to light and life—the ghostly supernatural scarcely admitting colour. This is simple enough, and, it is to be hoped, is generally easy of comprehension; but it will be found in these later days, and ever since Rubens particularly, this has not been recognised in practice. People constantly criticise the colour of a picture, as if it were at the option of the artist, quite independently of the idea or sentiment of the work. Artists, on the other hand, are to be found—they do generally, indeed—who view this portion of the picture as the pleasing portion, on which to expend their seductive powers.

To carry the subject one step further, we must admit conventions in colour as well as every other branch of treat-

ment, and in relation to some subjects much more so, colour being the most intellectually limited of all the elements of a picture. His execution, also, was considered the result of some theory. Its peculiarity was firmness, body of colour, and consequent opacity. We say consequent opacity; but that consequence is not the necessary result of painting with a thick body of colour, although very likely to ensue—and in many of his pictures it did so—*to their disadvantage*. Nearly all the masters, earlier and later, are more or less opaque to our notions; so fond are we of repeated applications of thin colour, that even the deposit left by dust and varnish is considered more valuable than the master's touch, as was evinced by the outcry against cleaning in the National Gallery. It appears to us that he had nearly as much knowledge and power in colour and execution, as in drawing and design.

The invention and imagination in this picture of the "Triumph of Love," is also of the very highest order. This is a poor phrase; it is analogous for variety, richness, and fulness of thought and fancy, to the finest passages in Spencer; it has vigour and penetration greater than that of the poet, and quaintness as strange. This quaintness, indeed, stood dreadfully in the way of the public. Few could make any thing of it at all. In old poetry we look for it, and are delighted with it—in modern pictures it is never seen; and where it is faintly hinted at, it is only as a comic feature. So new and strange was this quaintness to the public, that no one ever hit upon a name for it. It was seen quickly enough in his designs, but it only puzzled the critics—they could not make it out at all; and some of the draperies in the picture we speak of are the most absurd and arbitrary ever invented. The only time we have seen it noticed, was in a very intelligent notice of the exhibition

of his works consequent on his death, in the North British Mail. Here the writer says, that David Scott's love of the *quaint* marred the expression he arrived at. Perhaps it did not mar the expression, but *the beauty of the expression?*

In the "Triumph of Love," some of the figures are more than quaint—they are grotesque in the extreme—and these, unfortunately, are female figures. Now love very seldom causes women to play such excessive antics as men are guilty of under its influence: it is too serious, and less passionate with them. This picture—perhaps on account of these portions of it—was received with great derision, which may have originated some sentences written on the back of it in pencil. "Beware! View nothing abstractly or directly, so as to shew that your mind is independent of common rules. If you do, you will be punished, denied, feared: you will be looked upon with jealousy; or as dangerous. If you wish to be popular, to be a favourite, view things in the light in which they are seen by the majority, with the eyes of other men, and work in accepted modes. Eat, drink, and sleep, and whatsoever ye do, not according to an absolute or essential standard, but according to fashion and contingence."

During these years he did a number of small sketches, designs, and portraits. These it is not necessary to particularise. One professional adventure we must mention, however unwillingly. This was his entering into the competition for a large premium offered by some gentlemen of the Baptist persuasion. The subject for competition was the Baptism of Christ by immersion, according to the forms of the sect, to be painted on a large scale. David Scott's father, it will be recollected, belonged to this denomination of religious professors, and had himself often thought of propagating his creed by an engraving of this nature, and

for this purpose had procured a drawing, which is still extant. David Scott, in communicating to his brother his determination to execute a picture for the scheme, alludes to this ancient idea of his father, and says, "who knows but the Baptist church, productive of so much mixed good and bad in my life, may yet be the appointed means for restoring my falling fortunes?" On such a slender basis, and finding every thing else fail him, he toiled over the great canvass, and produced a picture very fine only in parts. Undertaken in the way it was, with his temperament and genius, it could not be otherwise.

The result is well known. The works with which he found his own associated, the manœuvres of the competitors, the nature and style of the whole affair in its full development, struck him with horror, and humbled his head, proud as it was, and now beginning to be struck by nervous disease to the very dust. One who works by rule, and without any feeling at all, but can do in an equally unobjectionable way, by the square foot, whatever comes to hand, is the man for a competition of this kind; or, rare alternative! the man of genius who is equally ductile and powerful. The artist whose meritorious picture was rewarded, was so ignorant of the intention of the competition, as exhibiting the primitive ordinance of baptism by immersion, that his picture made its appearance with the cup of water held over our Saviour's head by John the Baptiser, as in the ordinary representations of the subject! The cup was easily blotted out, however, and the hand being altered, the figure did just as well to express John imploring a blessing before the act. About this, his greatest professional mistake, it is not necessary to say more.

Before closing this letter, we may introduce some mention of his business avocations. In the affairs of the Royal

Scottish Academy he had for many years made himself useful, supporting that great body of artists, and efficient representative of Scottish art, in their claims to national and local support. Even with a list of members approaching in talent and influence to that of the Royal Academy of London, with Sir William Allan in its presidency, and a secretary efficient in his business capacity as he is notable in landscape painting, the Academy had much need of vigilant aid from David Scott, or any other of its members. We may allude particularly to his letter to the Lord Advocate of Scotland on the discussion between the Academy and the other chartered bodies in Scotland, incorporated for the support of the fine arts. Regarding these disputes, the present writer is not sufficiently informed to speak; but that the Academy has been and must be successful, the general history of the matters in debate has proved.

That this kind of interference and influence was not unpleasant to David Scott, is true, and that in other matters wherein he was not called upon to arbitrate. Granted that he was ever conscientious, and a hater of all lubricity in matters of fact in others, he was, on the other hand, perfectly arbitrary in his own affairs, and did not confine himself to these in his correspondence and decisions. Never, however, did he lose the respect of others, although often their assistance. Thus the influential body in the purchase of pictures in Edinburgh, who efficiently aided him up to 1843, ceased from that time forth. Whether we have rightfully or wrongfully here connected cause with effect, we know that continued friendship with him began to be accounted difficult. Among his papers and letters, moreover, there are numerous evidences of his having voluntarily taken up public questions, and thrust his oar into troubled waters. He always did so with penetration, it is true;

sometimes strangely so, as might be expected from a truthful man of large acquirements viewing the matters in debate from a distant and extreme point. He was like a Dominican stepping from his cell into a masquerade, and forcing the masques to swear on their oath that they were truly enjoying themselves.

LETTER XII.

"NOTES FOR MEMORY"—1844–8.

THE following extracts from an MS. book, beginning with the date 22d September 1844, and headed "Notes for Memory," are highly interesting, written down, as they have been, to preserve passing thoughts, feelings, and conversations. Life was grave, even awful, to him now.

Morning a bright Sunday—calm within and without. Of late, more than in all my previous life, I have been conscious of repose and consolidation of thought. At first there was a long struggle in darkness; then a growing out into dimness; and now into the light, but with the same purposes as ever. These were before felt: now they are reached by my understanding. A dreadful state is that of doubt conflicting with faith in the intuitions; the conflict aided by all the divergences that outward life, in its many shapes, presents. Am I deceived in this calm—do I flatter myself in a delusion?

The nobility of tragedy results from the idea of sacrifice; the suffering unto death in the cause of high motive, either in the intellectual or moral man. It is, in its true sense,

man dying for principles, and action proceeding from a principle is the highest kind of action. Hence arises the improvement to the mind in beholding tragic suffering in its right sphere, which is greatly different from tragedy founded on mere retributive justice, as Macbeth for instance. Many of our English plays, Lillo's and others, leave a heavy and useless impression; suffering in them is unsupported by elevated relations. This kind of writing, however, especially in connection with the common circumstances of social life, makes forcible work of a kind. Such is Lockhart's Adam Blair. Some may say, what has Romeo and Juliet, for example, to do with this elevated struggle? It pictures loving truth, risking all, and dying in faithfulness! Love is the most powerful moral sentiment. Thus it is the foundation of so many tragedies. The moral is the proper field for the tragic, in distinction from the epic or lyric. In Æschylus, and some other ancient instances, the intellectual has been the basis of the drama; but its true sphere is in the moral nature. The epic, on the other hand, is more abstract, and belongs to the genus man.

What is age? Not altogether years; although betwixt one individual and another that is the scale of measurement. Otherwise it is only partially definable to others. We form the best idea of a man's age by his disposition, capacity, &c. It is not possible to fix the impression by knowing the number of his years. The highest point of completeness of any one, is his midway. But some take longer to grow, physically and mentally; others longer to decay. From the highest attainment, which is to true fruit, proceeds the contrary process towards extinction. Some vegetate here for a long time, but their meaning in the world has departed.—This is not life.

The meaning attached to art is differently understood

now from what it was some very short time ago. There are now frequent indications of this extending itself in proper directions. My papers were the first of their kind in the periodicals. Since then, art in its intellectual relations is a frequent subject. An article in the Westminster Review is certainly a descendant from mine, although it was written by an Italian in England.

20th October. Painting the Dead rising at the Crucifixion, and a portrait of Samuel Brown. Have read the "preludium" to a work he proposes, of great power and scope. Walking with him from Musselburgh, I stated my notion that man had not proceeded from a single individual pair, but had become an idea known to himself as one of a race and multitude; and that nothing anterior can be known. This perception being changeable in its features, man or a race of men may again cease to be known to themselves, or become extinct, while other consciousnesses may rise into view. Brown asked, if man were a clothing animal? Undoubtedly. "Why?" "Because clothes supply an imperfection in the outward nature." "How—individual or of the species?" "Of the species, and consequently of the individual; of all beings in *nature* remote from the final idea or type, yet aspiring to it." He then asked, if the Apollo was ultimate? Yes, of a kind. "The Hercules?" Yes, of a kind. There can be no invariable standard of form *in connection with character.* Proportion is, in a certain sense, all form; and to apply the proportion of the Apollo to the Hercules would destroy all character. Almost every figure of the antique is of a different proportion. I recollect the young Monro's opening lecture in the anatomical class was perceptive in this matter: unpretending, elegant, and generally truthful.

I used to hesitate about making people act as domestic

servants, or in any inferior or servile offices, or even as ordinary tradesmen. Some are fitted by nature for nothing else; others by circumstances. Also, it is by means of this help that those who should devote themselves to mental work are enabled to do so; and thus every one in the community in some measure promotes an abstract end, although it be only by saving the intellectual labourer a minute or two, or a distraction of trifling importance.

Duelling. The best argument in defence of it is, that it is the strongest assertion a man can make of the truth, that he stands by it to the death; in modern manners, also, it asserts the value of the amenities of society. To go to the duel is the only service some men can render to society, to offer themselves as victims, or endangered assertors of a truth, although often a mistaken one.'

February 1845. Interruption and change. Death has been with us. My old, simple, sincere, child-like uncle, has passed away: a good true nature, in a limited circle. To him a dog or a pigeon—any breathing animal—had the largest interest, and was the best of companions. A man with no pride in himself, but such as would resent a decided wrong; seeking nothing, but passing life with vast contentment; not seeing many great things, but enjoying many small things. His large dark eye was dim for a few days; and then he died, saying he was very well. A peaceful memory is his!

Basis of a Theory of Beauty.—Beauty is not dependant on any combination of sensuous qualities, as Burke attempts to say: nor is it dependant on association with other perceptions or sensations: it is by itself and ultimate.—See D. R. Hay's well-studied books, assigning a geometrical basis to beautiful form. It may terminate in itself, and

has no necessary connection with other qualities, mental or corporeal. In a super-human existence, we must imagine it always present. The subject is often confounded with fashions, conventions, or passions, operating to modify our perceptions of beauty. Another confusion of tongues on the subject has resulted from the so-called difference of opinion of different nations on this head. But there is, in reality, no such difference of opinion, except in the degree of perception or in the grounds of decision. A negro may think a white man the handsomest, but, without experience, cannot decide between different specimens; nay, suppose he thinks the black the handsomest, he still gives his preference to a quality similar *in its nature* to that which guides the decisions of the white. Beauty of form is founded, in all instances, on one and the same perception: all manner of forms may be exemplified as various degrees of it. Beauty of colour is again founded, in all cases, on the same perception, but all the colours may be given as different degrees. In form and colour, however, there is a *highest*, and here lies the transcendental root of the matter. This highest is purely elemental and abstract—the most *primitive* sensations in both resulting from lines and the several colours, without relation to combination in things. The human form is the highest combination. We can easily refer the feeling produced in us by it to certain properties, but the reason of this feeling is beyond the understanding.

Oh, hopeless, and yet hopeful, these years have been. Months must yet grow upon months before there arises the chance of my expectations being realised—before any elevation of the shroud which now, for four years, has wrapped a beloved vision, can be looked for. A wretched fate is mine. Days all dim: nights only quiet in sleep. No faith,

no joy, all torpor and unrepose. No good to meet, nor good to do.

June 1st. A joy visited me one day, and in the next unaccountable darkness. When is this perplexing net to resolve itself into a strengthening mantle? Are these perplexities to result in a greater confirmation and support of the true in my efforts; or must I break through and leave them, associated as they have been with years of my life? Trust troubled with doubt!

Read lately the essays of Emerson—a worthy thinker. The other day mentioned him to Professor Wilson, who proposed to read him, and said he fancied he was both better and worse than Carlyle—higher and lower. Speaking of the French revolution, brought Carlyle up again. The professor objected to his incessant fault-finding with the appearances of men, even on their way to the guillotine. If one joked and was indifferent, or another was pale and his lip quivered, both alike met the sarcastic criticism. "I wonder," said he, "how Carlyle would look himself, roused of a morning, and no time allowed for shaving, put into a tumbril with five-and-twenty others, in the way of the wind, would he not look pale? I fancy he would afford a pretty remarkable description? They were all so young too." He had cut his foot wading while fishing, and is a water drinker. Long may he drink it and wade in it. The best moral philosophy is in the generous breath of his nostrils, in the beaming of his bright eye, in his ready word, and in his streaming hair.

In Emerson I find many things that meet conclusions formed, and feelings experienced by myself. He is a less sectarian and more unfettered doctrinist than I have yet met. As yet, however, I have not arrived at the basis (if he has indeed defined such) of the superstructure of his mind.

Painting portrait of Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Peter the Hermit is well advanced. Sketch of the Countess de Montfort claiming protection for her son, commenced. Still tortured by this nervous affection or weakness of the neck. My services are rejected in the affair of the Trustees' Academy. Old promises have been broken here, but the whole matter has passed very much out of my mind. I have sent the book to ———, and am satisfied in doing so.

Made a discovery. There is a species of interchange between animal and vegetable nature that makes it impossible to divide them as we try to do. The insects that live on vegetables partake of their nature. Vegetable becomes animal matter in decay, and constantly. Man is the maggot, not of a rose-stalk, but of a country, or rather a country is the rose-stalk of the maggot man, who is always vegetating in hair, skin, nails. Decayed animal matter is the strongest support to vegetable life.

Coleridge constantly refers to principles, and intends, in certain instances, to state them, but does not. His final principles are nowhere apparent. I question if they had ever been resolved in his own mind. They did "not come into a full circle," and that was the cause of his partial and uncertain efforts. He saw into far-stretching avenues, but he could not go into them. He asserted certain religious doctrines which he could not evolve in connection with his whole philosophy, without which they were useless. This has been always the difficulty, and has driven men into terms, and dogmas, where they cease from inquiry. But all systems of religion and philosophy, when not pursued into *forms*, but only so far as they are *vital*, are a part of the true *whole*. No man presents this whole.

We moderns cannot properly pursue the arguments of the philosophy of the Greeks. Their terms, and the rela-

tion of those terms to life, have become obsolete to us, or transposed, or worse—we attach our own, although a different, meaning to them. If Plato ever presented an intelligible and complete system, it is lost to us. Aristotle is still darker, and again the lesser philosophers. Had their systems possessed great virtue, this would not have been so much felt. But man, when he attempts to grasp the whole, the visible and invisible, the God with his manifestations, fails to reach and unite; the nexus is wanting, and at one end or other of the chain, or in the middle, he becomes blind, partial, wrong, absurd, useless.

September. Peter the Hermit progressing. Have written letter to the Lord Advocate on the discussion between the Academy and the Royal Institution. Felt called upon to do this in defence of art in the country in general, as well as in the particular matter in hand.

Strongly persuaded that the immediate contact of the human body with the natural substances about us must be influential in preserving it in a just and healthy state. The contact of the naked feet with the earth, for instance. The beneficial effect of exercise may result from the increased rapidity of respiration—the inhaling of an extraordinary quantity of air in a pure state. If the attention be concentrated on any subject of study, it represses the operation of the lungs; but the lungs should be fully inflated every inspiration. The application of water to the body, too, is important. After being wet in a shower of rain, we feel a certain sharpness of the senses very remarkable.

Standing in the sun (not after exercise), and placing a sheet of white paper so that the shadow of the person so standing may fall upon it, a vaporous exhalation may be seen. It cannot be seen from the body itself, but its shadow may be seen on the paper.

A year has passed since I closed this book. I now open it to mark the change that has come over me. The intervening time has added mental strength, but not vividly experienced. Upon the whole, I have reason to rejoice that the Benevolent Power takes me nearer to himself, by harmonizing my nature. This added harmony originated in the darkness of a great desire and hope, which has in some measure brightened, and there I am happier. It also originated along with a strange symptom of disease, this nervous affection of the neck, which the past year has rather diminished.

Commence, or rather review with a more distinct aim, my long contemplated poem of "Late Times and British Efforts." Feel more and more how few the things are that are truly worth effecting in life. To act, or to write especially, is one, if it be to illustrate a great end. I feel more enthusiasm in this proposed work than in aught I have lately been engaged in. If I can effect my idea with any success, it will be a mighty advance on any thing I have done.

Picture of Peter the Hermit still progressing. Have received replies from Lord Melville and the Duke of Buccleuch to my pamphlet. Lord Melville is clear the Academy must go to the wall. We shall see. A meeting of the Trustees has been held, and they are nearly unanimous in favour of the Academy. I have had a letter from Dr. ——, proposing to form a society for literary communion. Cannot join, lest it might interrupt my own proposed literary labours. I am now also more desirous to put into form the conclusions at which I have already arrived.

May 1846. A strange passage of time to me since last I wrote here: tearing down, disturbing, and exhausting; yet I am confirmed and strengthened. In one vital desire

of my life all expectation is now baffled. Professional success, too, appears further from me than ever. Repose in mind, nevertheless; but the body is affected. Much disappointment I have lately experienced, and some satisfactions, and much worthy sorrow, in which I at the end rejoice.

To-day conclude re-writing the first book of my poem, "British Deed; or, Trafalgar." Nearly two books are now composed. I am now painting the Triumph of Love. It must be a gay, brilliant, poetic picture, or none at all. William sent me his poem, "The Year of the World," about to be published—the cope-stone of all the perfectionary allegories that have been done.

William has been here. Much thought and something said. Visits from two old acquaintances, but both appeared dimmer and less alert than they used to do. Samuel Brown has returned to Edinburgh, which is a satisfaction.

Through the winter various meetings, not without their present pleasure. No money got from my exertions—a shortcoming in pecuniary matters. Commenced large picture, for the parliamentary competition, of the Countess of Montfort, but have determined to relinquish it for the Baptism.

Sunday, 14th June. Have read 100 pages of "Festus," by Bailey. Had no idea that a man of such poetic power was at this moment in existence in London. His power in the use of simile is very large. His comparisons, however, are not great in solemnity and strength, but they are lavish and well used. His thought is wonderful for so young a man (?) although it is in a degree going again over old ground. When S—— B—— brought the book, I was incredulous about it. There are some phrases and modes of expression which attract me by their resemblance to my

own. He calls "America half brother of the world." Speaking of America in my poem, I call it "broad-breasted demi-world." I find coincidences of resemblance, also, in "The Excursion," induced by similar tracts of thinking. Mr. Dunlop has been several times here. Had he the power of Buccleuch, how the world would wonder and reverence him. Propose going with him to Arran and other places.

On my return retouch some past pictures, and advance a little with others. Feel somewhat relieved in health, but I see slowly rolling away from me the sunny high-piled clouds with their electric fire. Month after month passes away in grey confusion. The "Triumph of Love" is now finished, and off to the exhibition.

It is now two years and a half since I began to write in this book. I then recorded an advance into calmness of mind, and a higher state of consciousness. Has that state been maintained? As a whole, certainly; and now I feel it in daily life. Still I am deeply troubled in health. All my irritability has, I believe, centered in the strange spasm that bends my neck. Is it to be the last of the phases of excitability by which I have been so often enslaved—the last of a series of nervous pests that have always domineered over me? For I yet hope to overcome it.

I now enjoy Brown's society much. Mrs. Crowe admires the intellectual in his portrait. I have had, nearly all about the same time, visits from De Quincey; Miss Fuller, the American authoress; Marston, the author of the Patrician's daughter; Smith, the translator of Fichte's Scholar; Dessecret, who has a new theory to propound in relation to

spirit. The Academy refuse to exhibit Vasco de Gama, on the ground of its having been exhibited before. How many times the law that precludes pictures previously exhibited has been broken; but in this case they enforce it. So be it.

1847, June. Fixed and immovable now in mood of mind. Writing poem of Trafalgar. Hard I write, and hard I feel. Wonder at the trouble I took to record some of my former memoranda, in respect to things now to me lifeless dry bones or dissipated mists.

July. Memorable to me is this past month—memorable, but not to be recorded. The vision is gone, dispelled utterly. Why was it ever formed? Memory and hope can ye answer. Time must yet smooth it all out, and show me a holier trust.

Again, in regard to my works, suffer defeat—no reward, great loss. And my brother too, why can he not do what I want?

Portrait of Emerson nearly done during his stay here. My first impression of him was not what I expected it would have been. His appearance is severe, and dry, and hard. But, although he is guarded, and somewhat cold at times, intercourse shews him to be elevated, simple, kind, and truthful.

March 1848. Rain and chill—much troubled health—fettered means. Working on pictures, "Hope passing over the Sky of Adversity." Hope is the gracious angel that abides with us last. "Marius and the Executioner;" "Queen Mary on the Scaffold" also; and retouching finally "Time surprising Love," and "Children following Fortune." Months ago completed the fourth book of "Trafalgar," and offered it to some publishers.

The idea of going abroad is forced upon me. Must I, to endeavour to gain a living, break up and destroy years of

long labour? Am I to go out upon the world, and give my time up to things totally away from all the bearing of my efforts, and the endeavours of my life? Lose all my hopes, position, friends? I act struggling against the thought; it is sore to think of, and much denied by my wishes and feelings; yet, what is to be done?

* * * * *

LETTER XIII.

POETRY.

Towards me across the stream she bent her eyes,
Though from her brow the veil descending, bound
With foliage of Minerva, suffered not
That I beheld her clearly; then with act
Full royal, still insulting o'er her thrall,
Added as one, who speaking, keepeth back
The bitterest saying to conclude the speech:
Observe me well, I am in sooth, I am
Beatrice. What, and hast thou deigned at last
To seek the mountain? Knowest not O man,
Thy happiness is here.

Dante.

THE reader will now begin to see the commencement of the end. We do not mean to enter into any analysis of the character or condition of this man, passing through the time to which these notes refer. If the light they afford is not sufficient for that end, we must put up with the imputation of withholding assistance where it is wanted. One or two points may be mentioned: The Athenæum, lately speaking of poetry, said very well, if Milton himself were to walk down the Row with Paradise Lost in his hand, he would not even get the ten pounds for it; and the Athenæum sometimes illustrates the truth of the remark by their own treatment of the muses. David Scott positively sent an epic poem to the booksellers, and expected them to take it, as if it had been as valuable as a railway guide, another history of the French Revolution, or a coloured book of natural history. If any one had shown him the true state of the

case, and how utterly mad the tradesman must think any man expecting money for an epic poem, he would have replied, that such a state of things should not be, that true poetry was of the highest worth, and (confident in his own) he would act as if it were so.

In several of these notes the reader will see references to some profound affection of long standing, deep as life in his heart. The attention is directed to these references merely to introduce his fugitive poetry, much of which refers to the same subject. Once only we have heard him reveal himself regarding it, and never had we seen him so overcome. He and the writer were sitting in his large studio before his picture of the "Dead Rising at the Crucifixion," when we pressed upon him the necessity to live less alone—less removed from varied and social sympathies. He explained how it was not his wish to be apart from the world of the affections, but that it was forced upon him—David fell upon Jonathan's neck.

A packet was found in his desk marked, "to be burned without being opened," which was done. In transcribing these fragmentary pieces, however, it must be premised, that their main value is in the illustration they afford of the mind of the author. As poetry, they are not to be considered as approaching what he has done in his much valued poem called "Trafalgar."

I.

A DREAM.

I dreamt I walked with thee as I have done
Before, beneath the broad light of the sun,
And with thy hand in mine—one time at least
It has been so—and that time was a feast
Of all that love delights to look upon
Present or hoped for—a delicious tone

Of most melodious pleasure; all around,
Each flower, each tree, the sky, and the fresh mound
We stood on, had its part. Now in thy hand,
As showed my dream, there was a small flower, and
Upon thy brow another; silent there
We stood, but soon with an accordance rare
Our voices met, and things that in themselves
Were poor, became like marble blocks, where dwells
The beauty that the sculptor makes all worth
Of royal crowns excel; so in the gleam
We held our way along a wandering stream.
The same by whose side dwellest thou—
Though it seemed broader. Neither branch nor bough
Of oak or shrub disturbed the even course
Which it held on, so smooth and without force
Of even a ripple. In your charmed words
Then said you "If we viewed as do the birds,
We'd find this stream soon deeply narrowed, and
Rapidly rush over a broken strand,
With great rocks hemming its free play,
Or tossing it against the winds in spray."
"Ah! wherefore didst thou teach me that," I said,
"I taught it thee," you gentle answer made,
Because I know it: I speak truthfully:
"And if thou sufferest," you said truthfully—
"I suffer too: oft times to all else blind
I've looked upon the moon and stars to find
Good peace when troubled, and I ever found
Thine image rise before them, as if bound
Before mine eyes: I've followed thoughts like dreams
Linking our fates:—and much to me oft seems
Like truth in symbols looking from beneath
Everyday things. But should I now bequeath
A moment's doubt, a little touch of pain,
'Tis all unmeant, for those who have been slain
In some just cause, have given no more than I
Could give, if aught required that I should die."

"Oh, must it be, that you shall teach," I said,
"How soon the shine on life's stream may be fled,
Here in the sunshine, even thy breathing heard
In the great stillness, must that dreadful word

Be spoken, that I may be taught to know
The struggle yet to come—much dreaded woe;
Should it be thus?" You seemed to say, "'Tis just,"
But your face smiled benignly. "Trust, yet trust."

II.

A FACT, OR AN ALLEGORY, OR BOTH.

I stood at eve within a cloisteral nook;
Over against me in like stillness leaned
Regarding me a form whose dignity
And gracefulness combined to fix the eyes
In loving homage. But I turned in fear
To gaze too much: the sun was set, the west
Was red and gold, and then another form,
Not of a like proportion, but in part
Endowed with loveliness, before me passed:
And passing smiled, and in her smiling said,
"Show me myself." With that beneath my hand
A white page and a style appeared, and much
I longed to fix that portraiture for ever.
But fate from this withheld my fruitless skill,
Nor will nor passion lent their gracious power.

But that first form that late opposed to mine
Sat in the shade erewhile the day declined,
Rose softly, and majestic'ly approached,
Beaming command. At once the power returned,
And from the deep impression on my soul
The image grew upon the page, and lo,
Despite the wondrous excellence, it lived,
Shedding delight on all who looked that way.
And on my brain in bright hues it remains
Indelible and fadeless, until death
Scatter the memory and the hope for ever.

III.

That great star Jupiter looks in on the lover. What is it to him? A mere speck of fire burning far away: but it

brings to him the likeness of his adored, the countenance of his mistress: her clear eye, her radiant brow, her gentle smile, her watchfulness, her unwearied devotion, her happy thoughts, her holy religion, her silent goodness, her reposing tenderness, her sparkling joy.

Girl of beauty so excelling—
Girl of eyes all gladness telling—
Girl of smiles so brightly shining,
And of locks so love entwining,
Of sweet graceful motion,
And of truthful pure devotion;
Girl of firmest gentleness,
And of tender strengthfulness;
Girl so quick and all perceiving,
And so hopeful and believing;
Girl so eagle and dove hearted,
Girl so newly from heaven parted;
In thee all of goodness joining,
Beauty, heart, and mind combining,
All about thee love enshrining.

IV.

TO ——— ———, JUNE 1847.

A lady told her lover that his love
Must be no more than friendship, as he strove
To gain her heart: and added that a vow
Had been recorded to which both must bow:—
Recorded that another gain her hand.

While thus he heard, seemed loosened every band
Of life and trust and hope; high heaven
Not stintedly had to his spirit given—
'Twas like an earthquake crumbling temples, domes,
And august palaces, the shining homes
Of the high thoughts of this ambitious mind.

Friendship for love! oh utterly confined—
Nought but a masquerade of life with death:
Unto the burning heart like winter's breath

Shot icy into all the throbbing veins—
Still adding to the draught that thirst maintains.
Clouds of the dry sand, desert sterility.
A day, in which the sun no man can see:
For love is the true sun, the blessing borne
Through life, the ever shining raiment worn
Upon the spirit, best of all our joys,
The salve that every pain alloys.
He heard his doom, looked round, but nothing knew,
Blankness had hidden all the sunlit view:
He felt as if he was no more the same;
Tossed up and broken ancient fancies came
On his stunned consciousness: he stood alone,
The sky around him whirling with a moan,
The sun was there, but all its brightness gone,
The glad green face of earth was turned to stone.
He tried to speak, but his voice too was changed,
It trembled, and its words were disarranged.
He stretched his hand to work with former skill,
But only toiled, and toiled against his will.
He left his hopeless labours—tried to pass
From place to place, but his step tottered as
He moved, and fell: the heavens are dark above
A soul that is forsaken of its love.

V.

TO ——— ———.

Thou who dost rule me with delights and pains,
Release me from thy power, or all thine own
Make me, and guide me certainly to peace.
Or if some wondrous destiny attends,
That I should shrink from, even teach it me;
I ask the awful benison or the curse
Of love accepted or rejected: joy
And strength and light, or prostrate desolation,
One is my portion, but the choice is thine.
Then pour thou out the draught, the wine of life
Or its slow poison. With an humbled head
I court and dread my doom, and unto thee
Lady commissioned to be my guide

Through heaven's light still on earth, who holdest power
To doom me to the suffering of long years,
Throughout the waves of change, the gulf where hope
Is scarcely seen, and the heart shrinks: to thee
Lady, who hold'st this might of good or ill,
I now address with all-devoted soul,
A solemn prayer. Oh, hear me, and believe
An unshorn beam from God's own face will fall
Upon me with the boon, or shades of hell
From its denial. A vast gift it is,
This soul seeks—the ineffable of trust
Another self participating all—
Passion all passionless from its high aim,
The tossing world shut out, or reconciled,
All good confirmed in one embracing good,
Being beloved and loving. Before thee
* * * I bend, I seek
Love's benediction; shall I raise mine eyes
To thine and find it, find all joys confirmed,
All that I live for, all that I desire?

VI.

Oh, where hast thou wandering been,
For these long summer months have dulled the year
And chilled it with thy absence. Hast thou been
Wandering by streams and woods, and art become
Dryad or Hamadryad? woe's the change!
Even for an immortality, midst boughs
And leaves and sedgy waters. Or hast thou
The duties of a rustic nymph assumed?
Tending of bees, a-milking of the ewes,
And such things silly poets sing as so
Delightful, and sing beautifully too.—
Perhaps thy day is spent with ennui o'er
Magazine pages two weeks old, or conning
Music without a listener: or with thoughts
But half awake, o'er sunlit banks astray,
Or drinking with the ear at slumbering streams
Their sweet but drowsy tune. But I forgot
Thou holdst a living power o'er that fair art

That fixes thought in forms and hues, to lead
Minds less endowed to recognise the truth
Of beauty, mixed and lost in passing things.
Even now, perhaps, this great delight is spread
Around thee, drawing all eyes to thy hand—
Announcing inward fulness and repose.

VII.

Oh, thought! why lead me wearily about
And leave me in dead heaviness at last;
Looking from out this numbness, scarce I feel
A glimpse of joy or warmth of heart, or rest.
With hope so paled, and doubt so near and dark,
All trust seems nearly from my life gone out—
All its fresh waters dried up from my soul,
Which late drank in the kind belief that Time
Had carried me beyond the barren ways,
And shingly rocks, with much forced labour climbed;
I did believe the ways of peace were reached,
Where I should find participated good,
And forward fare with bright intelligence;
That being I so long have sought and known—
Being beloved and loving; faithfulness
Inspiring and endowing. Is this past,
Is it all sunk in hopelessness and gloom?

1843.

VIII.

Is there a name I breathe at noon and even?
Is there a name I shout upon the winds?
Is there a face that makes the sun to me
Seem to shine brighter, makes the sky of even
More overspread with richness, and the dawn
Fills with more life? Is there a voice which tunes
All sounds to harmony?
A presence about which some perfect joy
Attendant ever is; in whose sweet speech
Life is suffused with radiance, and all cares
Thwarting and weakening, scatter like grey clouds
Before the sun. By it

Even things valueless are sanctified
To higher purposes of nobler aim,
Lending devotion and triumphant power.
Its love is every happiness to me,
Its love my every blessing brings to me,
My warrantry of heaven, assurance strong
Of good and truth, my seal of peace to come
By charity with what seeks charity;
Its love provides seclusion from all ill—
It is my heart's pulse—but, alas! it is
Inebriation, love athirst for love.

IX.

DEAD MEMORIES.

1. Silent, sad, yea mournful,
   Breathing low and slow;
   Thinking of hours past that full
   The cup of grief o'erflow.
2. I sat and twilight sinking down
   Made gradual way for night;
   Now seemed for ever to have flown
   The gladness and the light.
3. Love now like a sheeted ghost
   Dogged every thought, and brought
   Swarming uncountable the lost
   Joys that it once had wrought.
4. All changed indeed am I, now dark,
   Benumbed, and cold and old,
   Memory now hath every spark
   Of gladness in her fold.
5. Spectres pass in woful crowd,
   And from the heart they part
   All joy, and leave it passion-bowed
   Waiting the final dart.
6. Spectres! they cry without a voice,
   But heard all round and round,
   Till the air is filled with wailing noise
   That all the senses wound.

7. Spectres! they writhe about in wrath,
Upbraiding and accusing;
Whirling round our maddened path,
The brain in frenzy losing.
8. Spectres! they lower with doubling gloom,
Dreadful as pall on pall,
Flitting from out and in the tomb,
A fearful carnival.
9. Looks once joy, and smiles once bliss,
And rapture's once warm breath,
Made then the earth all heavenliness,
Now but a moving death.
10. Of words and sighs and each fine grace,
Of glancing thought on thought,
Memories of each day and place,
Have now their grave-clothes wrought.
11. Hopes aspiring to high heaven,
To live transcending life,
Saddest change! all from me riven
Leaving me only strife,
12. Nakedness, barrenness, and dearth,
Waste stretching beyond waste,—
Fruitless and flowerless, arid earth,
Unsightly and defaced.

Such are the exultations and wailings of this passionate spirit in affection and repulsion. Perhaps there never was a man with passions more violent, absorbed though they were in the ideal of art and intellectual ambition. Alas for the success of such a lover! He has not approached to a knowledge of the sex by the vulgar avenues: the perfect and immaculate idea remains in its purity over even manhood; and when the time comes and the revelation is made, he would rush through flames of fire and walls of brass—or treble brass—of social convention, to clasp it; he would serve it as a slave—bow down before it as a worshipper.

The cold and still feminine nature wonders before him: reveres and laughs. What can the old ladies in silk make of it? After all, he might be utterly mistaken in his ideal. And the young?—Has not Dante recorded of Beatrice herself that she joined in raillery against him; and returning to his chamber, and there weeping, and blushing as he wept, he said to himself—"*She should not have done it;*" but quickly returned to his allegiance. He might have said with Drummond,—

> Too long I followed have my fond desires,
> Too long I've tried to paint the ocean streams—
> Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,—

but without avail. Imagination, the poet's blessing, is sometimes in the emotions of the heart, which are also affairs of life, a constitutional curse. All else failed him; success seemed most obscure and uncertain—had he been less gifted perhaps, or less ambitious; but this great affection was to surmount all evils. And perhaps it might: he would have been, through it, harmonised with the mixed, and homely, and prudent world; his antagonism would have melted away; he might have been like the elephant—stronger when domesticated than in the woods.

Some of these fugitive pieces, indeed all of them, we have found it necessary materially to alter. They are, in the originals, too incoherent to express what they are intended to convey, sometimes hopelessly obscure. The passion that gave them birth was too strong to allow the full exercise of artistic command; as they are now transcribed, their meaning is as closely as possible retained. "Passion," he says, in a detached maxim, "is like the spring to the strength of the tiger, like the large wing to the condor, or the descending course to the stream." In the productions of art, present passion most resembles the last. The passion

must be comprehended and seen in its true bearings to life as a whole, before it is available to the artist. And here we may find a clue to a peculiarity in many of David Scott's works: he entered so fully into the passion he depicted, that its representation is not comprehensive but fragmentary, vivid but shattered, and fully intelligible only to natures resembling his own.

We shall now give some other specimens of his poetry, premising that they are evidently but the first rough sketches. Some single lines and similes, written on slips of paper, are very fine and significant. For instance, he says disappointments

> Come like a misty squall along the deep.

The coming-in of a new year he thus describes:—

> Now winged Time again,
> Down swooping, on my brow another kiss
> Imprints.

The men of an early age he describes like Hesiod:—

> Men that in strong essential nature lived,
> Giving their strong breath out against the sky,
> Giving their strong arms to the ancient plough.

The following is also very fine:—

> The energy that conscious power confers,
> Goes straight unto its object without pause,
> Or deviation, into winding tracks,—
> And looks with the full eye of him who loves,
> Living and gaining confidence.

Here is a soliloquy from the fragment of a drama on the history of Rizzio, in which Knox and Queen Mary, Bothwell, Darnley, and the favourite, were to have played their parts. The soliloquy is from the jester to the court, who is jealous of the favour in which the musician is held.

Jester.—There's that Italian mongrel—curse on his
Allegros—sentimentos; there's no order now
But his for mime, or mystery, or still more,
For place in the good graces of our mistress.
We both came here alike—
He rode with our troop in at this gate, where
I drank a pot before him: then his sleeves
Were scarcely fuller than my red hose are—now
His beaver might buy my Candlemas wages.
He is as sleek as a cat before the fire,
And has less to lack than a dog with a full belly.
Holy mother! what things happen. Once
To chain the shoes to the knees was fashion, but
They got no higher. Now I see how low they reach!
But *my* mouth is no flytrap, trees nor stones
Shall have occasion to use their ears for words
Of mine—but stop—

[*Enter the servant of Knox clad in black, with a book under his arm.*]

Friend! Are you for the palace?
What news in the burgh this morning, friend?

[*The servant passes on without replying.*]

His news
Are more than a town-crier's, or less than the death
Of Dame Scantling's cat. But he has plenty of them.
News soft or sharp as the ear that hearkens to him,
Or as the listeners' skin is thick or thin.
Reports are news, and with a twilight face,
Evening or morning, be they good or bad.
Fancies, suppositions, mistakes, are news
To him who has no breakfast of facts—
Or to him who deals on commission—
But if truth is to be heard now-a-days and here,
It must be from the tongue of St. Giles' bell,
Or the clock which discreetly confines its talk
To the times o' the day. Where else can it come from?
There are your blustering nobles, your kerns and churls,
Your royalty men, and your churchmen and kirkmen,
Your enlightenment men, and your townsmen and burghers,
It would need seven tongues to count them,
For sure this poor kingdom is troubled,
Although one cannot always weep.

THE FUNERAL OF NELSON.

Four sable barges slowly cleave the Thames
Pendant with emblems of his honours won,
In standards, bannerols, escutcheons, crowns.
Beneath the sable plumes and sacred folds,
In that third of the solemn line is borne
The great remains; while following reverently
With silent oars, the barges of the King,
The Lord High Admiral, and Civic Mayor,
And all the companies in their degrees,
Are seen,
And guarding with a space on either hand
Gun-boats and row-boats of the river, tend
The passage through its covering of tall ships,
Crowded like leaves upon a forest stream,
Each sad in drooping colours half-mast high.
The ancient Tower, hoar heart of London, past
With its great knelling guns, and Whitehall reached,
For ever from the rocking tides that were
His waving fields of triumph—is consigned
All that remains of Nelson to his land.

And now the second pageant takes the way
To the chief sacred dome this country owns,
'Neath which his dust may mingle with the earth.
Preceding lead, trumpets and muffled drums,
Next these, a pursuivant of arms, and then
The standard by a captain borne; again
A trumpet and a pursuivant of arms;
Next is the standard of the empire borne,
And again trumpets and a pursuivant;
Then comes the pennons of the dead, as Knight
Of the high order of the Bath, and then
Two trumpets and a herald making way
For his great banner with its ancient marks
Of rank accorded him for recent deeds.
The crested helm, gauntlet and spurs, surcoat,
And sword and shield, each borne by herald: then
Six trumpets, Clerenceux, the king-at-arms,
Holding the coronet, his last reward.

And now with strength devoted to their sad
And solemn duty—with no semblant grief,
But stilling dead emotion in stern looks—
Eight of the sailors of the Victory—
The victor sailors of the victor ship—
Yet all sore losers, bear upon its bier
The body covered with a ponderous pall
And overlaid escutcheons; above which
Six admirals a tall canopy support,
And on each side rise bannerols of birth
And lineage. The supporters of the pall
Princely and noble, and of highest place
In legislation, and in public life
Sacred or civil, men most notable
In various paths, the greatest of the land.
Then garter king-at-arms and admirals,
Captains and admirals again, all those
Appointed mourners:—last the trophies came
Collected from the battles in all climes,
Amidst the smoke of death. Beyond, a line
Of bended heads receded, until lost
In the hushed populace, a multitude
From Whitehall to the great church of St. Paul,
The tomb of Britain's mightiest man of war.

EASTER DALRY,
Sunday Evening, 15th December 1844.

Lo, here I be in chained freedom bound:
Oft in far glancing thought excursioning,
And again sinking into humblest mind,
All feeling narrowed to a little nook.
A strangely strengthening and yet weakening force,
These late years have exerted over me.
Through deep experiences I've wandered on,
And passed a heavy way along life's road:—
What have I reached, and how much left behind!
Ah! there are some strange marks upon those days,
Remembrances I scarcely can believe,
Of things now memories only. Is it thus
With all the holy brightness of those scenes
In which I met thee, queen of these my dreams,
Where yet I cannot cease to hope I yet

Shall meet thee, and thou me, with outspread arms.
Dark but burning time—
I cannot pass thy influence, wakening power
Rousing me from a troubled antique state
Like swoon or restless sleep to a clear day,
Of which I see the sun yet rising up,
And the birds soaring out from dewy fields.
A season still must come, a summer time
Must shed its strength. But with me too has grown
A sense of other struggles: that of mind—
This of the body, and its health and weakness—
Both than before are stronger in confliction.
What all is to resolve in—lo, I wait.

EASTER DALRY HOUSE, *July* 1846.

My God, give ear
To a prayer uttered from the depth of sad
O'er-burdened thought, of heavy care, and cold
Oppression of the spirit, which has struck,
Borne down, and dissipated all my power,
All my reliance, and my energy,
Through unfilled mental longings and demands,
And through much bodily ailment and disease.
I am as one who bears a load of days
And years—as many as old age sums up,
With their attendant aimlessness of mind,
And interest dimmed, obscured, in all things else.
Like one who nothing knows, or cares to know—
Like one who neither looks on sun, or moon,
Or stars—who plucks no flower, nor marks the grass
With print of foot, nor knows if now the leaves
Be budding out or falling. My God, thou
Only can now remoisten this dried heart—
Pour on its gloom arid and dreary, dew
Requickening from thine awful countenance,
That this shrunk soul revive once more, and give
Its humble worship due, be it through thought,
Or work, or daily life, make it yet meet
For the endeavouring and adoring thee,
And still more trying to express its love.

LETTER XIV.

HIS WAY OF LIFE AT THE END.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: What if it were a pleasing world? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?

S. Augustine.

When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at every blast.
You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life preparing,
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over caring.

Quarles.

So he went on, faithful to himself and his conviction; faithful to the high character of the artist in the apprehension and philosophy of his art: not swerving or deviating from that aim by these dealings with mental speculation and poetry, but aiding his understanding of himself and nature. We are told that a man cannot be both a painter and a vocal poet; and that one expression alone is all that we can attain with full command. Art is long, life short. But he did not try to be a poet, it came to him as far as he exercised the faculty. In this present time of division of labour, such a doctrine, namely, that a man can only be one thing—that the cobbler should stick to his last in short—must be true in relation to the executive. It always was true of the majority of people in relation to that, but now it may have still more force. Thus, if an artist were all his

life to paint nothing but snow pieces, or sunsets, or portraits of females, or flowers, he would attain a dexterity that an expenditure of application on various objects could not reach. But just in as much as his study and his mental exercises are confined, will his productions be without value in the scale of intellect. Even the highest executive qualities will not be found in his works. It is impossible they can be. We hear it said too that the artist is inarticulate—that Thorwaldsen could only speak in stone. If it was so, we are much afraid that this was an evidence of limitation, and that what he said even in stone was not the best that could be said. The man who does the highest things will shew his greatness in many ways, not equally in reiterated elaboration, but equally in regard to perception, and more direct in expression. This maxim of limitation is altogether a modern maxim. Go back two centuries, and not a single great name will be found that does not contravene its truth. The wide range of the great Masters is now a common object of wonder. But the observation and apprehension of emotion and the aspects of things, and the mental powers and education necessary to give form or articulation to these observations and apprehensions, are fundamentally the same. When, however, we find also executive crafts of scientific mechanism, as architecture, engineering, music, and so on, in the same hand, there is some room for wonder, and more for veneration. These, the greatly gifted, seem never to have slept; with them life was long, art easy.

Having now come to the last year of the life of David Scott, we feel but little inclined to enlarge. Perhaps these few sentences, which have wandered somewhat from the point, shew the unwillingness of the writer to speak in his own person on the subject of our narrative. David Scott, imperious and impulsive when in health and high spirits,

was now reflective and shaken, but still resolute and hopeful, and intellectually stronger and more clear than ever. Unbending he stood at his post to the last. Had he gone abroad two years ago—but it is needless to speculate on what might have been; his strength was his destruction, and the affections once ignored, even despised by him, now haunted and devoured him like the pitiless *Eumenides*.

We cannot do better here, nor more gratefully for our own feelings, than to quote at some length from a discerning and loving writer in the North British Review. This paper we have before referred to, and now again acknowledge its friendly aid.

"In the course of the last fifteen or twenty years, Scott had steadily become one of the most noteworthy of native artists. Without fortune, without office, without professional success commensurate with his undisputed superiority, and living in a state of seclusion, if not alienation from society, he exhibited a wonderful series of pictures from year to year, recognised by all but the most frivolous spectators, to be the manifestations of a powerful and exalted soul. In fact, the large and solemn studio, in which he painted and preserved his picture-poems, had gradually become one of the most curious and significant features of Edinburgh and its School of Art; and its master spirit, one of the most individual of Scottish characters belonging to the age in which we live. It was there that men of eminence in the church, in politics and law, in science, in literature and in life, discovered what manner of man he was; and left him with surprise, seldom unmingled with pain, and always ennobled by admiration. It was there that intellectual strangers, of all the more elevated classes of mental character, found another "wise man in a little city," not without astonishment that they had scarcely heard of

him before. It was there that many a tender-hearted lover of whatsoever is great and good was at once melted and uplifted by the spectacle of so much cool self-possession, such unquenchable perseverance, such intrepid independence, and such height of contemplation; displayed in circumstances which were evidently the reverse of propitious. It was there that enamoured students of poetry, in its essence rather than in its manifold embodyment, stood with reverence by his side, and, perhaps as proudly indifferent to particulars as he sometimes was himself, penetrated by means of imaginative sympathy to the soul of truth and beauty, that stirred under the surface of all his happier efforts. It was there that congenial poets took his cold hand in theirs, and bade him God-speed, with tears threatening in their eyes. It was there also, still more than at the household hearth, that his friends descried the heart of unflaming fire, which glowed within the distant quietude of his manners. It was there, alas! it may almost literally be said, that he died. * * *

In his conversation in those later years of his life, he was elevated, thoughtful, and original; but also dim, circumvolved, and half-spoken. Yet there was every now and then a vivid phrase or two, and occasionally a point as bright and sharp as a rapier. His more exalted talk was like the hurtling movements of overcharged clouds: and a fork of unmistakable lightening sprang up from the cumulus at intervals. In general society he was accordingly slow and unintelligible. One required to meet him among congenial friends to descry the wealth he owned; but even in such propitious circumstances, he was the least articulate of thinkers. * * * *

The English opium-eater visited him one day a few years ago for the first time. After having left him, that great conversationist exclaimed, "Is it possible! when I met

him the other evening, I thought him the dullest of mortals; but now I have been an hour with him among the tombs, I find him quick with thought, and the most interesting of men!" The terror-loving imagination of the great dreamer had been instantaneously fascinated and held down by the picture of the Resurrection on the Day of the Crucifixion; and he had scarcely examined the other works around him. Emerson was strangely impressed with a sense of the greatness of Scott's character; but noticed the inadequacy of his verbal communications in ordinary circumstances, and said, "How rich I find him in the studio!" There one was alone with him, in the midst of his natural sphere; and whosoever was equal to the conference, was sure to be entertained with many a genuine gleam of intellect and feeling. It was there and then that he glowed. "They told me he was cold," was the remark of Margaret Fuller after a morning in the studio; "but he is as ardent as man can be!" If, however, he was in the presence of such as were not in unison with him and his ways of thinking, he was either dumb or singularly inexpressive of his protest. There was a gulf between him and the numerous disciples of certain schools in philosophy and art which he had no skill to bridge; a thing which any one may do with the help of courtesy and the open recognition of those broad humanities which are common to all the systems in the world. It was his cue to hold his peace, not without contempt; or else to try assault and battery upon his enemies without skill, without understanding either their positions or their method of fence, and without any success, for nobody understood a word he said! Even in the most favourable circumstances, indeed, he was far from fluent or clear. Nor was he unacquainted with the fact. Shortly before his last illness, he said to one of his friends, "I have just been thinking how you always seem to

say exactly what you wish to say. Now, I have never been able to do that." It was quite true, but not to be lamented, for it is not every man's duty to talk; and those are certainly the greatest and the happiest of mortals to whom the task, not of criticism, but of creation is assigned.

It will be readily understood, that this secluded mystic was not calculated to shine in society. Even in the social circle of friends, he was never gay nor sprightly; and in society, formally so called, he was both rigid and impedimental. Without any talent for the easy interchange of common thoughts and ordinary sentiments, he could not understand that the superficial may be elegant, and the obvious humane. Accordingly, he visited the hero of a hundred drawing-rooms with more contempt than the creature deserves; and even treated the man of equal culture with himself, who also relished the pleasures of society, with undue severity.

In this connexion should be mentioned a minor feature in the character of Scott, which is not only curious in itself, but which could not have been easily deduced from the phenomena of his higher life. It consisted in the most condensed detestation of all lubricity as to matters of fact in others. If the grave will pardon the phrase, he was too conscientious, and was apt to be troublesome in the affairs of business. He was as punctual as a clock to his engagements, and you could calculate him like a planet. Those slippery people, whom you cannot count upon, were the objects of his unmitigable aversion, for he could scarcely separate the culprit from the crime. He put a summary close in several instances to the closest amities he was accustomed to admit of, on account of single broken appointments. The pain was greater to him than to the frivolous truce-breaker of course, but he was inexorable. He reminds one of

Beethoven, who relentlessly and at once dissolved every friendship which began to be incomplete. Scott, perhaps, carried this high temper to excess; but the principle of it is sound, if applied with charity and moderation. It is to this intense antagonism that his want through life of those humbler, warmer, more nestling and enduring relationships of affection, may have been partly owing. It was one day asserted by Emerson, that there was little or no essential poetry in Bailey's Festus. Scott contested the point. He was requested to quote a single verse, to which Tennyson's definition could be applied with propriety,—"those jewels five-words-long, which sparkle on the forefinger of time." He accepted the challenge, and repeated these words, with his peculiar and melancholy cadence:—

Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea.

* * * * *

The person of David Scott was unusually expressive of what was within the mask. The inner man had fashioned its bodily semblance with extraordinary power and precision. Those who knew him only in the sore decay of his latter end, cannot form any conception of the uncommon beauty of his face and form. His fellow-student, Steell the sculptor, carved a somewhat idealized bust of him at twenty-five; in the reproduction of which that skilful artist is now engaged, with the intention of placing it in the possession of the Scottish Academy as his presentation-work; a work of genius and of love. Scott painted a severe and simple portrait of himself about the same age. It is in these that the look of his prime is to be seen.

He was a little above the middle size; slender, but not emaciated; lean and stript for the contest, but full of vigour tempered by nervous irritability; spare, but energetic. His

shape was handsome, and his hands remarkable for their approach to sculpturesque perfection. His countenance was pale and thin, but lighted up with poetical intelligence. The chin was of that fine mould which usually denotes sensibility, not blunted by the animal passions of our nature. The eye came forward, and was somewhat conical in form: its colour was a peculiar blue, the blue of night rather than of day. The brows were ample, and they projected over the outlooking eyes. His forehead retired, without sinking, under a loose and copious mass of brown-black hair, which it was his way to toss about his temples with a degree of carelessness, perhaps not unmindful of effect. His head was not very large, especially behind. But the most noticeable feature of all was his exquisitely chiselled lips. The lower one was full and round: the upper one wavered; and, in later years, it seemed to curl with something not unlike the shadow of disdain. There was an air about him, which forbade the too near approach of any other man. There was a singular unearthliness and spirituality, in fine, in the total expression of his physiognomy. It was the suitable apparel of so purged and exalted a spirit.

> Pure as a maiden, simpler than a child;
> Wilful as both, in life as well as art;
> Still as a priest, in manner, not in heart;
> Prouder than any chief, yet more than mild,
> Yea, very meek and humble when he smiled,
> With awful joy, before the shrine of duty;
> That shrine which was to him the home of beauty,
> Beauty, austere indeed, but undefiled.
> So walkt and workt and worshipt through the world
> Our painter true. His crescent brow half seen,
> His shadowy night of hair, his star-blue eyne,
> His melancholy lip, which sadly curled
> In chill contempt of everything below it,
> Expressed the man he was, and that was POET."

Such a noble and yet faithful estimate of the man, saves the present writer the painful task of writing in adequate terms of so near and dear a relative. During the long and sorrowful indisposition which led forward his last illness, many of the asperities of his temper were worn off, while many of his peculiarities increased. Still, as of old, he noted down new thoughts, and analysed his experiences, or at least expressed them legibly to himself, and endeavoured to profit by them. Still he laboured at his easel, and prepared new work for future years, not diminishing his efforts either in elevation of purpose or grandeur of scale. Indeed, in the exhibition of 1848, his powers of production had apparently increased. In the catalogue of that year we find "Time surprising Love," "Children following Fortune," "Queen Mary of Scotland at the place of Execution," "Hope passing over the sky of Adversity," and the large picture of the "Baptism of Christ."

The first of these, however, was a picture painted in Rome, now finally finished, and thus bringing two epochs of his life together. The second had been painted a year before: a picture much prized by himself. The third he had executed with much care—it had been said the size of his pictures prevented their sale—and here he elaborated in small dimensions a historical picture with many of his best qualities. The fourth is a large work, and one of those true and elevated humane conceptions that, once seen, never utterly fade from the mind. Like the brazen serpent in the wilderness, the luminous and beautiful vision of Hope appears over the heads of an outcast tribe of a fallen race; golden and glorious in the night-sky of trouble and death, the rainbow—that sign of the covenant that all shall not be destroyed—follows her track, and the eyes of men and of women look up with wonder and godly fear. The young

man supports his sister, lays his hand upon her breast, and finds her dead: he looks up at the celestial visitant as if he doubted whether it were indeed the good angel or the avenger. The noble daughter of the fallen house holds up her patriarch father from sinking heavily to the ground, and turns her head, gorgeous in its crimson-filletted black tresses, with confidence to the vision. The figure of Hope was never excelled, perhaps never equalled by him, for purity of expression. It had the beauty indicated by Collins—

> And Hope enchanting smiled and waved her golden hair.

This was the last of his greater works—significantly so. In it he accomplished more fully what he considered the true style in design and execution for works of a severe poetic class, and in it he believed he had attained a fitting harmony between the sentiment and its expression through colour and effect. No verdict, however, passed upon the picture at this day, and in any particular circle—either by the present writer or by any other—will decide upon the correctness or incorrectness of his belief: but the incessant labour and wide study of a life gave him some right to judge for himself.

The last fragments of notes may be here presented to the reader. Here is one written indeed before the death of his good old uncle, but as it illustrates "The Way of his Life at the End," it has been reserved for this place. We shall call it

MENTAL LIFE AND LIFE-IN-BREATH.

"Scene in the country near a large town, hills, hedges, fields, dark evening.—Look upon a house standing solitary among garden fences, in total silence. Look into a room in

that house: it is a wainscotted parlour. The light of a single candle is very dim, its long black wick scarcely suffering it to burn. A flickering fire contends with it in the ineffectual attempt to enlighten the apartment. In this half obscurity are three figures. One seems asleep in a great chair by the fire: another dozes with her arms crossed upon her breast, and her aged head bent forward over the table, between which and the fire *the third is* seated—a man at the mid-year of life. A book is laid open upon his knee; and the palms of his hands are clasped together. It does not appear he reads; his face is raised; he might almost be supposed in the act of prayer. His eye, however, is not devotionally fixed, though his features are calm. These three are silent, and have been so for some time; but their silence is different: one sleeps, another drowses, the third thinks. The sleeper—an old man—moans in his sleep, coughs, and awakes. He has a large eye, good-natured, unspeculative. He looks towards the young man, and addresses him merely to say something, and to break the silence, but which only interrupts his train of thought. These thoughts have been far off searching in the memory, or aspiring to the future, self-humbling and self-elevating. They have been tracing life past, and endeavouring to give form to that yet to come. They have been still further; leaving the to-come in this world, they have passed to the infinite. Recollections have crowded past him of unrealised endeavours and once inexplicable sufferings—and blessings too—his face speaks of both, he is at once lowly and proud. The querulous voice of the good old man now addresses him. His reply is brief, but it must be repeated, for the ear of age is dull. The question has been but a trifling one—it is now answered, and there is stillness again.

Now open out the life-picture of these three human

beings. They dwell together—do they live together? here in this silence? for summer and winter, for year after year?

* * * * *

Oh, what power do I not ask! To be able to tread the worlds before me, of life, and death, and beyond death. To look into the depths of all things, to see the roots of all that is growing around us; day and night and futurity, light and dark and the grave—to see the figures of love, and hope, and joy, and twenty years to come. Oh, strong man, man, O riddle and earth-clod.

Books were to me once as a world above,
A life beyond, looked up to reverently;
Now they are life around me and beneath,
They must obey my spirit now, not I
Submit to them. I look on all, and each
Has shrunk into a little part, within
The mind, their nooks and corners humbly filling.

January 1848.

We have said he projected works to the last of his life. One of these is called "The Haunted House, in a series of Designs." On the title-page was to be a vignette, "Grannie telling a ghost story, only the heads of the children seen listening." The subjects of the designs are thus written out—

1. Servants looking through the rooms of a baronial house.
2. Servants making merry and laughing at their fears.
3. One rushes in alarmed.
4. A group of them listening on a staircase or passage.
5. Country people at the door—servants telling them what has happened.
6. The story going the round of the village—people pointing to the house.

7. Evening—all sitting crowded over the fire.
8. Some running in terror—informing the master.
9. The master interrogating all the household—the lady beside him.
10. The master listening alone.
11. Passing through rooms with a sword in his hand.
12. An attempt to exorcise the ghost.
13. Servants leaving the house.
14. The master and lady left alone.
15. Standing outside looking at their house in the dark.
16. A dog wandering through the empty rooms.
17. An old man locking up the house with a padlock.
18. A view into a room in ruins—birds flying out and in at the broken casement.

This is very suggestive, and admirably constructed to tell its tale. Another series of designs were to be entitled, "The Centuries;" each century was to be characterized by its peculiar development—in some, mankind crushed down, in others elevated. His beautiful set of drawings for the Pilgrim's Progress were also earnestly in his mind for publication. To this end they were sent to a publishing firm, one of the members of which was an early friend; but, after they had been under consideration a great part of the year, his heaviness of heart was only increased by their return. Since his death, frequent inquiries have been made after them, and they will shortly be published. Here is another paper—a series of literary subjects, seemingly written out merely to amuse his thoughts in these days of ill health from personal troubles. All the names attached to the supposititious articles are those of personal friends, except perhaps that of the first mentioned lady, now Mrs. Eastlake.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR —49 OF THE 17th CENTURY.

Spiritual Morphia..... De Quincey.
The frozen Baltic..... Miss Rigby.

Soul Magnetism.....	Samuel Brown.
Rhapsodies on certain faces...	G. Gilfillan.
Journies among the stars.....	J. P. Nichol.
Steps of the throne.....	David Scott.
Day-life.....	Mrs. Crowe.
The heart of a child.....	Delta.
A man's venture.....	Mr. Cupples.
The demon and the thought...	David Scott.
The monk.....	W. B. Scott.
Rays from flowers.....	Miss Frances Brown.

Other sets of designs he did—one for a short unpublished poem called "The Anchoret:" and two others; "Unhappy Love," a series of seven scenes; and "Scenes from the Life and Thoughts of a Student Painter."

In the early part of the year 1848 he painted the portrait of Emerson, then on his visit to Edinburgh, and, gradually failing in health, visited his relative and friend the minister of Crawford. From thence he visited Professor Nichol, having engaged himself on a series of inventions to accompany a new edition of the Architecture of the Heavens. These designs, some of which are among his finest thoughts, employed him to the latest day he could hold a pencil. Thence to the village of Kippen, where he painted, nothwithstanding his debility, the portrait of a lady. Here he saw once more the manse at which as a boy his weeks of vacation had been passed. But he who used to welcome him there was gone. He returned in September.

Good friends he had about him, and here is a letter from one wishing him to spend a day in the country:—"My Dear Friend—I am sorry to learn you are still suffering, but I trust by this time in a mitigated degree. I regret having missed seeing you before I left. Are you a seer or vatic person, that you divined the reason of my absence? I am very happy here—I live much in the open air; on braesides,

in woods, within natural bowers, among the winds, and in caves. In my study, which is just the little drawing-room of my mother's house, I have a few books spread over the table at which I sit. There is the Bible, in which I have been pondering the mode of being of Jesus Christ with passionate interest ever since I came; there is Shakspere; there is Meister, Goethe's wonderful experiences; there is Rabelais' Gargantua; there is Sir W. Hamilton's Reid; and there is Berzelius' Chemistry. A little writing, a little reading, a little conversation with my sisters, a little walking, and much endless cogitation, make up my little day. This native place of mine always does me the highest sort of good. It is as if Adam could have had occasional visits to the dear paradise of his innocence. Scheiermacher says, infancy is the perpetual Messiah. Home, the first home, is in many instances a perpetual paradise, not without its tree in the middle of the garden. It is a place to cool the heated, wounded spirit. The soul seems to become pliant, smooth, fresh and sweet-savoured under its breezy influences. I feel here that I could yet become a good man. My heart seems purer for a while. There is a hill in the neighbourhood on which I know a secluded knoll that no one knows of, and there I find a mount of transfiguration for my imagination. I wish I could show it you. I wish I could lead you to it. Could you come out for a day? I scarcely dare ask you; but, if you will come, we shall have a wander. Will you? I am sure I could make you happy for a day. I should receive you at the station.—Your affectionate friend,

The portrait of Emerson is the best of the few pictures of that kind he did. That poet, on leaving London, writes him:—"I carry with me a bright image of your house and studio, and all your immortal companions therein,

and I wish to keep the ways open between us, natural and supernatural. If the Good Power had allowed me the opportunity of seeing you at more leisure, and of comparing notes of past years a little! And it may yet be allowed in time; but where and when?——"

As the year 1849 approached, he prepared for the Exhibition. The pictures he sent were—"Delusive Pleasures," a Sketch of the Fire of London, and the "Domestic Arcadia," on the last of which only he had employed his hand lately. Mr. Lees, in the course of painting the admirable portrait of David Scott, a few months before, having had some conversation with him regarding his great picture of Vasco de Gama, now proposed to the Academy that it should be exhibited, which was followed by an unanimous vote of the council; and thus that grand work was before the public when the artist retired for ever.

One or two more memoranda, and this letter is closed.

"A bee had lost its way in my studio; to-day I observed it. Ah! poor bee, you have been shut up in this prison, and you are now right slowly labouring along the floor towards the open door. Your wings have lost their power. No flowers here; no sun upon your back: Ah! poor bee. But now you are right, you have scented the breath of the air. Straightly but slowly your feebleness tries to reach it. I will assist you. Now, and now, golden-winged hummer, you are in freedom again, in the light and the breeze."

"Long life—God's gift—gives a longer proof with God. It is the great proof of our harmony with God."

In the end of a memorandum book is written in different kinds of pencil and ink, as if he had opened it once a-year to inscribe a single word:—

1844. Desolate, and very weary of suspense.

1845. A gleam of sunshine this year; but again a storm, and a night of hail, of sleet, and a long chill.

1846. Silence, the sullen salve of suffering.

1847. A broken ray in turbid rain.

1848. Withering.

LETTER XV.

THE END—AGED FORTY-TWO.

The door of Death is made of gold
That mortal eyes can ne'er behold;
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes—and, wondering, sees
In her bright hands the golden keys.

Blake.

See how the great Goliah now lies still.

Blair.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY,
16*th February* 1849.

MY DEAR SCOTT—The bustle of preparation has prevented me doing what I feel I ought to have done before now—to communicate to you, that at the reunion of the Academy on Saturday last, which throughout seemed to give great gratification to the members present, the President proposed your health in a speech of much feeling and fervour, dwelling on your artistic achievements, especially your great one, with pride and exultation, and on your private character with affection and kindness. His speech, I do assure you, was most warmly received by every one present.

I cannot allow myself to doubt that the time is coming soon when your Vasco de Gama may adorn some other great hall than that in which it is now placed. I have been cogitating as to the proper manner of bringing the subject before the India House, or some other body powerful enough to

The Procession of Unknown Powers.

One of David Scott's Latest Designs.

carry such a measure; and will assuredly, at no remote period, make the attempt. My admiration of the work increases as I endeavour to enter into your intention. It would be a very agreeable morning's work to congratulate you on the permanent disposal of your master work.—Believe me, yours most truly, D. O. HILL.

To David Scott, Esq., Easter Dalry House.

My Dear Hill—I had your very attentive communication, but having been rather more unwell these some days, I have been prevented from answering it. Being, however, somewhat better to-day, I gladly take the opportunity of doing so.

It was very regardful of our amene and highly talented President to remember me in the way he appears to have done at the dinner of the Academy; and I trust soon that I may have an opportunity of expressing to him personally my consideration of it.

I might say much in regard to what were, and have in some measure continued to be, my hopes or suppositions in respect to the disposal of the picture of Vasco de Gama, and many others. The interest you express in regard to it leads me most briefly to state, that if you can advance that purpose in the way you suggest, or otherwise, it will be a very important service to me. I do not say this as mere words of form.

I should greatly like, if you should have as much leisure some morning soon, you could do me the favour of a visit, and let me know your ideas more fully on the subject. Do not suppose that I have trusting expectations, but I have much confidence in your efforts.—I remain, most faithfully yours, DAVID SCOTT.

D. O. Hill, Esq., &c.

EDINBURGH, 31*st May* 1849.

My Dear Sir—I have this morning received your note of the 30th, requesting me to state the particulars of my latest communications with your brother.

I called at Dalry some days after the receipt of his last note, which I enclose, and on my name being taken to your brother, he expressed a wish to see me. Thinking that it was not proper to engage him in a long conversation, I proceeded at once to speak of the scheme for purchasing the Vasco de Gama for a public hall. I may here mention, that when I wrote to your brother I thought we should aim either at the India House or the Trinity House of London, or some Liverpool hall, as its most fitting receptacle, and I thought it not impossible to interest some persons of influence connected with these places. It was Mr. Thomas Hamilton, the architect, who mentioned the Trinity House of Leith; and what was awanting in splendour and wealth was compensated by its being so near our own door, and among the admirers of your brother.

I told him of the scheme as having (so far as Leith was concerned) originated with a friend, and that Dr. Robertson of Leith had already opened the matter to the master, and found him favourable. Your brother was satisfied with the place, and was anxious to know that the mode of setting about obtaining the money would not be such as to compromise his position as an artist, saying, that rather than surrender anything on that score, he would consent that all his works were brought to the hammer. My reply to his misgivings on this head was entirely satisfactory to him. I explained to him that the first step of the gentlemen interested in the matter would be, to meet and embody a series of resolutions explanatory of the principles on which the subscription was to be made; and these I briefly stated.

I also informed him that we would aim at the original sum of £600, but he expressed his consent, if that could not be obtained, to be content with £400; that our reliance was in making the subscription of a popular kind; and that we would consider the tribute to his genius a more perfect one, if it was done by a large number of people, rather than by larger subscriptions from a limited number. In all this he concurred; perhaps I should say, on hearing my explanations, he lay back on his pillow, and covered his face with his hands for the space of a minute or two, as if he would suppress some deep emotion; which, however, broke forth in a few sobs and tears.

This was my last interview with your brother. I doubt not I might be able to call to remembrance more of what was said, if you think it desirable. Your brother, during our meeting, expressed himself with much kindness, and yet with a manliness and dignity that never forsook him.—I am, my Dear Sir, most truly yours, D. O. HILL.

To W. B. Scott, Esq.

EASTER DALRY, 27th February 1849.

Dear ——, I write to you from my brother's bed-room, after taking a cup of tea, which he is now too weak to share. He has been in bed for some days, and has been ill indeed. I find him very weak—much altered: his face emaciated and ridged, still noble, but dreadful for me to look upon: his eye larger than ever: his voice often scarcely audible, and only at times reminding me of what it was. I fear that I lost my self-possession on first seeing him, bending over him with his hands round my neck; but, after all that has passed, how could it be otherwise?

I must not, however, alarm you more than need be: he is not worse than we had been led to believe him. In the

studio, where there have been no fires for months, all the pictures seemed to stand up like enemies to receive me. This joy in labour, and this desire for fame, what have they done for him? The walls of this gaunt, sounding place, the frames, even some of the canvasses, are furred with damp. In the little library where he painted last, in much bodily suffering, was the word "NEPENTHE?" thus interrogatingly written with white chalk on the wall. Ah! if some beatified Matilda, with her sacred sisterhood, could have led him to the living spring of Eunœ, so that he had

Returned
From the most holy wave regenerate!

On the table were the Bible, Fichte's "Scholar," and Vidal's "Christianity" lent him by his good friend Dunlop—sketches and papers all as they used to be.

When the doctor came, I spoke to him about my stay here. He said, "Your brother may yet recover, but it will be a miracle almost. On Saturday night I did not expect to find him alive on Sunday morning." This internal inflammation, chronic dyspepsy, or whatever it may be, pains him considerably; but this day he feels better than he has done for some time past. He hopes the worst is past; but, to say the truth, he appears conscious of being on the extreme verge of life. * * *

Do you care to know that my railway journey was very quickly over, and the day very fine. Ploughing was going on in field after field; the breath of the horses shining in the frosty air. Over the border, the snow was lying on some of the heights very white. Arthur's Seat was powdered over as if he had become bald in his old age. At this moment—half-past seven in the evening—my mother, exhausted with watching, of which duty I shall now relieve her, has just left us. David sleeps: his long white face,

with its unshaven beard, lies among the pillows in the half-light—not easily forgotten. I, between him and the fire, at this little table, with pens and paper. Upon the whole, I am not without hope; and he thinks my visit will do him good.—Yours, WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

EASTER DALRY, 2d March 1849.

Dear ——, I intended to have written you yesterday, but one matter after another made me forget it. Constant and unremitting attention to David is absolutely necessary, and in so many little things, and at stated quarters of hours, one is incapacitated for any foreign interest. Even moving to get paper, or to ask for wax, is at certain times too much noise. I am sorry to say there is no change for the better; and till that is the case, I must remain with him through the chances of the future. To-day, indeed, has been rather a bad day; he has appeared weaker than before. This evening, for the first time since my coming, he would get up. Some change is his craving: some change. He sat still, wrapt up, for a while. I asked if I could read anything to him. He assented, but added, "Some how or other, I have lost interest in every thing for a week or two." No book could be found to which he could attend. He wanted a rose—perhaps the monthly rose-bush in the garden might have a flower. I did not find one, but brought in a wall-flower, some snow-drops, and a ranunculus. The sight of these gave him a few moments of pleasure; they were of the air and the earth, a world now removed from him by the walls of a sick-room—a removal how very far, almost infinite! He is fully conscious of his weakness, and now and then says something that shows he considers the ultimate is at hand. I give him hope, and find a fond listener. "Yes, I am receding—gradually," were his words, on find-

ing his debility so much increased since the last time he sat in a chair. All this is the dark side; there is also a light side, although not very luminous. Sometimes he looks much as he used to do. * * * *

3d March.

I write you a few lines again. My dear brother is easily moved either into hope or depression. If any thing is done quickly in regard to the purchase of the picture of Vasco de Gama, it would undoubtedly have a favourable effect on his condition. Yesterday, some cards and notes were sent up. Two by post: one expressed thus—"An admirer of the genius of David Scott takes the liberty of sending the enclosed, in the hope that the divine blessing will attend it." The enclosed, you may suppose, was a tract; but much as I appreciated the motive, I could not lay it before him. Another was a poem, "To David Scott, R.S.A., from a respectful admirer," beginning—

> Mourn not, art-worshipper, thy fading years,
> Though they decay.

The verses were good, but too much for him at that time. He had them in his hand when I entered the room, but he handed the paper over to me, and asked what the verses said. "They express sympathy with your illness, and hopes for your recovery," I replied. To-day I have had ten times to go down stairs to see friends calling, which has kept me in exercise; but that bed-room door, in this old house, will neither shut nor open without noise. * * *
Mrs. T. has been very kind—hearing of David's wish for flowers, she sent some out to-day. Ever since my coming here, the wind has been high; through the long night hours it goes on, making a wailing sound at the sky window in the dressing-room. About three or four the cock crows

from his roost in the lower regions. Somewhat wonderful are these sounds to me at present. * * *

Two o'clock morning.

David awoke. I asked him if he would like to hear a criticism in yesterday's paper on De Gama and the Spirit of the Storm. It was compared in grandeur to the works of Michael Angelo and Æschylus, the Prometheus Bound. "Ah, Æschylus!" he said, and continued at intervals in a low voice—"That is praise indeed. But they are doing these things because I am suffering. I've been told Haydon mentioned my subject as a good one for a picture; he did so perhaps after he visited me. Well, what I have done and said have always been alike; what I have effected has been with much pains, and much suffering, long fighting, never at once, many times my whole nature struggling. And that picture is one result—to get the same character throughout, and adequate execution—no feebleness. The knee of the sailor might be carved in ivory—it is not mere paint—and the shoulder of the next figure too. Flesh is palpitating, and I try to give that; but I speak of the manner of painting. * * * If I could but have time yet, I think I could meet the public in their own way more, and yet do what I think good. But it is over, and here I lie.

Life is ripe, disease is dark
Upon the blossom and the fruit;
Ripe is life, the certain mark
That blight will soon invade its root."

Here he repeated some verses, so far as he remembered them. I asked what they were: "Some verses I made a few days ago. Somewhere you will find them when I am gone." I endeavoured to excite hope, and to encourage him in the belief that yet he would be well again.

"If it were but so! This chest, this neck, no it cannot be—it seems too great a prize; too awfully grand a thing to enjoy life again with this experience overcome—to have been thus ill—to have seen into the darkness, and return to the clearness of life. It takes a long time to know how to live and work. For three years I have lived in a greater freedom than ever before, but for this prostration."

Wishing to terminate his dwelling upon painful thoughts and exciting himself, I enlarged on what he had just said—the length of experience necessary to understand all the bearings of any activity, intellectual or social. As one goes forward, varied position gives various views of life, and it is only by many steps that the whole can be understood and harmonized into right action. This diverted his attention, and sent him to sleep a little, while I wrote these lines:—

Four o'clock morning, March 1849.

The blast is wandering through the night,
Hushing and moaning round chimney and roof;
The ashes fall dead from the dull fire-light,
The great shadows dance on the walls aloof,
While the soul of my brother recedes.

Fitfully drop the ashes away;
Abroad over all flies the roaring wind;
And the clouds from the dim obscurity,
Hurry along the moon silently kind,
Like an opened window in heaven.

The everlasting Norns are visible now,
Between the gates of gold and of horn;
For the nimbus of death is over the brow,
And for ever hath left the hand outworn
Its power in the art divine.

Go back, go back, doth the spirit say
To the in-pressing darkness and walls of stone;
For the eye of hope is as wide as day

Out through the falling infinity;
The great work of time is but partly done,
And still young the manifold heart.

Come back, come back, doth the world demand,
For the clearness of life is heaven indeed;
And the kindred labourers on the strand
Of this dear human region plead—
"Go not, of thee we have wondrous need"—
How they hail him with strong right hands

But the infinite hears not, the ages dead,
And the ages to come are one family,
Under the great Father's mantle hid;
All the records of art and of poetry
Are but chaff from the garner of time.

The blast is wandering through the night,
Yet within still continueth mortal pain—
Beneath the white curtains the straight limbs lie;
But, hark, the cock crows! for morning is nigh,
Sternly breaking through cold and rain,
While the soul of the martyr recedes.

16th March 1849.

To the Rev. J. Fairbairn.

My Dear Friend—I have left Edinburgh for a day or two, and feel as if that dense cloud that had got confused about me were lifted partially away. That death-bed and that funeral! How many forms there are, proper enough to be gone through, that I cannot manage to attend to. You wished me to write you, and I now do it.

I told you I had been a week beside my brother, day and night, before Monday the 5th, fatal to him. He was weak in all bodily forces, but still in mind the same. When he could converse, he spoke of his views of life and of art, as now fuller and simpler than ever they had been; and as each day he appeared a little better, he began to speak a

little freer, till the last night of his life, when he lay easy, but without sleep. Often, during the long hours, I turned round in the silence to know if he slept, and always saw his eyes open and looking at me. He spoke a good deal, which I shall repeat to you. * * *

It was nearly six o'clock when I rang up one of the servants, and left him to get a little rest, but I had not been gone half-an-hour, when I was recalled, and found him suffering dreadfully. This he continued to do till two o'clock afternoon. May the good God have few such mornings of watching in store for either of us! During that time the doctor came; he felt his wrist, and signified to me that pulsation was gone. The sufferer steadily watched our eyes. He could scarcely articulate; but his breathing became less violent about one o'clock, an hour before he died, when he said, "I am now going, William—all is becoming dim—it cannot be long," opening his eyes wide, as if to see the world clearly once more. My dear mother said some words of Christian hope; he replied, very softly, "Yes, mother, I wish every thing you desire for me."—— I led her away and returned. I should now have drawn the curtain round him, but I had no power to move. Body and soul clung together, but the inexorable Hand was upon him, and the unspeakable change.

APPENDIX.

CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO HIS PICTURES, ETC. AFTER HIS DECEASE.

ESSAY ON RUBENS AND HIS WORKS (A FRAGMENT).

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STYLE AND PRACTICAL METHODS OF THE WORKS OF ART HE VISITED DURING HIS JOURNEY IN ITALY.

APPENDIX.

CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO HIS PICTURES, ETC. AFTER HIS DECEASE.

We have seen in Mr. D. O. Hill's letter just given, that a movement had begun for the purpose of purchasing Scott's large picture of Vasco de Gama for some public hall. The Trinity House at Leith was suggested by Mr. Hamilton, and warmly advocated by Dr. D. H. Robertson of Leith, whose effective aid has largely contributed to the success of the result. A few days subsequent to his death, a meeting was held in Edinburgh, for the purpose of carrying out the scheme, at which many of the principal gentlemen connected with the arts, either by taste or profession, were present, and Dr. Samuel Brown took the chair, when the following resolutions were passed:—"1. That this meeting of the friends of Scottish art expresses its opinion, that the picture of 'Vasco de Gama, the Discoverer of India, encountering the Spirit of the Cape,' painted by the late David Scott, R.S.A., is an epic production of the very highest order; and that the circumstance of its having been realized by one of our own academicians, confers a high honour on Edinburgh as a school of art. 2. That while this meeting recognises with feelings of great interest and satisfaction the efforts

that have of late years been made by Government to decorate with works of a high order by our native artists the new Houses of Parliament, it is desirous of impressing upon the community of their own and of other localities, that the principle of combination, successfully exemplified throughout the country by associations for the encouragement of art generally, might and should be applied to the promotion of art in its highest manifestations—namely, in the purchase of great pictures, with a view to their lodgment in public buildings. 3. That in consonance with these opinions and principles, subscription lists be straightway opened, with the specific view of placing this picture of Vasco de Gama in the Trinity House of Leith, that building and its associations being more congruous with the subject-matter of the picture than any other in Edinburgh or the neighbourhood."

This experiment is the first of the kind in Scotland, and it is of some consequence to know that it so far succeeded; not, indeed, to the full extent of the sum required, namely £400, but in raising an approximating sum, which the executors of the artist met by resigning the picture into the hands of the committee, several of whom had put their right hands to the work with good will; indeed, the list was filled up by the exertions of these few. There can be no doubt, that if a similar occasion were again to occur, there would be no difficulty in accomplishing the object, even were the amount much greater. The works left by David Scott at his death are likely also to originate a more permanent scheme for the purchase of great historic pictures, which, however, has not yet taken form; so that the future Scottish artist in that unremunerative walk may be benefited by his career, although it was to himself eminently one of sacrifice.

A number of these pictures, left by the artist's death in

the hands of his executors, are among his best works—Queen Elizabeth in the Globe Theatre, and Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades; the great picture of Family Discord, and Hope passing over the Sky of Adversity; Richard III., Jane Shore, the poetic Caliban and Ariel, and Achilles addressing the Manes of Patroclus, and many others, besides a number of his smaller and more popular productions. All these, with the Alchymical Adept; Gloucester carried into Calais gate; and others lent by their proprietors; and about sixty of his designs and sketches being collected—an exhibition was opened to the public in Castle Street, Messrs. Bonnar and Carfrae having generously offered their gallery for that purpose. These works thus collected together made an impression on the Edinburgh public not easily forgotten, and the intention of the promoters in this respect was fully successful, as well as in the disposal of many of the smaller pictures. At the close of this exhibition, the remaining pictures, except the Family Discord, were removed to Mr. D. R. Hay's gallery, also liberally offered for their accommodation.

Proposals to publish a series of etchings from his pictures and designs were also circulated. It was the earnest desire of the artist, during the latter period of his life, to have his works so published, and it will be the endeavour of his representative to fulfil this wish. Already some of the hopes most dear to him have been accomplished; the public exhibition of his collected works was one of these; the disposal in a public hall of the Vasco de Gama at the Cape of Good Hope was another; the publication of the present book may be considered as a third contribution to the fulfilment of his desires; and the engraving of various series of his illustrative designs is in progress. The answer afforded by his works to Rosalind's question—"What manner of man is he? Is he of God's making?"—cannot be lost.

When the clerk in this exhibition of his works was placing the little placard "sold" on one of his pictures, a young lady said to him—"Ah! *you* are putting the finishing stroke to a great man's work; you are doing what David Scott could not do." Indeed, he died, as the eagle in the fable, the arrow that slays him being fledged by his own feather; and realized the lines of Milton, which were the motto to his first exhibited picture—

> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
> (That last infirmity of noble minds)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
> Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life.

OF RUBENS, HIS CONTEMPORARIES, AND MODERN PAINTING.

A FRAGMENT.

Let us try to read the works of the masters in painting, as we read the works of the poets, philosophers, and historians. During the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, we find in Italy not so many written volumes as painted tablets, illustrating the religion, sentiments, and manners then influencing Europe, and passing current in that country, which took the lead in the revival of civilization. There are few memorials of the past, but such as are handed down by literature and fine art. From the mouldered but yet animate hands of their poets, chiefly—"blessings be on them, and immortal praise"—we derive

our knowledge and experience. There poets are in books, and also on frescoed walls and carved structures; although there are both pictures and sculptures which will not come under that high denomination, but must be classed as history, or merely valuable as records of social forms.

The admission of this, which may be termed the philosophic acceptation of painting, has yet to be fully recognised. It has been misapprehended, and often overlooked. The art was almost entirely rejected at the Reformation, because it had been a vehicle of Roman Catholicism. It was excluded as a channel of thought by our zealous partizanship, and by the greater facility afforded by the invention of printing for the diffusion of intelligence. Its large theological use in former times, and sudden interruption in our own country particularly, led to its denial, and gross misapprehension. Later, also, and in continuance of this, after the partial subsidence of the excited energy and turbulence attendant on the Reformation, its exercise was almost denied. This arose from some of the reformed doctrines in connection with religion, on the one hand, and on the other, from the direction of the new modes of philosophising. The philosophy of the time was of a one-sided kind, and dealt largely in dreary negations. Still poetry was written, and painting, as occasion demanded, was talked of; but the age of even Addison and Pope rather asked the geometer's question of the arts—"what they proved"—than relied on and accepted their essential and revivifying strength. Mind had thrown itself into outward life; and the understanding, attempting to regulate the reason, endeavoured to build a pyramid of earth, straw, and stubble, which was to overtop and look down upon all the relations of the spirit and premonitions of the soul. But the inefficiency and blindness of this led us into waste and howling scepticism, or into the immobile

and ungenerative dread of denying Locke, on the one hand, or the existence of intuition, on the other.

Such influences, and their attendant modes of life, withheld painting from any valuable manifestations, and until the close of the last century, almost entirely prevented its being contemplated in a philosophical point of view. Add to this, that it had in Italy already run a triumphant course of growth, completion, and decay, in its highest circle, and in other countries had been also similarly developed in more familiar spheres.

There was no proper faith in it and for it during a succession of generations. The *notions* regarding it—for of right *ideas* there were scarcely any—were limited and crass, and in ability its practice arrived at nothing worthy. Altogether, art, for the time, seemed to have exhausted its nature and materials; and it seemed necessary that a period should pass, leading into other fields of effort, with new stamina and renewed life.

This revival took place in England, as might have been expected, in a country where art had not yet taken native root—a country bearing, in its civil and politic nature, relations far different from those in which the genius of painting had hitherto dwelt. We say this advisedly and firmly, in opposition to the universally received opinion that England has not been productive in painting. The most native and vital form of modern art, was that which arose in England during the last century. In France, it was *a la mode* and in less permanent shape; while the movements in both countries have preceded that in Germany. German art having taken a peculiarly different direction, performs a prominent part at the present day. Each nation has of late established claims to attention, by enlarging the scope of pictorial art.

The purpose proposed in this paper is to connect the different growths of modern art, and to do so the more clearly, we begin with the great school of Holland, and Rubens as the most prominent figure, after the settlement of the reformed modes of thought. The painters of the Low Countries were the opposites to those of Italy. They detailed the features of life individually: one after another might be enumerated, each supplying his distinct portion, his pictured intimation, of traits of society and inanimate nature. Rembrandt, making his subjects of all variety of objects, showed how much the spirit of the time allowed him, in every instance, to subject these diverse elements to the same mode of treatment. Every scene in his hands addresses us in the same manner.

In Italy, the school of the Carracci, the most eminent school of the middle order, had fallen from elevated and pompous art down to a comparatively limited sphere as regards intention, while its style may be said to have extended in range. Painting was there becoming verbose and meaningless; but by the hand of Rubens it was to be emancipated. When art was connected with religion, it had a distinct and noble aim; now it had ceased to be so, and Rubens neither restored nor elevated art, he only accelerated its freedom.

The works of this extraordinary man of talent and genius form an epoch in the history of painting, the just appreciation of which is necessary to enable us to take a connected view of the manifestations of our art, and to estimate its future prospects. Along with him, we must take his contemporaries and immediate followers, as seconding (in conformity with a coincident impulse) the bearing of his more important and very extensive labours.

I have before had occasion to distinguish the character-

istics of the great Italian masters, by assigning them to grand divisions in the nature of the human mind. I have referred the diverse features of art to various components in the human constitution, and the forms of thought and action developed therefrom by circumstances. It is, doubtless, in this view, that the comparative value of its manifold examples is to be found. By this analysis, we discover the unity as well as the diversity of art, throughout the centuries. Any art only can and must produce a reflex of the prevailing qualities of mind, and shew us the existing combinations in life and society. This seems so obvious, that its denial were scarcely possible, but still it has not been recognised; indeed, it has been abundantly ignored by the stress frequently laid on exterior and minute qualities, as if these were the main distinctions. The true differences between the schools is by no means so superficial a matter; it is not a subject for individual preference, or what is called "a matter of taste." Any one who makes such a preference, fancies he selects the best, and gives up all the rest to night and the past. The history of art to a man in this state, presents a confusion of fragments heaped up by different ages and times, thrown together or sundered seemingly only to lead speculation into labyrinths, and to land it in uncertainty and dissatisfaction. But the whole ought properly to be discerned as one consolidated and connected unity, one portion of which is the adjunct and successor to another—every division and subdivision lending additional light to the understanding of any one department or epoch.

In this wide connection, the works of Rubens, like every distinct manifestation of mind, demand to be considered in two respects: in regard to their intrinsic value, and to the surrounding movements of the time in which they were produced.

The entire history of imitation may be separated into two grand divisions. That which found its completion in Greece, having originated in the symbolic or merely hieroglyphic shape, most noteworthy to us in Egyptian remains, and which terminated in the rude historical art of Rome; and that which originated in the early Christian centuries, and proceeded under the revived civilization, and religious creed, contributing, through partial interruption, the art of the present day. In both of these, some similar ultimate purposes have been pursued; but in tracing some resemblance in the history of their different stages, and in their more important coincidence in the endeavour to represent the permanently good and true—in tracing this resemblance, their great difference is also strongly forced upon the mind. We see two great streams of thought winding, widening, narrowing, and again expanding to the future. Both Grecian and Christian art have their destination yet in the future. In their powers and weaknesses, their intellectualities and moralities, and in the features of exterior and lower life to which they resort, they are widely different. But it is not necessary here to enter further into this field of inquiry, although we found it necessary to advert to it before going further, and in reference to a general view of modern art.

Greek art, then, with the philosophy and theology of the ancients, having been long since consummated, is in some sense passed, although it still holds the highest authority. Modern civilization and Christianity have proceeded to a confirmed mastery in art through the principal Italian schools and painters, and from thence through successive but less eminent stages, to the termination of their primary period. This period embraces the origin, completion, and sundering of the connection of painting with Romanized

Christianity, when we arrive at the age when the separation fully took effect, and in the distinct announcement of which I consider the essential character of Rubens is most clearly seen.

He is the most complete artistic manifestation of that great movement which took place throughout Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century. His works are the substantiation or result of that impulse which had influenced opinion, and taken form in the reformation by Luther. Changes in the sphere of the fine arts are noiseless and bloodless, but the same instigating causes may be traced in these as in the more obvious convulsions of society: art follows those, and gives us a new embodyment of them in their results. Rubens was a great innovator, and in some sense a reformer. Italian painting had announced much that its almost exclusively ecclesiastical character failed to confirm. He made art general: he is the first and principal master in substantiating its universality. His works intrinsically conform to this end, and this connection with his period is their meaning in history.

As in matters of state, church, and letters, the tendency to burst all narrow control, had from time to time been also exhibited in art. Unlicensed action had been gradually accelerating, but it was only in him that it was broadly established. His works broke down both the elevation and the circumscription of Italian painting. He added to the range of art by taking a different, and, in comparison with the most eminent Italian masters, a lower ground. He recurred to elements which were rejected or little admitted by the greater essentialists of Italy. He enforced a new direction of style, which had the merit of throwing off much conventional falsity, but at the same time was very limited in greatness and dignity.

Italian painting had always much that was theologically mystic. Through the votive works of the precursors of the great men of the fifteenth century, it had proceeded till it reached its connection with general intelligence in the grand time of Roman painting, in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. In these two the intellectual and moral were displayed on a common ground with the subject they illustrated, namely, religion. Roman Catholicism ceased to affect deeply the character of their labours. Their purposes and sentiment were purer and larger. But in the hands of their successors, art again became involved in ecclesiastical shapes, and even theological in its subjects, although after a new form. At times it attempted to be classic, and at others subordinated to church forms, imbued with the vapidity of empty church ceremonials and state, or connected in sentiment with the sectarian features of Romanism, and the influence of monachism. The characteristics of monastic life, its calendar of saints, martyrology, and morality, influenced it. Secondary invention, and inferior objects, formed its staple; it maintained an apparent union with religion, but in spirit there was but little.

With no intention of being so, seeing Rubens professed the tenets of the Church of Rome, he was the painter of the Reformation. He has at times been compared artistically with Buonarotti and Raphael, but it is not thus his distinction or difference are to be found. He is, indeed, like these, one of the great movers of the art, but he belongs, both in his individual character, and in the union of circumstances which his times presented, to an altogether different spirit from that which directed their labours.

The aspect of Europe throughout had been wonderfully altered in the course of the century preceding his appearance. The states of Italy had been gradual organisations

from out the confusion and decay of the Roman empire. They had brought out most important features in civilisation, but having given form to these, no further result had followed. Their most eminent centre, and that of Italian superiority for centuries, was the spiritual and temporal jurisdiction of the Pope. This had been in the sixteenth century largely encroached upon; it was no longer the only source of spiritual guidance, or of civilisation. Commerce spread from Venice and Genoa to Portugal, England, and Holland: literature in other countries presented rivals to Petrarch and Dante. Politics were discussed on the basis of right. India and America opened up novel sources of knowledge and adventure. In the body of the church itself, disputes had previously arisen. Savonarola, the Dominicans, and Franciscans, contributed their portion to the ferment of opinion, and Guttenberg threw the tremendous weight of his invention into the balance, quivering with the momentous question of liberty of person and conscience. In a word, from a sacerdotal oligarchy, which extended to a temporal tyranny, that swayed both princes and peoples, ruling in letters and art as in everything else, the freedom of judgment, and even its duty, was now asserted. What Frederic Barbarossa, trampling the plains of Italy with his heavy-armed horse, had failed to effect, the German monk had done.

And what has been the result? A mighty strife of opinion ever since. New forms of church government, it might be almost said of religion itself; new shapes in legislation, in civil law, in all the arts and sciences, and even in morals. The "disastrous twilight" that shed its "fear of change" over the pontificates of Leo X. and Sextus VII., was now to terminate. Other countries were now to take the lead in the scale of nations.

D'Aubigne, in his History of the Reformation, has cursorily alluded to its influence on art, evidently with little knowledge of the subject, although with sufficient prejudice, and has arrived at a very impotent conclusion. M. Villiars, also, a writer of marked difference of character, in his Essay on the Effects of the Reformation, has fallen into a similar error. What the knowledge of the latter was on the subject, it is not easy to say, his observations being very brief. But, from their tenor, he had not been able to trace the effects of the general movement here as he does in respect to literature and science. This, however, is not the case with M. D'Aubigne, who ventures on some general assertions relative to the nature of the arts, to refute which, is foreign to our present purpose. He does not separate art from its abuse. He says, "We behold painting unceasingly combined with serious immoralities and deadly errors;" not perceiving, through all the objections that may be made to Italian painting, the essentially elevated meaning of every one of its great works. On painting, he says the Reformation exerted little influence, and notices Cranach and Dürer as the few examples. The works of Cranach might, at the time, serve a particular end, and aid the cause, without being, as some of the works of Luther himself, even truly in its spirit.

But let us pass on in our general remarks. The founding of the Republic of Holland, was one of the most noted accomplishments of the time. Saxony and the Netherlands became in religion, commerce, and politics, the opponents and rivals of Italy. France and England, Austria and Spain, appear less distinctly at this period than Holland: each endeavoured to sustain, as of old, and to extend its power, but were secondary in the assertion of the great new principles. Could we look for this act of independence of

the Netherlands to be the same as that of the early Italian states? The mental stage of questioning and throwing off the papal supremacy was passed, and the despotism of Philip II., and the power of the Inquisition, were not to be endured. That prince was declared by the States General at the Hague to have forfeited the sovereignty, by violating the privileges of the people. Art, like the opinions in religion, was thrown back upon rational principles and popular every-day things. It had to deal with new, and, in some measure, original and essential elements.

The result of the change, which arrived at a distinct acclimation in Rubens, has been the wider circle it has since embraced, and its variety of power. So far as the versatility of treatment, in subjects of every kind, was an object to be gained, it was completely successful. In himself Rubens embraced a larger range than any other painter had done, or has since his time. With characteristics of the most marked peculiarity, he is yet the Proteus of art. He turns on every side, and, with consummate alacrity, evinces the mastery of his language. Departments which had been considered totally distinct or scarcely touched, to him were common ground, or assumed form, under his hand. Man, animate and inanimate nature, were alike his province. An overwhelming control over outward features of every description, from the Fall of the Damned, the Coronation of Philip, to the Rainbow over the Corn-Field; from the Lion Hunt to the Poultry Basket, is exhibited by his hand. Raphael painted a battle, and mounted some of his combatants on horses, but in these he shows us that the divinity of his moral nature found its sphere only in man. Michael Angelo rarely required to refer to the forms of inferior or outward creation, but scarcely ever did so without subjecting them to his abstract purpose, which was widely different

from the imitations of Rubens. Leonardo is said to have furnished the original pattern for the lion hunts of Rubens. But it is scarcely so in the letter even; in spirit his are far different. Leonardo's impulse in this matter was an anticipation of what, at his time, art did not reach: then it had but one paramount intention. In Correggio, alone, was there any acknowledgment of variety of object, and his endeavour was to unite, in a homogeneous combination, elements which were separate in their natures. He desired to amalgamate or approximate these, and so produce a beautiful whole, in which the mind might repose. This was a species of universality, but it was altogether different from that of Rubens. Correggio, in his subjects, moved within a limited circle; he applied his art to a confined range: Rubens, in the elements of his art, was much less general, but in his range of application much more so.

His combinations were not those of pure *essentials*, as in Correggio, but partook of a much interrupted mixture. And this brings us to the consideration of what Rubens' universality consisted in; what were his derelictions; and in what his style requires to be corrected by a recurrence to other modes.

Rubens, with vast power, is, in regard to the elevation of the greater Italians, their inferior; and in strength of materials, much below the third name in painting—that of Titian: as well as below Correggio, as has just been stated, in certain essentials. But, as a whole, the school of Rubens goes beyond all others. This, however, must not be either asserted or accepted without being justly understood. I have before assigned the intellectual to Michael Angelo, the moral to Raphael, and the outward or material to Titian. These were all greatly modified by their association with the Church, and cast in the moulds of thought presented by

the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Such being the case, their works are therefore removed, at the present day, in some degree, from popular apprehension, although their peculiarities afford them an auxiliary confirmation. In this, indeed, they stand upon common ground with all that is highest in intellectual manifestations—with creeds themselves. They appertain to that centre from whence radiates truth in literature, politics, science.

Rubens stands at a distance from them; he is below their elevation. This may be said, even while we admit that, in occasional instances, the impressiveness of his sentiment absorbed his libertinism, and enabled him to engross the mind of the spectator with an irresistible force. Reynolds felt, on standing before his greater works for the time, as if they left nothing to be desired! Their sensuous, and also their mental strength, left no room for any deficiency to be felt. They are, indeed, the productions of a man widely informed in respect to all the previous manifestations of thought, without being biassed in any particular past direction—in one sense, knowing all without being limited to any. * * * *

But none of those his successors arrived at this power; and amidst all the diversity of talent which immediately succeeded, nothing was produced of the same eminence. This is now nearly two centuries ago.

And has art stood still since that date? This is a question which must in some points be answered in the affirmative. No genius of an equal exuberance and brilliancy has appeared, but in many directions the scope of painting has been still amplified; its powers more exactly displayed in numerous directions; its capacities opened up; and new facilities for the extension of its influence originated. A productive, though unelevated, and an interrupted,

but apparently necessary, portion of its history has passed over. The result of those impulses under which it rose and culminated are now before us—they are substantiated. Let us endeavour to turn the experience of the past to the benefit of the future, that both the eminence and the derelictions of former practice may afford a guide in the right direction of the present.

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At this moment, there are some who would again reduce the wide field of art to the narrowest limits. There are some who look upon themselves as the truly enlightened, and who take an important standing on this ground. The kind of art we speak of may be an offshoot from a wider movement, and in a measure connects itself with a momentary false activity in theological matters. It is a compound of antiquarianism and of gentle religious sentiment, not without sanctimoniousness and superciliousness in the mixture, although this is exhibited in a form resuscitated from a time so long past that we view it as poetic. The endeavour is not to enter into the spirit of Christianity, but to enter into its *forms of thought*, as expressed by men some centuries ago: things that, to the British mind, cannot, or ought not, to have even vitality. To do so, even as an admirer, or in a dilettante manner, is to sacrifice our birthright. The Romanist is honestly ahead of this movement. He accepts his creed, and the forms come with it, more or less cared for or tedious to him; his æsthetic culture is not limited. What may be called contingencies in his case, become essentials in the mind of the convert.

This novelty in the treatment of painting is remarkable in this country, inasmuch as it is completely at variance with the current of English art hitherto, and also with that of Germany, in which it has already spread to a large extent

over all the different departments of painting, and where, indeed, it originated.

By this recurrence to past standards, the German mind does violence to its own eminence in philosophy. It goes backward to seek one phase of that which it was most forward in denying. There is something like exhaustion or senility in the process. But in our day we are beginning to lose national distinctions. Northern and central Europe, from the increased facility of communication, printing, and the arts of engraving and lithography, are becoming united in culture; and the revival of which we speak may indicate some under-current not yet seen. In this view, that portion of German painting and literature that falls back upon the past, either in spirit or method, and which coincides with a like inclination among ourselves, having also its representatives in France, is like the mistaken efforts of an individual, and never will or can become more than a sectional and limited movement; for it is evident that it is not an accession of wisdom, and that it is obviously supported by party feeling singularly at variance with the general tendency of thought in the present day.

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NOTES ON CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND PRACTICAL METHODS OF WORKS OF ART IN ITALY.

VISITED 1833.

Milan. In the Academia. Worthy of recollection are the frescoes in the passage, by Gaudenzio Ferrari. An unfinished Leonardo da Vinci is on a very smooth plaster ground. The Holy Family, by Luini, remarkable.

Daniel Crespi; strong, firm, and throughout well informed: belonging to the middle day of the revivers. Some by Francia, worthy of study: clear, rich in the colour, however hard and primitive.

Here are two heads by Titian, painted on a dark grey ground. A large Giorgione: dryish, but full of gusto: rather brown.

The Marriage of the Virgin, by Raphael. Expression beautiful: in the colour of the different parts fine, but deficient in harmony.

A Feast, by Veronese. Different in effect from that in Paris: not so successful: wants the light and life.

Here is the beautiful Virgin and Child by Raphael, in which the Virgin stretches out her hand and lifts the covering of the Child. Round, soft, and yet strong.

A remarkable picture of a female about to be broke upon the wheel, by Piombo. (?)

The Last Supper, by Bonifazio, much cracked and sunk. Here is a large picture by Enea Salmeggia: dark rough ground: plenty of colour, but black. Also a savage Salvator. A round head, by Rembrandt, ought to be remembered.

The Giorgione is brown, without the Titian surface; but the touch and the tone are fine. In some parts the ground seems prepared; but it is hard, not sunk. His St. Sebastian is a copy from life, without decided style. The flesh is whitish, on a dark ground. The shadows painted solid: not so in Titian.

Two pictures by Giacomo Bassano, and two by Leonardo. Those by the first are the richest.

A sketch in brown, by Raphael, is masterly, without mere dash: very round in the forms. A Dead Christ, by Giovanni Bellini, is very meagre.

All the parts of the Marriage of the Virgin, by Raphael, are very precisely told. The flesh soft: the colour, as a whole, yellowish. It is painted on a light ground: some parts very thin, merely glazed: but it has been prepared in black and white, the blacks very thickly laid.

Saints, by Moretto, in good design. A Tintoretto: red. A Girolamo Genga: strange and crude. A Mary washing Christ's Feet, by Veronese: dark, not lucid, like the large Louvre picture. A black hard picture by Giacomo Francia.

Andrea Mantegna. His saints are in a grand style of design: the drapery hard but well formed: the drawing is great and fine: background gilt. There is another frame of saints by him, not so good, seemingly earlier; but a large picture by him is in a less liny manner, with the same greatness of attitude.

In a very large Gentile Bellini, the cloth is prepared as in Titian. Tintoretto: two old men breaking a loaf, deserves notice.

A large fine Domenichino: a strong picture. The colour in many parts of the right kind: in others too tangible and red; but varied throughout.

The Woman of Samaria, by Annibal Carracci, is simple and strong. Procaccini: too brown. A grand old saint by him; also female saints; also some other pictures: bad. A St. Jerome by Titian, generally brown; the rocks very brown: very worthy of remembrance.

Paris Bordone: Baptism of Christ: feeble. Guido Reni: St. Peter is good, but has a painted appearance.

Vandyke is brown and toneless here. A Wise Men's Offering, by Titian, is without his usual fine quality. Maroni d'Albino: dark-toned figures: simple and veritable.

Veronese: a large Offering of the Wise Men, dark and

confused: and a Baptism of Christ by him, without the virtue of the Louvre picture.

A Dead Christ, by Tintoretto, is striking: almost black and white. A very good Jordaens. This gallery, as a whole, is very splendid and valuable.

Church of St. Maurice. The whole of this church is covered with pictures: some of the later schools, others of the older. Those on each side of the altar are by Luini: they are stiff and dry.

Church of St. Ambrose. The style of architecture of this old church is curious: the pulpit is very old, in an unformed or transition style. Some of the ornaments have a very Scandinavian aspect. The palace of the Visconti is also curious in architecture.

Ambrosiana. A large cartoon by Tibaldi: somewhat like Buonarotti, but of no remarkable character. Here are four large bad productions by Cesari. Christ Crowned with Thorns, by Titian, is on a dark ground, rich and deep in the tone. The drawings, by Da Vinci, are very careful, sharp, and true. The Virgin, Infant, and St. John: the same design as the light picture in the Louvre: darkly painted: the carnations very fine: the face of the Virgin very soft. Two Holy Familics, by Luini. A fine drawing by Polidoro. A picture by —— Bassano of the Adoration of the Shepherds, is all of a light colour: much after Titian: a very superior work.

BRESCIA.

In the church of St. Afra is an altar-piece by Tintoretto; it appeared black, but I saw it in the evening. The ceiling

is by Caliari. In a house connected with the church is a picture, said to be by Titian, of the Woman taken in Adultery—splendid in colour. There has been a preparation of the ground, but in many places the effect is produced by solid colour. The ground is very rough, but the flesh is very smooth by load of colour, and in parts the drapery also. Even the shades look as if they were floated on. In no work I have yet seen by Titian has there been clear light; the retiring parts, or background, are usually very deep The same with Tintoretto. Veronese's Marriage of Cana, in the Louvre, is the grand example of open light. I have now seen two others by him of the same subject, and one of Mary washing Christ's Feet, nearly resembling it in design, and affording an opportunity for similar treatment, had he been master of it when they were done. But it appears to me the old masters did for themselves what ages of art usually effect—repeat the design, idea, or intention, until they brought it to a more perfect state than one effort allowed.

VERONA.

Duomo. In this church is an Assumption of the Virgin, in a brown, rotten, burnt-up tone of colour.

Church of St. Euphemia (I think this is the name). Two good pictures; one of the Dead Christ, another of St. Elizabeth and the Infant Jesus in the Clouds, and saints below, in a dark Giorgione style. But there were lamps lighted before it, the morning being very dark, nor could I get near enough to see the handling. My first great impression of this last picture was curiously dispelled by my second visit, on again passing through Verona. I then saw it in clear morning light.

In the Cathedral, above the altar, are frescoes, said to be by Julio Romano, in an incorrect but great style of design. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin. The drawing is monstrously defective, but the execution in a clear fresh mode.

VENICE.

St. Maria della Salute. Here are four pictures by Titian: one small, of the Virgin and Saints; the other three large, on the roof of the sacristy, in a grand style of design, and noble breadth of colour. One beauty of the best Venetians is the expanse of their tints, and the variety of their tones in the drapery; a colour is seen here from its lightest to its deepest. The small picture is in a dark rich style, something like the Bellini in San Zaccharino. The others are broad, great, and solemn, both in design and colour; nothing introduced merely for ornament or for colour. The subjects are David and Goliath, Abraham and Isaac, Cain and Abel. On the whole, I have yet seen no pictures equal to them. How different are the three frescoes in the Scuola of S. Antonio, Padua: their colour is strong, varied, and clear—more so than in these—but in design they are almost puerile. These pictures are essentially great, although they differ from Titian's general subjects and treatment.

Manfredi Palace. A splendid collection. Here are seen Giorgione and Titian; and here Giorgione appears more the author of Titian's style than any where else—particularly in the portraits of a man and woman: the female whom various of the painters of the time made their model. This portrait is broad; rich brown; the flesh quietly handled and deep; none of the stippling of the older painters. Two

of Titian's are near it—a portrait on one side, a Virgin and Child on the other.

Church of St. Maria dell Orto. Some of Tintoretto's finest works. A knowledge of his style might be here gained without visiting any other place. The two great pictures on the sides of the altar are stupendous works, even in size. They must be fifty or sixty feet high, but they are not proportionally broad. The figures are very large; the style of form after Michael Angelo, but the composition confused. In this church Tintoretto displays varied powers, great design, strong fresco colour. The Presentation in the Temple is a finished work; and in the Virgin ascending the Steps of the Temple, there is originality of invention and effect.

Accademia. Titian's greatest work is here, the Assumption of the Virgin. It is in a grand style of design, powerful colour, and striking effect. The carnations are all very red, dark, and strong; and, in the under part particularly, of a sombre or rather heavy gusto, but exceedingly clear, from the mode adopted in the execution. In this work, Titian has attempted to go more in the sphere of the Roman or Florentine art than in any other—excepting, possibly, those in the Salute. This is the case even in the manner of painting; it is lightly wrought over the ground. This picture has been evidently prepared in black and white, and much produced by glazing or transparent colour; the light ground shines through everywhere. In this respect it is amazingly different from the pulpy full flesh of Titian—it is light and dry in the handling, but not so in effect, though the general air of the picture is dark and light. The upper part is separated from the group below by a grey sky, of a more solemn than Venetian sentiment. The under group is almost all dark against the sky—at least all the parts that

come in contact with it are so. The upper portion of the Virgin and Cherubs are also dark against the yellow of the glory in which the Eternal Father, supported by two angels, floats above.

The Miracle of St. Mark by Tintoretto is a great work, but confused in character. Open daylight will not palliate the scattered effect; the lining of dark with dark to lead out the effect—the turbans and local dresses—give it a disagreeable effect and inferior impression to me. The handling is most masterly; of this it is a complete example. It is painted on a soft but smooth surface, and the flesh is in most parts smooth, but touched with sweeping strokes. However there is in some parts—about the hands—a hatching with the brush which is disagreeable, and which is like a sample of the whole, which is chequer-like. In this production, technic ability is the whole excellence. The tones of the flesh are very valuable; the drawing is bold; the composition, in lines and in effect, is complex. It is Tintoretto's most notable work, as that in the Louvre is of Veronese, and opposite it in this gallery that of their master, the Assumption of the Virgin.

There is something about this Assumption strikes one may have originated from Raphael's Transfiguration, in competition with which Piombo painted his principal work now in London—the Raising of Lazarus—which is inferior to any of them in distinct power, although in intention it is much higher than either Veronese's or Tintoretto's, and, with the exception of Raphael's, has most expression.

What I have seen most valuable to recollect since leaving Edinburgh—First, in London, Reynolds: a portrait of Goldsmith, in a broad, pulpy style, resembling which is a head by Titian in the Accademia at Bergamo.

Next, in the Louvre. The first room, with its early

works: then the great Veronese, and some modern French. The red and blue Le Bruns; David; the picture from The Flood. Poussin, with his severe, and, at the same time, free pencil; Lesueur with his sober and strong expression. After them a varied collection, leaving little trace; the great Medici pictures not what I expected. The Bolognese, in the Louvre, make little impression. Titian and Giorgione much: the Christ crowned with Thorns, and the Entombment of Titian, and a Fete Champetre, by Giorgione. Then Raphael, his large Holy Family, and others smaller: his fidelity notable in some portraits. Then a mass of Dutch pictures, each one excelling another.

Next, in Milan. Leonardo's heads, beautiful exceedingly, in the Ambrosiana: a fine Titian, the Holy Family: the best Bassano I have seen, also a Holy Family, light and clear. The care and truth of Leonardo and Luini dwell on the memory. Here is also the drawing of the School of Athens, by Raphael.

Accademia, Venice. St. Peter surrounded by Saints, by Palma the Elder, very real, firm design. Superior in simplicity to most such subjects I have seen, even Titian is not sustained throughout with the same force. The Murder of the Innocents, by Bonifazio is in a deep Venetian style: the flesh is strong, red, and deep, and also the draperies, which are of a very inlaid character, as those of most of his pictures are, although true in tone. They produce an effect which would overcome everything else, were the pictures large.

This Academy of Venice is splendid in its antique cast department. Here I have met old friends, and recognised

new perfections. It is the finest collection I have seen, extensive, and of the best works. To these are added a few by Canova, not unworthy of their place. The Christ, by Michael Angelo, here, is the first great work by him I have yet seen, with which I was not yet previously acquainted. Not what I expected: a want of true dignity: in attempting to be real, Michael Angelo has become even common-place: in some parts incorrect: in others the form is bad.

The Son of Niobe warding off the arrows with his hands: bent on both knees: a noble figure: different in style from anything antique I have seen: yet truly excellent. It is difficult to characterise the style of this figure: it is round, broad, rich, full in all the lines, combining particular truth with ideality. I hope to remember well this wonderful work—its expression, its beauty, all is alike; each quality keeps pace with the other, and testifies the mighty power of the ancients in this art. And yet a great portion is a restoration by Canova. The remnant had inspired him, and a transcendant work is the result.

The Flora Farnese. An enormous figure, great in design, and its vast size gives no sense of emptiness. One of the "Early Gods" of Keats.

The Niobe. The drapery is very peculiar: as if it was wet, and a strong wind against it; this seems to be the idea of the sculptor, or, it may be, (in such an epic work) the association merely he wished to suggest, or wrought under in his own conception.

Agrippina. Very fine, dignified, and characteristic. Statue of Zeno. Full of the stoic: the hand clenched: the figure staunch and short: the attitude determined. Antique Boxer. The original of this was lost in transporting it to Rome: it is simple in style, strong and beautiful. Aristides. Simple and composed, characteristic: also a Roman orator opposite.

All these antique portrait statues worthy of great attention. The French painters have studied them much.

Terpsichore, by Canova, is beautiful. The Magdalen is one of the most soul-inspired figures of modern sculpture. A Pieta, by Canova, is a beautiful group, wanting in richness and fulness: his design in a group appears generally meagre.

Lætitia Bonaparte, by Canova, is after the manner of the Roman seated figures. His Paris is beautiful, but general and vague in form. His Boxer is strong in execution; but the design linear and profile like, which may result from a bas-relief style applied inappropriately; perhaps, however, it is a symptom of poverty of invention.

The undefinable tints of Veronese are his greatest beauty: these are produced by the washing over and sinking of the colour, by the light grounds, and painting at once. His half shadows, his similar tones uniting different objects, his general breadth, are all to be remembered.

Tintoretto, in the Miracle of St. Mark, is both touchy and flat—which is bad. Veronese has more harmony of method, and little appearance of handling.

Palazzo Reale. Two Tintorettos, from the history of St. Mark, are painted on dark grounds with a rushing pencil. The draperies are in some parts all done over with one colour, over which another is driven to form the lighter folds. These pictures are carelessly and rapidly done: forcible in all respects; original and poetic. Four works by Bonifazio, all in a simple strong hand; the colour local. They are severe productions, although formed on Venetian taste, and, in applying this to historic subjects, I suppose he may be considered original. Jacopo Bassano appears

here with a full weighty pencil of great strength and character. Here are frescoes by many of the Venetians, some being very inferior productions, but still marking the ability of the lesser men.

Practically, the most remarkable observation I made today, was respecting the touch of Jacopo Bassano—its great force and heavy load. The handling of Bonifazio is simple and stern.

Church of S. Barnabas. A Bassano; dark, with small lights, as very usual with him. Also some saints, rather brown in colour.

Church of S. Sebastiano. A great many pictures by Veronese. The greatest painters have been most prolific. Arches, front of the balcony, chapels, doors of the organ, the roof, are all by him. The frescoes are very much decayed and broken. Two squares of the roof are strong and fresh, altogether different in this respect from those round them. I suspect they are in oil on cloth. Oil was preferred by the Venetians wherever they could get a canvass stretched. Tintoretto's enormous pictures of Paradise in the Ducal Palace, and the Judgment in Dell Orto, are on cloth, cut to the shape of the part of the wall they cover. Here is also a beautifully toned small picture by Veronese of the Virgin and Infant; a saint with long yellow hair presenting a dove; a dark figure standing by. The colour of the whole is brown rather than clear; it is firmly painted. In the sacristy are four or five pictures by Bonifazio. One of these is a saint with folded hands looking up from the dark towards a light in the sky. Also a Christ Rising, by Tintoretto, splendid in effect.

The yellow used by Veronese is evidently different from any now in use.

Manfredi Palace. Sketched Titian's Dead Christ, and

afterwards a small Annibale Carracci of Lot and his Daughters. This Titian is cold, and without much life and reality. On coming from the Entombment, was much struck by the difference. Here, as in the Louvre, was struck by the want of consistency and truth, causing the fine design in some works to be lost. The scene from the Deluge in the Louvre is powerless from the want of verisimilitude to nature. The Marriage of Cana, beside it, tries it as a furnace seven times heated. This evil operates also against the Wreck of the Medusa.

Venetian art is incompatible with the historic, dramatic, or epic; its colour costs it much. The Venetians resort to many tricks to make out their scheme; to keep a colour alive throughout, or to scatter a light. They would hang the haberdasher up among his wares, merely to give a change of material. In many of their works we find great sacrifices to produce relief by a dark striking against a light. If necessary for this purpose, a drapery becomes both dark and light at once, or an arm or a leg takes a black shade—the light *must* be got by whatever means.

The method of the colouring of the carnations seems to be this: One tone or tint is made to prevail over the whole surface of a part, and the other tints, of warmer or cooler colour, are grafted on this general tone, which serves as a harmonizing medium. In draperies, whatever be the colour, they have no hesitation in breaking it by lights, and making these of an entirely different colour. This effect is proper enough in silks, or any glistening stuffs, but they use it even in painting the strongest materials.

In one of the smaller domes of St. Mark's, a Byzantine painter, in a History of the Creation, has made God literally drawing a rib out of the side of a curiously whiskered Adam asleep. In another compartment, an angel or God, in the

presence of angels, is erecting a clay man, and a little genius, fluttering at the mouth of the brown earthy figure, breathes into him the breath of life. The representations of God reproving Adam and Eve express their degradation in the same manner as since adopted, by their crouching and bending the knees.

Ducal Palace. A Doge kneeling before Faith; the figures larger than life, painted in oil. The design is simple and grand, being unaffected and inartificial, and the colour is in accordance. The head of the Doge is the simplest nature expressed by the simplest means—it is nearly one colour, but excellent in connection with the rest. The drapery displays the grey tones and browns of Titian; the sky and back-ground are free and lucid; the folding of the stuffs freshly touched.

On one of the roofs are chiaroscuros by Paul Veronese; the figures very large, in a heavy vague style of design, and deficient in force for their size. A roof by Tintoretto displays force and strength. Europa, by Veronese, is fine; and four small works in oil noticeable; Bacchus and Ariadne; Peace and War; a Cyclop, with oddly bent legs; and Venus, or something meant for her.

Tintoretto's Paradise is in his strongest gusto. The effect is confused, but the colour of the parts individually forcible and rich. Black, dark blue, dark green, and a deep brown lake predominate; the lights are yellow. It is sixty-four feet in length. On the ceiling of the election room of the Doge are three large frescoes, one by Veronese, ornamental and careful; the centre one by Tintoretto; and another by Jacopo Palma, partially resembling both the others. On the side walls are other immense pictures. Veronese here, beside Tintoretto, appears soft, careful, and even timid. His works gay and florid; Tintoretto's strong,

rich, full, often confused and black, but always powerful. The Paradise is without general effect.

Church S. Bartolomeo. Two large pictures by Palma *giovine*, (they may be indifferent Tintoretto's) the Gathering of the Manna, and the Plague of Serpents: also one on each side of the altar, from the life of the saint, in a clearer and better style.

Church San Rocco. Some magnificent Tintorettos of the saint's miracles. One in the nave, and two on the sides of the altar, are stupendous in their full, massy, clear, free colour. One corner of the picture, on the right of the altar, ruddy in light, and strong: genius, great genius. Dark and light strive together, and strong health is embodied; equality everywhere appears with a living energy: a life is here, not to express much thought, but to breathe, to leap, and run. Tintoretto outdoes every other painter in impetuous determination of colour; whole limbs are brown, red, yellow, or grey; each part must be made to speak powerfully.

Here his immense genius displays itself in the grandeur of the school. It contains what have been his greatest works: mighty power, uncommon conception, and great design. His Crucifixion is one of the wonders of art. The centre part, and about it, is amazingly fine. The group at the foot of the cross seems as if expressive of some dreadful superincumbent ill. It is one of the most striking utterances of painting. It has no details of expression, no dramatic turns, but its impression is heavy with the unutterable. It is a unity in meaning, a product of intuition, the result of unhesitating faithful powers, whose course it is difficult to track, not to be taken up, pursued, or even communicated: the result is a there-created sentiment, once done, and once only.

Towards the ends of the picture (which should be cut

off) his subject appears exhausted, though the colour is still fine: the effect of the grand scene is weakened by being too much extended.

The light of the sky, in almost all the Venetian pictures, is an important part of their machinery. This is opposed by the strong light or substantial texture of the light parts of the figures; the darks are all massed and broad in the best masters, Titian in particular, but they are less so in Tintoretto. Yesterday I did not think anything of him, to-day, he is, in my mind, one of the greatest of painters; but he is very unequal, and produces a corresponding impression. San Rocco is his triumph. No Venetian has done so much in number and extent. The Crucifixion is about thirty-three feet long. The immense roof is also by him, divided into different compartments. The labour here, altogether, is prodigious.

Church S. Chrisostomo. Here is an altar-piece by Piombo, in a solemn style of effect and composed design: the draperies rich.

Church of the Jesuits. The roof of the sacristy by Jacopo or old Palma. The design resembling Michael Angelo and Tintorettò. Also pictures round the walls by the same hand: one of these a Virgin on a cloud. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Tintoretto, lately restored: the upper part very fine: the head of the Virgin Titian-like. The group of the Virgin and angels are against light, which is strong behind the dark blue and red of her draperies, and the green and yellow of those of the angels. There is more of the movement of ascending in this picture than in any other of the same subject which I have seen here.

Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Titian. In the figure of the saint, a pure style of drawing is intended, but it is feeble. The saint is in the foreground, on the gridiron: small lights

fall on the heads, shoulders, and arms of the torturers. All this is near the bottom of the picture: then far up are two torch lights, and higher again, within the circular top of the picture, is a small speck of a glory. The picture is on a dark ground, which is peeling off in some places: it is crudely arranged, hard and dry, black and disagreeable. A poor fellow has a scaffold up before it, and is copying it.

St. Julian. In this church is a rich altar-piece, by Campana; three saints below, and Christ crowning the Virgin above: the upper figures dark, against a yellow light. The Assumption, by Veronese, rich, full, and strong; real and individual. The flesh is pearly and rosy: draperies solemn and clear, with coolness. Not so red as usual. At first sight I thought this a work by Titian. Also, by Veronese: the body of Christ carried to heaven by angels, and entering between two lines of cherubs with ruddy faces and dark blue wings.

Manfredi Palace. A picture of Fra. Bartolomeo of very great design. He is certainly the greatest of the older masters: those not confirmed as the highest. The colour of this is open in tone, and soft. Various works by Pordenone. He was the rival of Titian, and certainly, if his style was formed coeval with Titian, and without imitation, he was worthy of being so considered. Here is Poussin: the Hours dancing to Time. The colour stronger than is usual with him. Was this a Venetian production by him when he expressed the fear of becoming a colourist? Here is a fresco by Raphael—Noah entering the ark—hard in the outline, no effect, colour weak, weak and indifferent; the drapery good in design. Christ at Emmaus, by Bellini; the figure of Christ is simple and beautiful; upon the whole, a fine picture. How much these old men did!

Two landscapes by Tempesta, free and natural. Another

Poussin: Time unveiling Truth: hard and red, the lights spotty. Here is a saint in armour, by Andrea Mantegna; very bold in design for that day. A Mercury and Nymph by Giorgione: light and fresh, almost like English colouring: deficient in drawing. A Magdalen, by Correggio: the flesh all light: the background dark. Some fine pictures by Giorgione: a male and a female head particularly: rich and powerful.

Barberigi Palace. The Magdalen, by Titian, which has made so much noise. I cannot admire it: he has often coloured better: the face is ugly: the design, however, good. A darkness about the mouth and point of the nose injures it—an unsuccessfulness in the execution which is disagreeable. The picture altogether is wanting in the felicity we might expect from Titian's powers in treating such a subject: this Magdalen is not merely contrite, she is gross and miserable-looking.

Some good portraits by Titian, but nearly all are in his drier and harder style; not pulpy and lucid. The other pictures by him not much worthy of remark; a Venus with Cupids is among the best.

My ideas of Bellini and Perugino have changed since seeing their works. They certainly did much—possibly as much as their successors—but their steps were not so near the top of the ascent.

Ch. S. Giovanni e Paolo. Titian's St. Peter Martyr. It seems painted on a dark ground, as the effect verges into blackness. In style of design, the same intention seems followed as in the three pictures fixed on the roof of the Salute, being an inspiration of the sentiment of Michael Angelo through

his own solid manner. This is certainly a great picture, but it is not consummate; it is in no way wonderful, as has been often said. In Titian's principal power, that of colour, it is too dark, or rather blackish, to allow full manifestation. The drawing is in parts defective; it is an exemplification of a man great in one way trying to do a great work in another.

Here is a Bellini of the old subject, a Virgin mounted on a throne, and saints below—the figures larger than life. It is rich and soft in effect. Some parts retain a little of the old stiffness, but there is great materiality in the colour, and well composed design. Also a curious Saint Christopher carrying the Infant Christ, by him. Upon closer inspection, the first of these pictures is seen to be much laboured. The noses have the oddly turned-up character. Every line is defined, but still the whole has great harmony.

Ch. S. Giovanni. The Last Supper, by Tintoretto, is strong and dark in effect. The lights shine out clearly—the glory of Christ and a yellow in the sky very brilliant; the whole rich; the light and shade is systematic, and skilfully carried out. Here is a portrait work by him, and an Assumption. Behind the altar is a Palma, a picture of great genius, the Fall of the Angels, or rather the trampling down of devils. The lights are flat and strong; the tone deep and rich. The shoulder of an angel against the dark drapery of the Deity rises out from the canvass; the toning of the under figures very full and strong.

Pal. Reale. Tintoretto's two works here relating to the Translation of the body of St. Mark, possess a vividness which gives a relief from the constant sameness of sentiment in church pictures. Here is a juvenile Titian, the Passage of the Red Sea. St. Jerome in the Desert, by Jacopo Bassano, ponderous and full; also the Annunciation, with the

same heavy touch. The roof by Schiavone; rather large style of design. Paulo also large and finished. Three divisions by Batista Franco; one by Genovese; two by Giovanni del Mio—all good for little. Three by Salviati, great in style; three by Pordenone, rather ridiculous in design; divided in effect, and dark.

The Madonna and St. Barbara, by Bonifazio, very broad and strong; many of the parts laid in at one sweep; flat and remorselessly raising a great edge. Another Bonifazio, flowing in method; much cracked; and a third picture by him, on a hard prepared ground, also cracked where it has been thickly prepared.

A single figure by Titian; some parts a little retouched. This is a fresco, and is somewhat small in style, though displaying the colour of the master.

A fine Dead Christ supported by Angels, &c., by the son of Veronese; nothing, however, peculiar in it.

A Christ by Albert Dürer very much resembles some of the old Venetians. Leonardo: Christ playing with a lamb. How different is his sphere from that of the Venetians!

Manfredi Palace again. Observed a curious Domenico Riccio, an Allegory of Calumny, &c., rich in colour. The effect of a figure in this picture worthy of memory. Dark in itself, and with dark drapery twisted about it, the figure is against a dark grey ground, only relieved by a slight light in the flesh—little more than an outline. Some remarkable Giordanos—dark in the shades, strong in the lights; black and white drapery.

A picture by Giov. Mio, of the old school: hard, careful, particular. Julio Romano, in the picture of Jupiter, particularly good in design and colour.

Dead Christ by Titian is somewhat dry in the handling. It has been liquidly painted on a rather hard ground;

floated, no touch, except the edges of the draperies. Two sketches by Veronese of great rapidity and firmness, both on light grounds; some parts very thin, others thick; the architecture all outlined by a sharp dark line, and the colour thin over it.

Third Room. Leonardo Bassano: very red in hue. A small sketch by Rubens appears very free, compared to the Venetians. Here is a portrait of Michael Angelo by Morone, but it is not the awful head sometimes represented. Three good Pordenones: the Circumcision; the Marriage of the Virgin; and Himself with his Scholars. A small and pretty laboured portrait of herself by Angelica Kauffman.

Fourth Room. Two Bonifazios, of poetic subjects; large in style, flat in colour; all the figures light. Indeed all the pictures so; in some respects remind me of Stothard. These resemble very little Bonifazio's work in general; possibly Pordenone's light style and these pictures have a similar origin. A Supper by Bellini, light in the background. The figures dark against it, but at the same time light in many parts. There is more freedom in this than in any other work of his I have seen. The Bonifazios are called "*parte della taivola di cobete.*" (?)

Giotto. A Virgin and Child, with angels. The *intention* of the expression of some of the angels is beautiful; the virgin is simple and nearer the sublime and more elevated than in some subsequent works. Art lost much in symbolic elevation as technic ability advanced.

Cimabue. A Madonna and Child, within a various coloured circular figure; two saints below. The background gold, as in Giotto's, but the contrasts much more harsh; altogether much more infantine.

Sixth Room. A Lucretia, by Guido; very round and true in tone, but of a *northern* colour. Piombo, as I before

noted; rich, excellent, rough, full. Campagnola (Girol, I believe); good and great in design; the subject an old saint; dark. Here is a small Raphael, Taking down from the Cross. Raphael is very fine even in material colour I have already seen.

Accademia again. Bonifazio is often clotted and thick; sometimes, however, light colour under the surface; at other times he paints freely on the ground. Again, his carnations are almost entirely glazed (that is, the shades of them with the reds) over a light flat surface. He is sufficiently free from anything like bungling.

A portrait by Titian on my left while sketching Bonifazio; very systematic in execution; from the first the painter thoroughly aware of his intention. Masses are laid in with a reference to and reliance on after treatment, and a touch of solid, or a touch of glazed colour, completes the effect. The first colouring seems little more than a wash over the soft ground; bold, however, if necessary. Veronese frequently lays this flat or primary effect, then touches the lights and darks above it, and glazes the colour, lake, blue, or yellow over all. He frequently produces the colour of drapery by glazing. Bonifazio does more by painting and glazing, and again painting and glazing. The strength and darkness of his works required this. He often does figures or ornaments over finished drapery, painting them upon it solidly. Veronese glazes them over the finished drapery in the Europa. Titian uses many modes—frequently seems to have altered his pictures, adds a head, a piece of light drapery, a hand; if upon a dark, he must paint them solidly. The head of the old egg-woman in the Virgin ascending the steps of the temple, is added or altered, and a good deal bungled; but it stands out white and clear. On this picture there is a great quantity of white preparation roughly done—

the small heads lightly painted over it; some parts glazed, some solid. The faces have been done over a dark; the canvass is rough and joined; the ground often spread by the palette knife; large surfaces of the picture are without a crack, while other parts are dreadfully rent. These parts seem to be where a re-preparation has been used over the oil painting. Where the ground is rough, and the oil paint thick and laid on dryish, cracking has not taken place, nor where the ground is thin, and the threads of the cloth traceable. But where plenty of a liquid sinking colour has been used over a flat thick preparation, which does not follow the threads of the cloth, cracking seems to have followed. This picture of the Virgin on the Steps is the freest I have seen by Titian—it is even rude; the hands, eyes, ears, &c., are dashed or slurred in for effect at a distance. The little figure of the Virgin comes out with great force—it is thick and clotted; seems to have been repainted with considerable alterations. The yellow round the blue drapery is partly solid, partly glazed. The pillars behind are executed at once. The back-ground outdoes Veronese in tone—two lines of pillars are amazing for roundness and perspective.

This picture requires to be attentively examined before its general disagreeable impression is overcome, and its beauties admitted—it is one of Titian's principal works. There are many figures, a number of them rather of a small size. There is also a great space of vacant wall—the end of the flight of steps which the little and rather ridiculous figure ascends. The majority of the heads are portraits; the high-priest, and others above, are very stern in character, and splendid in colour; but it is not an elevated work. The portraits are evidently an important part. In the introduction of portraits, the Venetians were peculiar—painting was devoted to the church; only great or notable men ventured

to have their portraits separately done; they and humbler people were only stuck in as worshippers or spectators in foreground corners.

Bonifazio's canvass is usually very coarse; the surface of his paint rough. His is the true execution for the grand expression in merely human sentiment. In its own sphere it is complete. His design is often vulgar and disagreeable, not elevated, but of great strength and simplicity, which last quality gives greatness. I write this standing before his "Wise Men's Offering." The Venetians unite the most rigid individuality with their peculiar generalizing principles.

Tintoretto fails to give purity when he tries it; when he seems to have a strict purpose to fulfil, he is feeble. The anatomy in Adam and Eve, and in Cain and Abel, is small, as his drawing usually is when regularity is attempted by him. He seems to fail between individuality and study to produce select form.

Titian's "Assumption" is painted on wood, and is nearly all finished by glazing on thin painting over light colour. The design of the whole is great and solemn, the draperies noble, and the characters expressive. The whole surface retains some roughness from the stroke of the brush; the glazing running between and over the streaks, truly an epic and historic style of colour. The heads are almost awful by simplicity of design and unity of tint; they seem mostly produced by one colour. My opinion of this work has, however, partially changed from one visit to another.

Palma the elder is one of the stern old naturalists: the son is poor. There is a cast of the Gates, by Ghiberti, in the gallery of casts: the Creation of Man is the best division of the whole. The design of this very excellent, and, indeed, that of the whole: the ideal parts, angels, &c., still finer than the rest. The Creation is graceful and grand.

I observe Veronese frequently lets one dark or one light slide so upon another, that the work must be looked upon with care to ascertain the parts. This gives an air of accidental verity. Breadth is a great principle with him: this figure against the green pillars, in the Feast, is dressed in green from head to foot: even the lining of his cloak is green. Against this figure is a negro, in a purple or lake red, also all in one colour with the exception of the arms, which are white and gold. The folds of the drapery are often merely a deeper tint of the same colour as the lights. The flesh is all very flat: sometimes a face all red, with brown for the shades, then another all yellow, with a little red for the nostrils and mouth. One part is flat against another.

The face of a servant on the stair is more laboured than any other, except that of an old man at the other end of the picture, which has been painted against the pillar afterwards. This face of a servant is just so much the worse: it is streaky, and touched with red: the dark side of the nose is red: the simplicity of his style is lost: it almost appears not his. The other head mentioned—that of an old man, painted over solid painting, is also touchy, and no absorbance having taken place, it is also somewhat dry. Had he painted all these great pictures in the same mode, though with equal ability, we would not have admired Paul Veronese as we do.

His Marriage of Cana here is a much less splendid production than that in the Louvre. The one here is on a darker ground, and has not the general lightness. The principle in light and shade is dark brought against a light: the darks oftenest nearest the eye, and the lights behind.

In the Carminé are some beautiful small pictures by Schiavone (Andrea), more Titianesque than any others I have seen. These small pictures are very fine; this church very rich and splendid. Also a large work in parts, very excellent, and like Titian, and a rather good Tintoretto.

In the great entrance to St. Mark's are very large mosaics, in a grand style of design (by the Zuccari?) The centre subject is Christ, St. John and the Virgin on either hand the cross, and angels below. Along each side are two great divisions of saints, apostles, and angels. Next the other two inferior divisions are the blessed and the damned. This is a stupendous design; no part feeble; throughout grand.

Sculpture Gallery, Venice, 17th October 1832. Oh, divinely refreshing works of the ancients, destined to live for ever, and to spread the life of art throughout the world. I thirst after your purity, and you only can revivify my desires, broken by multitude of aims, the contagion of a degrading school, and many things to which those who fight their way through life make sacrifice. In your presence I live well again. Let me lie down here and die; or pursue my way heedless of all else, and regardless of those who look not upon the mind of man for any reflection of the divine, who see no image of the god-like, no absolute sublimity and beauty. From your presence how many recollections bear down upon me; old days, and old thoughts and hopes. Here are all that, from the first opening of my mental eyes, excited my enthusiasm: thou Laocoon, ye remnants of Phidias. For ever let me be with you; for ever attempting to emulate, and add something more to so grand an influence. May this be in store for me? Are my prayers vain, or do they await me yet in some propitious day? "Rejoice and be glad," as has been said of old.

MANTUA.

Both the strength and the weakness of Julio Romano very apparent here. His strong qualities are very much those of Raphael, his weaknesses are very much his master's also, but a good deal his own besides. His giants are very absurd and ridiculous. Most of the small designs have poetic invention and classic taste, but very often incorrect drawing. The colouring appears retouched and destroyed: it is wretched.

PARMA.

Academy. Two large works by Ludovico Carracci. Enormous figures, very closely grouped; the subject is the Apostles carrying the Virgin to the Tomb. The style is great, solemn, and real; very powerful. The effect is broad and ponderous; altogether massy and full. The closeness of the composition aids this, also the size of the figures. Great breadth is in the hands, faces, hair, every part. The portion of the picture of the body carried to the tomb, is mighty in style, and without affectation. These manly works shew the Carracci in a very different light from the mere admirers of Correggio. The figures in the foreground of this Entombment are larger than the Farnese Hercules. They are painted without much preparation, thin and flat; the draperies are sometimes prepared. The sentiment is strong and sustained.

Now I stand before the famous Marriage of St. Catherine, of Correggio. A deliciously-toned picture: round, delicate, and strong. Nothing can be more delicate, yet firmer, than the tone of some of the flesh, its union with the hair: the hair itself, and the altogether. The touch is free,

light, and takes its place deliciously. It has ease, with rapidity and power. The colour in the lights, by means of the preparation, is thick; in the shades it is also so—a kind of glutinousness appearing to pervade the whole of the dark shadows. They have cracked much. The lights of some of the draperies are laid over the darks, blue, red, &c., then glazed; while, again, the shades are repeatedly glazed. The execution is complicated, yet apparently simple, being toned and glazed over and over again. This is, as a whole, the finest—I mean the most delicate and sweetest—picture in existence.

Holy Family, by Anselmi, after the mode of Correggio, but without all his fineness and delicacy. This picture shews the manner, however, better possibly from its being less perfect. Here is more of solid painting, less of semi-transparent than in the Venetian. The original ground is dark—a light preparation is made for parts—and the whole wrought out by glazing, smooth solid painting, and a decided touch produces the toes, eyes, &c.

The Virgin with the Shell, in the same style as the St. Jerome, or the Marriage of St. Catherine. Here the shining light of the half-shaded flesh is astonishingly clear. This is also striking in the Martyrdom of St. Flavia. The expression here is very fine. The smile of the angel in St. Jerome is exquisite. The child is exquisite, as a healthy active imp; but of course altogether below the subject:—all is pleasing. The Bearing of the Cross (an early work) is like the older painters, flat and in pieces—the draperies and the flesh separated.

Here is Raphael's Christ in Glory—St. Peter and St. Catherine below. The colour cannot be said to be bad, and yet the effect is black. A Virgin with the Child by Vandyke looks raw and modern; good in design. The En-

tombment, by Schedoni, is black and heavy. Apparition of the Virgin to Saints Augustine and Jerome, by Rondani, pupil of Correggio, is good, solemn, and strong.

There are here two enormous granite figures; one of Bacchus, the other Hercules: they are in a monstrous style. A peculiar antique Torso, different from any I have seen. John de Bologna's Triton is worthy of remembrance, and a cast of Cellini's Mercury.

In Correggio the white is toned and subdued: all is modest, but not weak. In the St. Jerome the figures are small—considerably less than life; well suited to the character of the picture.

S. Giovanni Evangelista. Christ Bearing the Cross by Giò. Batista, in the style of Correggio—dark and deep. A Virgin and Child by Parmegiano. A Virgin in Glory by Batista, somewhat Venetian. A Virgin and Child by Francisco Francia, strong and excellent.

Palace San Vitale. An excellent small picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds by Girolamo de Carpi. The drawings by Parmegiano are very fine.

The seeming rapidity and curious confusion of touch in Correggio is partly produced by careless application of preparatory colours. This first dauby painting is very visible in some parts. There are employed in his process solid painting, semi-transparent painting, and glazing, over almost the whole. The richness of the tone in the shading of the face of the Madonna—nose, mouth, and eyes; the purple hue in the darker, and the brown hue in the broader shades, I should like to remember well. The large, silvery-grey tones of the arms, legs, &c., of the child, and the delicate red of the smaller parts, fingers, toes, and so on, also memorable.

Ducal Palace. Agostino Carracci's frescoes are varied

and well-toned in colour, studied and firm in design. There is always a strong line left by the tracing from the cartoon; also in those of Parmigiano. His Moses, and a Sibyl opposite to it, are both great. The Moses is lost from being placed so high. The dome of the Stoccata is powerfully done; the angels and clouds actually appear to come below the windows. The architecture is simple and grand. The dome is painted by Salviati: Bramante is the architect.

Ch. San Paolo. The Stanze of Correggio. The figures of children here illustrate the origin of the style afterwards used and abused by the mannerists. The style of these, however, is larger, the execution very strong. They are red against the grey or light blue sky. Their expression is playful and easy. The broad and flat shades have a powerful effect against the light background. The ornaments and fruit above are in the same rich taste. The whole cloister has naked boys in the centres of the arches, in the style of Correggio. They are miserably decayed.

The Cupola. The feet of all the figures sink from view behind the projection of the painted plinth. The knees of some even do so. The whole of the figures are shortened perpendicularly; some appear thrown back. The parts are somewhat vague in detail. By a later painter this would be considered superficial; but the effect of space which is given to the whole is amazing. Looking from below, I actually thought that the wall went straight up for some distance, while in reality the wall is convex. The perspective is overcome by actually painting short or deformed men, and intrepidly cutting down the multiplicity and size of the parts.

The indefinable tone of the shades in some of Correggio's works is very excellent and peculiar. The angels in the Repose in Egypt are very light, against a very dark sky: the contrast very strong.

REGGIO.

We begin to meet here the school of the Carracci. In the church Santa Maria are some of them. This church is much ornamented; it is covered with carving and painting. Above the altar is a lunette of the Annunciation, an imitation of Correggio. Above the door of the Duomo are Adam and Eve in sculpture, closely resembling Michael Angelo's Night and Morning. In this church is a Doloroso by Palma, in his better style, painted at Rome I was told. The face of the figure of Christ is in shade, and the head throws a shadow upon the breast; as a Dead Christ also by Palma at Venice. Here is an old statue of St. Sebastian, with wooden arrows sticking in the side, and an ancient tomb, likewise worth notice — the pillars of which form sand-glasses; on the top a figure of Christ; saints at the sides.

BOLOGNA.

Academy. Here I am amidst the hard obvious painting of the Bolognese: and before me is Raphael's St. Cecilia, and St. John, both heavy and rusty; far inferior in colour to his early works in Milan—so I think at present. A certain kind of design may be well studied in the Bolognese; effect at times also; colour very rarely.

The St. Cecilia is exceedingly carefully laboured; the draperies all made out, yet ineffective after all.

Dead Christ by Guido: a large strong work; black in the effect as all the Bolognese are; but great and composed. The Murder of the Innocents is expressive and broad: more of the black of Guercino than I expected.

One recollects the St. Peter Martyr by Domenichino,

even after Titian. The colour of the murderer is good, but oil-paint like; the design amazingly careful, every bit of it: this picture in its smooth look belongs to the same class of works as some of the better modern French.

Ludovico Carracci, in the Transfiguration, is great in many parts of the design, but the figure of Christ is poor, and its colour bad—light-blue and white in portions. A figure raising his cloak is impressive. Conversion of St. Paul by Ludovico, is an ineffective disagreeable work.

Domenichino's two pictures—a Martyrdom, and the Virgin of the Rosary—are painted strongly out, but the colour heavy and unillusive; the expression is dull; all the parts are made out, even dirty toe-nails. His painting stands out much rounder than any other Bolognese, and next him in this respect is Guido.

Ludovico has often a brown greyness. Albano is brown —feeble in design; the worst of the Carracci school.

Church S. Bartolomeo. Here is a remarkable picture: an old bishop standing in the "desert drear" before a stone, which is in a bright light. Another picture of a bishop, dressed in dark red and white; his feet dark, upon light ground. Venetian in gusto: memorable.

Church San Nicolo. A Saint among Fiends. He stretches out his hand; his head receives a strong light; the body dark on both sides against light in the sky: angels above.

Church San Martino. A picture, by Brizio, of Saints Praying: black and light effect. An Old Saint, by Ludovico Carracci: great in design, solid in effect: he stretches out his hand on a book: he is nearly naked: angels above. Here is a large Perugino, The Assumption: the colour good; drapery dark and solid; strongly resembling the Marriage of the Virgin, by Raphael, but without the

delicacy. The Virgin on an Arch, by Fran. Francia: of good colour: early design. The colour is really fine; all is careful: monks, saints, angels, virgin, the moon.

Church San Pietro. A lunette in fresco, The Annunciation by Ludovico Carracci, light in effect. The whole of the arch over the altar is painted: the Deity in the centre: numerous groups in the divisions: angels against the blue sky at the sides. The Contrition of St. Peter by him also. Dark and subdued: all solemn and undertoned. Here are four Saints by Guercino, dark and deep. A Virgin by Ludovico Carracci: fine face—but dark, very dark. A somewhat curious Dead Christ also here, by Lombardi Ferrarese, in terra cotta.

Church S. Jacopo Maggiore. A Chapel by Pell. Tibaldi, which I am exceedingly glad to have seen. This is really grand art: it is in fresco; well preserved. All is true, and all is great; every part studied. The colour is broad, and the parts round; the drawing of the whole very carefully formed, not by labour, like Domenichino, but with the ease of true ability. A female with a child, and a beggar, in the under division of one of these, which is Christ, angels, &c., above. In the other, which I think is John Baptising, are to be well remembered—the head of an old man, a woman with her hands clasped, another on her knees in the foreground, the angels and demons flying off above.

An under chapel, in fresco also, said to be by Francia: the subject, the Life of the Virgin. The Virgin clothed quite to the neck: she has a crown; the child is in her arms. The altar-piece is Christ bursting from the tomb, with angels round: on each side of this are two large saints.

Zampieri Palace. Jove in Glory, and Hercules, by Ludovico Carracci, in fresco. The clouds roll back; dark

blue, white, and dark brown. The wings of the eagle, the drapery, and the head of Jove, dark against the golden sky. All very large, full, and strong: one hand appears exaggerated. Hercules and Omphale on a mountain top, by Annibale. The clouds rolling back, and the yellow sky shining behind. On the side of the room is a giant sinking under rocks, by the same.

Two Fighting Cupids, by a scholar of Guido (Samenti?) A sketch in oil, by Michael Angelo; sharply touched; the hair scattered; the drawing imperfect; the colour light and broad: the subject, Angels supporting a Dead Christ. The Circumcision by Tibalbi: small picture in oil; the colour broad and flat, of good quality.

Hercules and Atalanta, frescoes on the roofs, by Agostino. These works are not so well sustained as the others. A landscape by Titian; simple and general as his figures. A fresco, by Guercino, of Hercules strangling Anteus; is stronger than Carracci's, but not so harmonious.

At this time, and throughout my Italian journey, I was mainly occupied in studying processes and styles. The meaning of the works, for the greater part, I pass over here. In such as these frescoes, there is a wide distinction from other works of which I speak in much the same manner. Both were alike distant from anything that I felt I could be connected with. After all, however, I was too much influenced for a time, though not to a very great extent; they produced a distraction in practice, and disturbed me in thought. This effect I now do not regret; copying these notes in 1843.

Here is the first thought of Leonardo's Last Supper, drawn by him with a sharp pen and blue ink on bare cloth; much decayed, but exactly what was afterwards the picture.

The Infant Hercules, by Guercino: a small round fresco.

Design by him, drawn and shaded in black chalk for his picture in the Instituto; very exactly finished. A head in black, done by the pen, also by him, is like an engraving, even dotted.

Sketch in red chalk, by Domenichino, of Adam and Eve, done with all the care of a finished work. A Christ, in black, by Guido, more free than the others. A small pen sketch by Poussin, very sharp and free; slightly shaded with brown.

In the Church of the Madalena are three good pictures of the school of the Carracci; they are superior to many in the public gallery. One, of a female saint striking her murderers with fear, is lighter in effect, and more agreeable than the Bolognese in general. Another, of a virgin elevated, and saints below; quite like the Carracci. Another, of a saint tied to a stake, with an angel overhead, like Guido; grey toned and good.

Church San Paolo. Jacob Wrestling with the Angel. Wanting in harmony of design. Cain and Abel opposite this, broad, and yet broken in effect; the front of Cain is all dark; the back of Abel all light: Tornioli. Here is a strange dark picture of monks; one lying dead in the foreground, with his face forward (reminding me of some of my own illustrations to Coleridge.)

There are many fine pictures in this church: one is a Christ in Glory. Another, Releasing the Souls in Purgatory, by Guercino. Breadth of the parts is the Venetian mode, while the Carracci are all cut up by blacks.

Zambeccari Palace. A picture by Simone Pesarese; the subject is Lot; either borrowed from or suggesting the Aurora to Guido. A large fine cartoon, by Lud. Carracci, of the Repentance of St. Peter. The picture from this somewhat less in size I have seen in some church.

A strange wild Andrea Mantegna, of a wonderful gusto.

The subject is the gate of Limbo, or Purgatory; the expression of all the figures is worthy of Michael Angelo. Fra. Francia; early looking, rich, well made out.

Here are some curious specimens of the old masters. A Venetian called Crevelli: a virgin with horns and black wings, the Christ has also horns; figures stand below as usual; in execution it belongs to the infancy of art.

Crespi. Three muses or graces standing on a heath, with a naked sky behind. An excellent old saint, by Spagnoletto; rich, full, all made out, strong dark colour. Carlo Cignani: picture of Samson; dark, but good colour. A severe unadorned portrait, by Guido: a lady, by Veronese, one of the Medici by Domenichino. A fine luminous Titian, portrait of Carlo Quinto of Spain; the armour of steel mixed with gold, very powerful. A poor Albano, with good cherubs. Four fine small heads by Niccolo dell' Abate, in a strong real style, easily executed. A curious splashing Salvator. Gessi is a poor pupil of Guido. Leon. Spada: picture of a Sleeping Soldier; vulgar and cold.

Here is a terra cotta, by Albert Dürer, amazingly minute, as if it were engraved.

Picture of Bacchus, by Mantegna, and also a feast by him, both very curious. Lucretia, by Tibaldi; altogether grey in hue, the flesh flat. A very fine Veronese, with white figures on white clouds; blue sky, dark pieces of drapery, broad shadows on the flesh, light yellow hair, light purple drapery, much grey, and only dark towards the centre; the subject Apollo.

A chalk drawing by Michael Angelo, of the Deity issuing from beneath an Arch; very grand. A slight, rapid, but very tender sketch, by Correggio, of the Child in the Manger. A drawing by Veronese; the outline strong, washed in with brown. Drawings in red chalk by Parmigiano.

A Descent from the Cross, by Cellini, wrought in bas-relief in silver, a style something between Raphael and Michael Angelo. Abraham and the Angels, by Ludovico; good design; also Joseph's Dream, and Moses Breaking the Tables, all well designed, but musty in colour.

A St. Francis, by Guido; grey in hue. Here is an early Correggio, hard and antique looking. If this was ever his study and manner, he made a great vault. The Muses, a picture of the school of Julio Romano.

Marescalchi Palace. Here are two pictures by John Van Eyck; very hard, the draperies crumpled and sharp.

A Rubens: easy and graceful picture of ladies; the most elegant Rubens I have seen. Compared with this, the Venetians never painted ladies; they made coarse women.

Piazzetta. A shrivelled old woman horridly real. Venery, by Albano; fine in comparison to himself. A fresco, by Tibaldi; the subject, a nymph pouring wine on the mouth of a warrior; like the design of Michael Angelo.

Church St. Salvadore. Here is a dark and blue Assumption, of the school of the Carracci; also a Christ on the Cross, with large figures below; great in design, and not so black. A large Joseph, with Mary, by Benvenuto; dark and blue. (Startled in the dark corner of a little altar by a man rising up from his knees. I had passed him as a part of the ornament.)

San Michele in Bosco. Domenico Canuti, a pupil of Guido: great and inventive. An altar here by a pupil of Raphael, some of whose figures are copied. Two large copies, from what must have been very fine pictures, by Guido. A monument here, of a warrior asleep, very good. The cloisters are painted in oil; dreadfully ruined; the division figures are very fine. In the refectory are small frescoes by a pupil of Raphael.

Aldrovandi Palace. Here are six sketches by Correggio, parts of the cupola. They are on grey, freckled grounds, others on a darker ground, painted with a heavy pencil. Here is a Raphael, amazingly *piccolo*, it seems to have been painted with size. No wonder Michael Angelo burlesqued such work. Another larger and freer. A Sea Goddess by Ludovico is hard. Rubens here strikes one as a vital genius. Also a Rembrandt, and a Christ on the Cross by a scholar of Rembrandt. A Madonna by Schidone: a sort of furious execution.

Zampieri Palace. The first room is hung with pictures, and converted into a gilder's work-place, dirty and confused. The hump-backed and crooked gilder himself a good subject for a sketch. His brow high and square, his hair curly and black, twirling down all round his face and head.

FLORENCE.

In the Medici Chapel: the monuments by Michael Angelo. Here is the full power of art. The frowning Lorenzo, seated between the tremendous figures of Night and Day, is fierce, solemn, and terrible; likewise the other monument with Dawn and Twilight. The head of Morning is unfinished; nor does it appear to me to have been ever intended to have been finished by the sculptor. In a certain point of view it rises in indistinctness over the shoulder of the Dawn, like the sun over the mountains in the mysterious opening of the Inferno of Dante. These are among the principal of the very few things in art that strongly excite me.

Baptistry. On the roof are some strange productions of the revivers of art. Apollinus, a Greek; and Andrea Taffi, his pupil; Taddeo Gaddi; Alexis Baldovinetti; and Domenico Ghirlandajo. A figure of Christ, by Taffi, is very

monstrous. After such a picture as this, Richo of Candia is like a god. His faces have all curious noses, one the facsimile of the other (the pictures at Paris attributed to Cimabue appear to be duplicates of his). Then comes Cimabue, and, according to the catalogue, he is wonderfully different. The Greek origin of the works on the dome over the altar, and many others in St. Mark's at Venice, I now understand.

Ch. Santo Spirito. A fresco by Perugino is in the cloisters; the material he uses here has not induced hardness so much as oil colour does; his care in this instance is merely finish. In this church, as in most in Italy, the covering of pictures and statues by dresses is truly disgusting. Here is a copy of Michael Angelo's Dead Christ; the neck of the Virgin is covered by hearts, flowers, and other stuff, and on the head is a crown. On the draperies, in an old picture near it, complete shapes of cloth are patched. In Venice, I recollect a Christ on the Cross with a muslin petticoat. Here is a Giotto of much character and expression; it has a gold background, but otherwise exhibits much developed painting.

Ch. Santa Croce. Here is a picture by Rossi, rather good, but nothing characterized in it. Here is Christ bearing the Cross, by Vasari, the best work I have seen by him; the Descent of the Spirit, and another Christ bearing the Cross, both by him, want expression, are confused, and cold in colour. Here we have again Richo, Taddeo, and Angelo Gaddi, Cimabue, and Giotto. On examining Giotto, found by a piece broken off that it was painted on a board covered with cloth, and that laid with a thick ground of white composition. An altar-piece in the sacristy by him is a very finished production, in as perfect preservation as when it was done. On the sides of the altar, towards the

roof, Angelo Gaddi; and very large spaces on the wall of the sacristy by Taddeo; the figures not large, the course of his story divided by lines. The altar in this church was designed by Vasari; it is rich and fine.

Ch. Santa Maria Novella. Many pictures. Immense planes of wall covered in fresco. The choir to the roof is in this method by Ghirlandajo; there are likewise extensive labours by Gaddi and Memmi. Here the Virgin and Child enthroned, surrounded by angels, by Cimabue, his noted work, which was borne in procession to the church. The convent attached to this church is remarkable for the number of frescoes by the early masters. Cimabue's Virgin and Child is in expression the best work I have seen by him; the head is simple and solemn. How different is the treatment of the Virgin, saints, angels, &c. of these primitive masters from that of the later schools!

A chapel by Filipo Lippi. The stiffness is abating in him; varied expression, dignity and grace, design and drapery. A puerility in the costume pervades all these works. Those here are not quite so well preserved as in Santa Croce, which are as perfect as when they were done. Many of Giotto's pictures shame the durability of later works.

The choir to the roof is a series of Scripture histories by Ghirlandajo. In these there is much confirmation, and not much feebleness; much individuality, nature is copied in the particular, not in the general. The mixture of the contemporaneous costume with a species of Roman is curious here—it is so in all the older, and in most of the later masters—the subject figures are in the usually appropriated dresses, the accessory figures exactly in those of the painter's day. The difference between Ghirlandajo and Lippi observable, there is more breadth and simplicity, less tortuous-

ness in the drapery, and more squareness and solidity in the forms of the former.

A chapel in fresco by Orcagna. The subjects are, The Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. His Heaven is square; in the middle are Christ and the Virgin; below these are two angels, smaller in size; and below these, still smaller, is a line of human figures, which is continued head above head up to the top, and along it, forming, without diminution in size, the square for the principal group. In the Judgment there is something of the same arrangement: the dead are being lifted or dragged out of square holes—two or three only are visible. The back of a female in the foreground of this is really beautiful. Hell presents punishments similar to those of Dante. In these works appear much that may be called the commencement of the style of Michael Angelo in the mode and in expression.

There are two tombs after the designs of Michael Angelo in the chapel of the Gaddi; the frescoes on the roof of this chapel are broad in execution, and great in design. There is much difference of character between Cimabue and Giotto. Cimabue is more exalted, typical, and graceful: Giotto more earthly, laboured, and heavy. The frescoes of Gaddi, Ghirlandajo, and Orcagna, cover the churches to the roofs, and pictures are everywhere in the convents, even in dark damp passages. These monasteries strongly impress one with their former importance, although in wandering through them scarcely a being is to be seen; perhaps one monk looks out of his window on the quadrangular plot of grass and sky. There is usually a garden too. I am reminded of Maturin's romance.

Santa Croce. The picture of St. George and the Dragon has a more ancient appearance than any other I have seen. The Dragon is within a circle, or moon, and also St. George,

with a multitude of angels who support him. Opposite this production of the early dawn, is another representing a mountain, out of which a bull issues; an angel stands at a little distance, and behind him a group of priests; on the other side a man seems surprised, and another holds a weapon in his hand. In a third picture, of very early date, a bull or cow kneels to the Virgin enthroned; is it one of the beasts of the Apocalypse, or is it the cow of the Scandinavians, or is the picture votive, and connected with some story of a cow?

Here is a picture by Vasari of a mystical kind. Saints and fathers below, and in either corner half figures of Adam and Eve: a dead and unintelligent work. The processes of thought in some of the early men seem to have been curious, there often appears either childish inadvertance or a consciousness of the untrammelled demands of art. Taddeo Gaddi, for instance, makes a man as large as a bridge he looks over, a house not big enough to hold a leg of the man, and lines of trees the size of box-wood borders. Is this resembling Bottom's Wall, is it sheer blindness to size and perspective? or was it understood as a portion of the essential principle in all high art, namely, the subordinating of the lesser to the greater?

In the Cloister of San Spirito, the fresco, by Perugino, is fresh in colour and free in execution: more so than his oil pictures; but his pictures in the Academy of the Arts here, are above all I have seen elsewhere by him—The Virgin on Clouds, with angels and saints, and Christ in the Garden, both of which are rich, elevated in character, and full-toned in colour.

Imperial Gallery (Uffizi.) In an unfinished Adoration of the Shepherds, Leonardo displays the greatest facility and the greatest patience. His labour, to be sure, has not been

completed; the mode he adopted was tedious, and, perhaps, his genius felt enthralled; Leonardo neglected painting very often. His method required a large endowment of patience.

His great Last Supper, executed with the most elaborate carefulness, and stippled on a very smooth ground, presents now but a very few fragments of the original work. A tumbler with wine in it is one of the largest scraps of the picture now left perfect.

From viewing the works of the fathers of painting and of sculpture, I conclude that very gradual progress takes place till one man masters the materials by accumulated labour, (as Perugino, Bellini, Ghirlandajo,) whose followers show facility, and form the completion of advance. And when this advanced practice is adopted for a length of time subsequently, without addition or original study, flimsy art and manner succeeds. Raphael united the study and care of the advance of art with the facility of its maturity in the different stages of his career. Michael Angelo also did so: his Bacchus is poor and stiff, uniting early dryness with his own rising vigour; and in the Dead Christ, in the Duomo here, he displays, as Titian also did—for both lived to vitiate their own style—an unstudied looseness. Raphael began to give symptoms of a similar consummation in the Sibyls in the Pace at Rome, but he was cut off before going further. Luini, and, before him, Leonardo, reached the highest summit of the elder age of art.

After the dash of the Venetians, the extreme finish of the Dutch painters here strikes one amazingly. Gerard Dow, Metzu, Netcher, Terburg, and a line of pictures by Francis Mieris.

Pitti Palace. Here is the Holy Family by Parmigiano; a Head of Christ, by Titian; a Baptism, by Veronese. Samson slaying the Philistines, by Schidone, has peculiar

colour: the fallen Philistine is grey, Samson, above, is rich brown. The grey figure is only heightened by brown in the fleshy parts; great indefiniteness in the tints here. There is a good deal of the peculiar quality resulting from the method of the Venetians apparent here; indeed this seems to be the distinct character of the work.

Here is the Sylva de Philosophe, by Salvator; and a Battista Franca, after Michael Angelo. A female head by Titian is of most accomplished simplicity of execution; the colour is in his flat, soft, brilliant method: the dress is blue, the tints evidently copied; all is easy, and even slight; the expression of the whole is that of life and reality. The Infancy of Bacchus is of finished excellence in colour, by Tintoretto. Martelli and Pietro Benvenuti are here in their modern frescoes.

Ducal (Pitti) Gallery again. Ghirlandajo was a great man; strong and true. Some gilding on his works, but also effect; the colouring is powerful. The stern truth of his productions is a fit ground for the education of Michael Angelo. Frate Bartolomeo is another of the giants of the elder art.

Manzuoli of Florence: the subject is Memphis by the Sea, Apollo descending: wildness and poetry of invention. The Raising of Lazarus, by Veronese: very low tone, all brown, relieved by green. A Holy Family, by Bonifazio, more simple painting, and touch of solid colour than I have elsewhere seen by the painter. Here is a very fine work by Luini.

The sculptures of Donatello, of large size, are meagre in the forms, but strong in character and design. Michael Angelo must have studied them; he has even borrowed the manner of Donatello. Here is St. John, young and old, and David, with the head of Goliah at his feet.

Bacchus, by Sansovino, and a Bacchus by Michael Angelo.

The first is the best, but it is small. Michael Angelo has much of the little hardness of Donatello; in the head in particular, with its mouth open and teeth represented. The arms are poor: the limbs are copied from a model. Here is a statue of Melpomene: the face is somewhat individual—maddened expression.

Daniel da Volterra is regular and learned in design. His picture of the Murder of the Innocents is an evidently contrived circular composition. Bonifazio has borrowed from this, or he from Bonifazio. In colour it approaches the Venetian. A Venus, by Annibale Carracci, is like the Venetians. Here are Raphael's St. John, and two beautiful Nativities; also two Saints, by Bartolomeo, in his large, rough style: the red and blue drapery is strong and well-formed.

Albert Dürer has more drawing and more style than the earlier masters of the Italian schools, with great detail, and an easy reality.

Palazzo Strozzi. Here is a Bacchanalian Scene by Testa—a compound of Rubens and Titian; dry in the method, however—full and free in design. Some Salvators very true; three of them green and confused. A portrait by Allori, Bronzino, dark and simple.

Old Palace. Portrait of Giovanni de Medici by Bandinelli. Giotto again. The History of Hercules in sculpture, by Rossi. Immense sheets of painting by Vasari. A Victory, by Michael Angelo, unfinished. Adam and Eve, by Bandinelli. Virtue overthrowing Vice, by John di Bologna, a pure imitation of Michael Angelo.

Ducal Palace again. Here is a small copy of Vasari's Assumption of the Virgin. The prophets are all chained to the tree with Adam and Eve, a singular piece of invention.

An Infant Christ lying on the Cross by Allori, Bronzino,

is soft in design and good in colour. Here is the Medusa by Leonardo; the labour and finish of this is extreme.

Angelico da Fiesole. Light, delicate, and very spiritual; much gentleness. This painter must have been a good, and a good-natured man. The picture is on gold; the glories are as if engraved. Portraits by Raphael. In these there is extreme finish: single hairs are attempted against the dark background. Great truth in the hands; also in the ornaments, and every part.

The Venus of Titian is on a very rough cloth. By this roughness the carnations of the fingers, cheeks, knees, &c., is aided in effect; the light is reflected from the surface in different directions; refraction takes place from the nature of the painting—reflection from the irregularity of the surface.

The antique Venus (de Medici): both arms and hands are modern; the head ancient; one arm is renewed from the elbow, the other from the bottom of the deltoid. These, and the tail-fin of the dolphin, are the only modern portions.

Andrea del Sarto's Virgin mounted on a pedestal is great in design. His grey lightness is somewhat muddy in the faces—even in the whole of the flesh it is so. The colour is more essential in means than the Florentines in general: There is a short strengthiness in the forms, and the draperies are well considered and fine.

Andrea Mantegna. Firm and strong; all the attitudes bold and composed. The draperies are small but well directed; they cling much to the form. All is hard and somewhat meagre: there is no bad, and very little poor drawing in his works. Parmigiano's Holy Family is green and wiry.

A Michael Angelo here displays care and finish like an

engraving. The colour is dry, brown, and hard. The drapery is folded much after the style of Mantegna.

Here is a large half-figure of Christ by Lucas of Leyden. The drapery seems to have been attempted after nature, but too much compounded: the figure is infantine. A broad dark shade under the head gives sentiment.

Julio Romano. The Virgin and Child; she with her finger in a book. The attitude of the Child is good; but the whole picture fails in expressing the sentiment of his master, Raphael, of whom this is in some degree an imitation.

Correggio. Here is an Angel's Head by him, with wonderful eyes! no eye-lashes—a dark line of shade instead: soul looking from full round form. Bartolomeo's Job is grand. Sarto's style is an imitation of the middle styles of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Raphael, in the portrait of Julio II., is simple, strong, and true; the colour is rich and broad. The Holy Family: the Virgin is beautiful, with light hair, and the moon. The delicacy and gentleness of this is beyond all—Correggio not excepted.

The sculpture of the Wrestlers has been much destroyed, and much repaired and joined. All the parts, however, are antique, with the exception, I think, of the raised arm.

The patterns on the different parts of the furniture, mattress, &c., in the picture of the Venus by Titian, all aid the effect—giving a full diaper richness to those parts, and leaving breadth to the figure and the light drapery round it.

Groups of singing figures, sculptured by Luca della Robbia, 1388, have much truth and character.

In the instances wherein Titian has painted on a dark ground, he is heavy, and often brown. His most beautiful handling and colour is on a light grey ground. Here

his St. Catherine is round and true, but somewhat disagreeable.

Academy of the Fine Arts. Here is a sketch by Sarto on cloth—an evident imitation of Michael Angelo; a cartoon by Romano, imitation or copy of Raphael. A Virgin and Child in Perugino's style, a cartoon. Also chalk-cartoons by Bartolomeo: the figures are larger than life: they are correct, but mostly scribbled. Here is a cartoon in grey and white by Michael Angelo. It is evidently a production of his youth. The style is very grand; the incorrectness of it would almost make me call it wretchedly poor. Also good cartoons by Dell Sero, a Milanese, and some by Barocci.

Luca Signorelli, among the older masters, is free and full.

Ch. Santissima Nunziata. One of the altars is a Judgment by Allori, most of the figures borrowed from Michael Angelo. The Madonna del Sacco by Sarto: all is broad and simple finished first-tone and lightness. The Court is also his, a noted work.

Ch. Del Carmine. The frescoes of Masaccio are here; the Adam and Eve, and the figure Raphael borrowed. As in all the works of great men, there is throughout simplicity in accordance with the sentiment and expression. The general arrangement of Masaccio's work has been studied by Raphael—the style of his drapery, and mode of clothing his figures. The character of his heads, too, afterwards shone forth in Raphael.

Here is Christ on the Cross, by Vasari, better than his pictures in general. A cupola by Luca Giordano.

Church of the Apostles. An Annunciation, by Vasari, curious in allegoric invention: Adam and Eve are tied to the tree below; wound round which is the serpent: it looks up with a human winged head, supporting the foot of the

Virgin. She is also sustained by angels. The grouping in this work is good; it is of fully formed Florentine kind; the execution dry; the tone cold and heavy; the canvass closely filled.

In the Piazza of the Hospitale is a large fine Annunciation, in the style of Vasari: it is the most gorgeous of that subject I have seen.

Church San Miniato, is rich, old, and romantic. The sacristy is painted in fresco by Spinelli: the subjects, Dominican monks: the style is dry and stiff, without genius. The carving of the pulpit and screens is exceedingly rich.

Ducal Gallery again. Here is a collection of 484 drawings by the masters. Parmigiano.—A St. Catherine, evidently after his mistress.

Maturino.—Great.

Polidoro.—Great power and breadth.

Julio Romano.—Rich, very full.

Perino del Vaga. Small in the style, minute, rather scratchy.

Bandinelli.—Great and free, though somewhat loose.

Battista Franco.—Strong, the lines cut by the pen.

Carpi.—Sharp and round.

Campi.—Subject, the Pranks of Love.

Titian.—In black chalk, the broadest and greatest in style of the whole.

Tibaldi.—Free and broad,—white and brown chalk.

Rubens.—A head in red and black chalk, the eyes in ink.

Dolci.—Four heads, soft and tame.

Church St. Ambrose. Here is a fresco by Masaccio,

more ornamental than those in the Carmine. Dignity, freedom of attitude, great truth; the drawing always good: a dome in this church, perfectly dark, is all painted. Here is a quantity of poor modern trash.

Ghirlandajo was a dramatist: he drew from individuals; hence he has not the feebleness which the earlier and more mystic painters often show. Lippi has more simplicity, but less strength. In Orcagna there is a fine squareness of form. His Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, are all like Dante.

Pitti Palace again. The Triumph of David, by Rosselli, is a good conception. David is in the centre: a female on each side of him, in front, ascending a rising ground. Rembrandt produces an effect equal to Titian; for individual veracity and variedness, possibly superior. This is done in his portraits by a means totally different from Titian. Rembrandt is repeated and accidental, loaded and glazed again: all the execution in Titian is settled from the first. Here is almost the only allegorical picture that I ever felt to be expressive; indeed it is one of the few pictures giving me a new and vivid feeling. The picture is not in any way eminently produced: the subject is love: a female is biting the arrow of Cupid, who pours money into her hand from his quiver.

Michael Angelo's Fates are more openly painted than his Holy Family, but still elaborate and minute. Burgonone's Battles are spirited, but they are black, and not agreeable in execution. The Virgin in Glory, by Sarto, does not impress me. Rubens' Bacchanalian subjects show great genius in design, as he always does, but in this one there is much in common with Cortona; in colour it is brown and rusty. A Battle, by Salvator, is inferior: in the foreground is a gross incident, a man with his arm cut right through. Satyr and Nymphs, by Giorgione, is inexpressive. Here is a

Head of the Virgin, by Vandyke; truly very fine, not altogether so in expression, but an astonishing head, the eyes are alive.

In the Finding of Moses, by Giorgione, the origin of the rich method of the Venetians is exemplified: there is gilding, but there is also mastery and a full pencil; the colours flow thick; the landscape is exactly as Titian afterwards painted. The Hours, by Romano, is on a gold ground. A Descent from the Cross, by Perugino; not so strong as he frequently is in the reds; more solemn and sober. A Head, by Annibale Carracci, on rough cloth, freely treated; no illusion in the method.

Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel is fully formed and soft, but dark; freely executed: the dark wings and figures ought to be sublime against the glory. Titian's God the Father, in the Assumption, is so: the size of this work is too small for the subject. Guido's Cleopatra is beautiful, but pale colour. Piombo's Martyrdom of St. Agatha looks older than some anterior Venetian works. The colour of the saint is like the first colour of Giorgione: the effect is altogether hard, cold, and gross; the executioners pinch the nipples with black irons.

The Martyrdom of Forty Saints, by Pontormo, is a small picture, of true Florentine thought, design, and colour: imitative of Michael Angelo.

Professor Salviati has painted the roof and lunettes of this room, which is to the east of the larger room. His productions show great labour, study, and learning: the subject is the Council of the Gods. The modern fresco wants breadth.

Giorgione's portrait in The Concert is one of his finest works: the hands are worth remembering. Sarto's large Assumption is a true but a dry performance to me at pre-

sent. Veronese's portraits have great simplicity and truth, but are dry also. Again a Virgin and Saints, by Frate: simple and large in design, but very black and heavy. Carlo Dolci is a crude painter: his picture in the Ducale, and his St. Peter here, are both dull in thought, and raw in colour.

Salvator, by himself—a spirited man. The Head of Christ, by Titian—profile: the finest Christ I have seen: it possesses strength and mildness, simplicity and dignity. The brow is simple and rather small—at least not attractive in size; the eye is rather so likewise; the nose nearly straight; the hair and beard are dark; the drapery red and blue; a blue sky above; a slight nimbus before, behind, and above the head. How simple the colour is!

Schiavone: a great and broad colourist; a little coarse, but rich. Adam and Eve, with the Creator, designed by Bandinelli, and painted by Andrea del Minga—style of Michael Angelo. The Expulsion, by the same. A picture of a number of figures kneeling, by Titian, possesses the simplicity, as well as rich breakings of Titian.

Pitti Palace. (On returning homewards, without reference to former notes.) Saloon of Venus.

Cortona.—His frescoes are crystal-like.

Rubens.—A landscape, very green, and somewhat hard.

Rosselli.—The Triumph of David is bold and strong.

Titian.—This Marriage of St. Catherine; a duplicate in the Campidoglio.

Titian.—The Magdalene is red and hard.

Salvator.—A sea piece; not good, chalky, painted-like.

Rembrandt.—A philosopher of immense breadth and strength.

Saloon of Apollo.—The frescoes are washy.

Palma the Elder.—The supper at Emmaus, clear light and dark; bright as the Prodigal in the Borghese at Rome.

Cigoli: a Descent from the Cross; an imitation of Titian, and a mixture of Guido, Sarto and Perdenone.

Titian.—Portrait of Aretino, in a yellow crimson cloak; rich and deep.

Romano.—A copy of Raphael's Virgin, with the lizard.

Frati.—Descent from the Cross; contrasted with this Sarto appears grey; he has not the richness, clearness, nor tone.

Saloon of Mars.—There is great genius on the roof.

Guida Cagnacci: Mary Magdalen; strong firm art; dark; the figures are in the air. Cigoli: Ecce Homo, an imitation of the Venetian. Raphael's Leo X. This is probably Julio Romano's copy; the picture at Naples is less dark, and more brilliant. Vandyke: a portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio; broader and lighter than Vandyke in general. Rubens: the effects of war; almost like Cortona.

Carlo Dolci.—St. Peter weeping; bad; blue and yellow.

Titian.—Portrait of a young man: life and truth.

Raphael.—Called dell impannata; more like Romano.

Rubens.—Portraits, his brother, Lipsius, and Grotius; a very rich work.

Allori Bronzino.—Almost like Guercino.

Guido.—A Rebecca in his rather white style; some of the heads round.

Saloon of Jupiter.

Titian.—A Bacchanalian scene of doubtful authenticity.

Salvator.—The oath of Cataline; strong style; flesh bad.

Bartolomeo.—This St. Mark the largest work by him I have seen; bold, and great in design; very distinct in colour. The mode of painting is simple: on cloth thickly prepared; outlined with the pen; solid in the lights with white, and the shades also with dark colour in some parts; finished by glazing.

Salvator.—A battle, very rapid. A female portrait; his favourite face by Titian, is exquisite and wonderful in the finish, and, at the same time, ease of the hair, the execution of the blue and purple dress, the hands, indeed the whole. This must have been a dangerous face to look upon. Rubens, beside this, looks tinted.

Saloon of Saturn.

Vandyke.—Charles I. and his Queen; miniature-like.

Raphael.—Portrait of Julius II.; this is the first, that of the Ducale second.

Giorgione.—Nymph pursued by a Satyr; early style.

Schiavone.—Cain killing Abel; immensely strong, the form of the whole is severe; the sky, leaves, hills, &c.

Carlo Dolci.—St. Rose; wretched.

Giorgione.—Doubtful; thickly coloured, no cracking.

Andrea.—A beautiful Annunciation.

Raphael.—The Virgin enthroned; imitating Bartolomeo and Sarto; very slight. The Vision of Ezekiel is very sharp and finished; all bold and black; still the colour is fine. This is probably Raphael's grandest work, in spite of its small size.

Piombo.—St. Agatha; strong, coarse, but very severe.

Manner of Morone.—Such portraits as this are called Titian at Naples.

Titian.—Portrait of Hypolito de Medici; rich and simple.

Frate.—The Virgin enthroned; blackish; painted on wood.

Perugino.—The Infant adored by the Virgin, &c., is more like Raphael; or, if this is Perugino, and an early work, Raphael has derived the value of his heads of the Virgin from Perugino.

Titian.—Christ; very fine in character and execution.

Parmigiano.—The Virgin, called "du long col," original and absurd.

Sarto appears latterly to have painted slightly and rapidly—his works are many of them flimsy. The female in blue dress, by Titian, is worthy of being well remembered. The sleeves trimmed with white, the purple part being black and white glazed with lake, and touched with gold. The solidly painted blue dress, ornamented with gold; the chain; the gold tassels. The face, above all, I wish to remember: the grey shade of the cheek, tempered with vermilion; the neck cooler; the breast all one colour, the inflections being produced by the ground, which I think was a warm grey; the hair, and the glorious eyes. The simplicity of the whole; the slight degree of indistinctness throughout very different from either labour or looseness. This portrait, as a piece of straight onward work, producing a delightful impression, is the finest female portrait in the world.

Ducal Gallery. The Flora, by Titian, is all light, and thinly painted, possibly on both light and dark preparation of ground, as the parts required. At the joining of the hair with the brow there is the appearance of dark underneath, and on the hair evidently a white preparation has been used; the picture is perfectly admirable in colour, both strength and simplicity; the hair is terminated by ringlets falling over the breast, done by a glaze floated over the light of the skin.

Metzu here, in a picture of a woman playing on a guitar, is exquisite in method; and also Terburg, in a woman drinking, and a man leaning on a table, asleep. The lucidity and general breadth of tone in both is very excellent, and makes one respect these non-aspiring, self-satisfied

northerns. Mieris is inferior to both; his colour is brown, and wants the tone. Here is Rubens' bacchanalian scene again—it is in the manner of Spagnoletto—Silenus supported by Satyrs; a female back is light; the rest of the picture is in an under tone.

Bourdon.—A Holy Family somewhat in imitation of Poussin.

Philip Champagne.—A bold portrait.

Baccio Bandinelli.—A very good portrait.

Leonardo.—A front face; clear and light; possibly on a light ground.

Allesandro Allori.—A small Crucifixion, after Michael Angelo; he has known Correggio. Sodoma.—A St. Sebastian in a fine style. Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.—The author of two strong black, red, and white pictures here; very fine rich colour. Piombo.—A most splendid portrait; its strength is ponderous: painting rich, and touched with immense force; the colour floating. A sumptuous head by Giorgione; more light and dark, and broader in its parts than the other. Aurelio Luini here appears the author of the Florentine light manner. Benedetto da Rovezzano, a sculptor of early date, has some subjects here—the deaths of monks, martyrdoms, &c. There is a classic air about them, with individuality. Luca della Robbia is more strong and free; the Escape of Peter, musical trumpet players, and others, are really fine.

PERUGIA.

Perugino's works here display much of the best style of Raphael. In the finish of these frescoes there is attention and the degree of labour, which Raphael renounced only when he gave symptoms of deterioration.

These frescoes display in a degree the same thought

which is embodied in the Stanze of the Vatican; and in one or two instances Raphael has copied the idea, and even the position of individual figures. The heads are similar to Raphael's even at the last. The colour is rich, even *as colour* it is superior. In a church near the gate on entering on the road from Rome, there is a picture of Christ among the Doctors, similar in design to Leonardo's in the National Gallery, London; soft and clear in mode like Leonardo's, evidently of good quality, but placed beyond reach of examination; said to be by Perugino.

I like Perugino in Perugia, with all his warriors, philosophers, sibyls. He taught Raphael too to get works executed by pupils; the chapel of the Cambia being by them after his designs; its room or hall is by himself.

SIENA.

Cathedral. Pastorino is the painter of the lunette over the altar. The chapel, by Raphael and Pinturicchio, is admirable; a beautiful, youthful, and spirited emanation. Domenico Beccafumi was the designer of the frescoes on the altar; and the floor in grey and white marble. Here is an altar by Giovanni da Pisa. Here saw the first mosaic that deceived me—a copy from Maratti. Two statues by Bernini.

ROME.

The Vatican. The Loggie, with their stores of ornament, and three corridors. The upper corridor painted with terre incognite in abundance; owls in clouds, winds blowing, monsters wrecking ships, and other things curious enough. On another side is a series of allegorical designs, in which there is much poetry; among others, a Morning superior in

freshness to Guido; he must have seen this, and also another which is here.

The second corridor has a series of church histories in a flat Florentine style, with some good in them; they are late. The ceilings are rich, but they produce a minute effect. Opposite to Raphael's, in the quadrangle, is a series by a Florentine; the design often good, and colour fresh; the spaces between the windows, as in Raphael's Loggia, filled by figure grotesques.

The ceilings of Raphael are simple; the corners being painted either in figure grotesques or with angels, as in the two end divisions. The higher portions are against white, the next against yellow, the lower against blue, deep blue. Blue is also strong in the interspaces; it occurs also in the Cupid and Psyche; it is arbitrary, and merely architectonic.

Large Pictures of the Stanze. Heliodorus. Attilla. The difference between the colour of these and of Julio's Battle of Constantine is very marked. For dramatic mythos, or this theologic-dramatic, colour of these is as fine as any that exists. The Miracle of Bolsena has in some parts more individualising strength and greatness; in this it is like Titian.

The armour in St. Peter delivered from Prison is very real; a little more Venetian breadth would have lowered it, and perfected it at once, as mere colour.

The school of Athens is possibly the most perfect of the series. It is quieter both in design and colour than some of the others, but there is throughout strength in both respects; the tone of the whole is very mellow and subdued.

In his frescoes there is nothing of the hardness often felt in Raphael's oil pictures. The Dispute of the Sacrament is the most timid and the earliest of this series, but there is great unformed strength in the style of the heads, hands,

feet—of all of it indeed; and it is only when he comes into coincident sentiment with that of Perugino, in Angels and Saints, that the remains of ancient feebleness is strikingly visible.

In the school of Athens the drawing is in many parts very incorreet, sometimes poor, but often wrong. There is the strength of the master however thrown over the whole. Great part of the Incendio del Borgo, it appears to me, is not his painting. The Decapitation picture is not by him, scarcely even his in design.

On the roof of one of these chambers, Apollo flaying Marsyas is a counterpart to Adam and Eve. How does this consist with the idea of a connected whole? The truth is, Raphael's works here only illustrate theology by incidental dramatic scenes, or sometimes by expositions. They have no great or abstract unity complete and coherent. This is much more the case with Michael Angelo's epic work, but still it is not completely so; but even the Bible itself—a theologic whole, through the dramatic, epic, and all other forms—partakes of accident, and many foreign and exterior matters.

Parnassus is the poorest, the most timid picture of the whole; in effect it is likewise so. The gold behind the figures on the roof of this room has a rich effect; the divisions of the roof are white and gold. In the first room the backgrounds are blue. In the Sacrifice of Abraham the figures are light against strong colour.

BARBERINI PALACE.

The Fornarina by Raphael. The original picture, full of fidelity; the bare trueness of the hands, their defective paw-like attitude, and the same quality in the face—all is tran-

scribed. Fine eyes; she must have been a beautiful animal. "Raphael Urbinus" is painted on her bracelet. It is painted smooth, on a hard ground; the shades, as very usual with Raphael, clotted, the lights thin; the tint of the whole is brown.

Titian.—A Slave; broad in effect, but not very notable for colour beside Raphael. Lanfranco.—St. Cecilia, an irregular production, somewhat Venetian, a foot well painted, the cherubs behind good. Dürer.—Christ among the Doctors, an extraordinary work; here are the rudiments of amazing strength of design; very thinly painted on a light ground; in that respect different from the early masters of other schools. The figures of the doctors express distorted intellects; date 1506.

Two beautiful small landscapes; one by Claude, the other by Albano; the effect of Claude is very broad, divided into two, half sky and half ground; Albano's more blended.

Domenichino.—God reproving Adam; his best work I have seen; not large; his vigour is equal to this scale.

Fra. Francia.—A fine Madonna; the child white.

Albert Dürer.—A Madonna; the child with a glass globe in his hand; here the shades are clothed like the Italians.

Pygmalion, by Peruzzi, a Florentine.—Good.

Sarto.—A Holy Family resembling Correggio; broad, simple, and true.

Mengs.—St. Peter; bad; brown colour.

Guido.—Christ releasing Souls from Purgatory; black.

Farnesina Palace. In the upper rooms are worn out frescoes, green and light; a narrow line of pictures. All of them fine imaginative compositions, by Julio Romano and Raphael's pupils.

Alexander and Roxana, by Sodoma. A whole room by him. The style completely Raphaelesque. Are these anterior to Raphael? It cannot be; they are certainly in imitation of Raphael; there is good fancy in the whole.

Corsini Palace. A Holy Family I supposed by Sarto, I find to be by Bartolomeo. Somewhat like Correggio. Here is a dark Spanish Martyrdom picture; a very pithy, nervous picture; excellently real; a dark figure is all of one yellow-brown colour.

Caravaggio.—A woman and child meant for the Virgin; astonishing for individual truth. Albani.—Dark blue sky and dark ground; skin light; certainly peculiar. Baroccio.—Flimsy and pithless. Maratti.—A Virgin; black enough.

St. Jerome, by Titian.—Forcibly struck by the difference of colour here, and in the pictures round about. The same colour in different tones carried throughout the work, and contrasted with the strongest opposition diffused in the same way. The effect is mellow: there is only one piece of white drapery; the yellow sky bears out the tint of the flesh; here is red upon red. The pictures round look crude.

Valentino, a pupil of Caravaggio, is, like him, individual and strong.

Spagnoletto.—Here not so rich, but possibly more true.

L. Carracci.—A Pieta, very solemn, almost grand.

Guido.—Cupid asleep, very soft fine colour.

Polidoro.—His drawing reminds me here of Niobe.

Salvator's Prometheus, with the intestines exposed, is mean.

Titian.—Bacchanalian; the flesh perfectly luminous.

Luca Giordano.—Dead Adonis: a strong, dark style, simpler than his picture in Venice, and rich.

Raphael.—A school-boy imbecility of St. George and the Dragon.

Pandolfo.—A landscape after Salvator.

Titian.—The Woman taken in Adultery: before his style was formed: the shadows of the flesh painted hard, the hair minute, the drawing poor, but the colour rich, the drapery free.

Rubens.—St. Sebastian, graceful in design.

Garofolo.—Christ bearing the Cross, quiet design, with colour.

Luca Giordano.—A curious Christ among the Doctors, in style between the lower Venetians and the mannerists.

Rospigliosi Palace. Guido's Aurora. This is a splendid fresco. The variety of tone in it is greater than in any other fresco of this school, or indeed of any other. The Venetians are certainly not prominent in fresco. The Winds at either end are poetic.

L. Carracci has an enormous picture here, seemingly an early work, very little Domenichino in colour and handling; the design is poor, and in many parts stiff, often feeble.

Domenichino.—Two great pictures: Adam and Eve, and the Triumph of David. They are black, but very strong and substantial; the Adam and Eve in Paradise, in particular: the animals are powerful, the figures are his best.

Rubens always appears, in comparison with others in these Italian galleries, patchy, brown, and crude, particularly in the flesh. Some of his pictures are, however, exceptions to this, as Christ and the Doctors, in the Pitti Palace.

Guido.—The Andromeda, tender in colour, in his washy style; here he is light, but not worthless. Here is a portrait of Guido, said to be by himself; I consider it by Vandyke.

Poussin.—Bacchus, leaning on a wine-flask and a cor-

nucopia, is very fine. Poussin is happy in his bacchanal scenes, he seems to enjoy them; his histories are often told without being felt.

Carlo Cignani.—A picture of Charity, sharp and strong, rich colour, almost like a Spanish work.

Cammuccini's collection, (brother of the painter.)—Garafolo.—Virgin and Child. Portrait of Benedict, by Titian; the combination of stern reality and execution is astonishing; the finest male portrait I have seen.

Mazzolino.—This old Venetian has more than any other the colour and style, the drapery, and even the character, of the heads of Titian; the date on this picture is 1527.

Church St. John Lateran. Giotto.—A fresco of Boniface VIII., dated 1300. The most picture-like of his productions: the colour is rich, and the execution not so painfully laboured as in general; three figures in the picture, the pope and two priests.

Doria Palace. Titian.—A Holy Family, on a hard ground: surface colour, and not good.

Filippo Lauri.—The Repose in Egypt: noteworthy.

Rembrandt.—An Old Saint, said to be by him.

Carracci.—A picture of simple design, and solemn effect.

Titian.—His portrait, and his Abraham's Sacrifice.

St. Jerome, by Spagnoletto: vast individuality. He is a man of great force of purpose: unmodified strength within a narrow range, compared to the greatest.

Church San Jesu. In the sacristy is a roof like Guercino in effect, painted in the studied manner of Vasari: the subject is a saint dying. He is in a black dress against a blue and black sky. The ceilings of the altars are by Salviati or Vasari; they are comparatively good. The roof of the church is more modern, by Pozzo; it is bad, but, in a certain

way, well done; the rolling of the clouds down upon the walls is potently effected: the whole is magnificent, but confused. There are two good pictures in the sacristy of Gregory XV. and Cardinal Ludovici.

Church San Luigi de' Francesi. Domenichino is in force here at various altars. He appeared white in the flesh, but simple and expressive; the church, however, is so badly lighted there is no seeing the pictures.

Colonna Palace. Romano.—A Madonna, in a red and yellow dress.

Castiglione.—Strong and well-toned, armour and cloth.

Albani.—Two harmonious and very fine landscapes. Europa, by him, not good.

Tintoretto.—An old man playing an organ: the sun rising. This is a portrait on a dark ground, the shades are the black left.

Sarto.—His eternal subject—the Holy Family.

Annibale Carracci.—A peasant feeding on snails.

Paris Bordoni.—The rich and strongest work I have seen by him: the Holy Family in the Desert—very dark and very rich, like Titian or Giorgione in parts.

Vasari.—The best I have seen by him: a Nativity.

Holbein.—A very fine portrait.

Veronese.—A fine portrait; the finest I have seen by him.

Sacchi.—Cain, running wildly away, might have been very grand: the style of the other figure does not quite keep up with that of Cain.

Gaspar Poussin.—Rich in landscapes, painted in distemper.

Breugel and Paul Brill good in their little way.

Borghese Palace. The Release of Peter, by Mola; the design without dignity or appropriateness; the execution

bold, full, and free. The Danæ of Correggio is painted exactly in the mode of the Parma picture of the Repose in Egypt; it has not the fulness and boldness of the St. Jerome; the flesh has a grey feebleness, all the parts have indeed; the yellow cloud is a good idea.

The Madonna, S. Anna, and infant Christ trampling on the Serpent, by Caravaggio, is a very disagreeable, black, low production. Garofolo.—Madonna with St. Michael, very studied and careful: resembles Raphael. Lanfranco.—A picture of Polyphemus, called "La tavola di Lucilla," in a very bold style.

Albani Palace. Here is a roof by Mengs, the subject, Apollo and the Muses. This is the studied work of a learned man in art, but one who lived in an age when criticism, armed at all points, requires the painter to be the same; thus his works are apt to become tame by attempting too much. Mengs is good both in drawing and colour; the effect is appropriate, but still the whole is without effect on the mind of the spectator; the work wants depth of gusto. This performance by Mengs is far superior to the Cortona school; it is much before the more modern studied works of the Italians.

Colonna Palace. Giorgione.—A portrait, grand in attitude. Moretto.—A good Lombard portrait, much like Titian.

Claude.—In this picture the trees and sky, the sky and clouds blend; the trees are often thin over the sky; clouds, sky, and distance solid. Albani.—An Ecce Homo, very soft. Mola.—Rebecca, in a dark, good, solemn tone. Rubens.—An early picture: an equestrian portrait: tame. Poussin.—A remarkable picture by him: Love flies like his own arrow, a female is prostrate. This is a kind of imitation of Titian—Poussin was "afraid of becoming a colourist."

Salvator.—St. John and another picture, both in a poor

style of execution. Tintoretto. — Two fresh portraits; in the background of one is a vine-walk; also, a Narcissus, by him, very fine in the landscape. Lucas Cranach. A Temptation of St. Anthony, a fearful mixture of man, rock, and monster. Vasari.—Sleep and Night; and two by Salviati; here there seems to have been modern drapery put upon the naked.

Church of the Capuchins. Guido Reni's Michael and Satan is a pompous, unmeaning affair. Sacchi.—A Virgin in clouds, with saints, &c., painted with a light, free gusto in colour, belonging to the material Venetians. Cortona.—Paul opening the eyes of the Centurion: individual in colour: in this picture there is much nature, and that often after a mode of his own; the design is in his own curious manner. Domenichino's fresco here, of St. Francis dying, is most excellent, also an oil painting of the same, but not to be compared to the fresco.

Borghese Palace. The Deposition, by Garofolo, is in a grand, I may almost say the grandest style. The design is studied; the effect is dark without blackness: the colour is greatly the result of labour—it has strength and breadth. In a small picture of the Marriage at Cana he has no method.

Spagnoletto.—St. Peter, hard, brown, and dry. Head of a Prophet, by the Carracci, an imitation of Correggio: sweeping and great. Domenichino's Diana is really fine. colour, design, drawing—everything. But still it is shortcoming: the knees and the noses are tinted. Veronese sometimes worked on a dark ground, and used his colours very dry. He painted a mass of drapery nearly all one tint, then thinly toned it with colour and oil, or turpentine only; afterwards touched in the dark and the lightest folds with sharp colour.

The famous Titian of Venus binding the Eyes of Cupid is on a very rough cloth—dashily and slightly painted at once; broad and brown; it is truly careless sweeping work.

Petrarch.—A very early portrait.

Sacchi.—A felicitous portrait by him.

Pordenone.—His Family: dry, and very real.

Albani.—Four circular pictures, among his best.

Caravaggio.—A Child Trampling on a Serpent, dry in style; different from his picture in the Vatican. The pictures of his school are very unequal; their mode is sometimes illusive, at others dry and merely surface. Rubens is always raw, red, and crude, in the neighbourhood of the Venetians. In his picture here, the Presentation of the Virgin, the design is powerful, but a cock and hen is the best piece of the colour. In my observations in these notes, I confine myself to the *material* and technics. Such was my subject of investigation, and I felt little else to study in the great mass of these pictures, in connection with the vocation of a modern artist, as regards ideas and sentiment, expression or meaning. For these characteristics I trusted to memory in the finer distinctions; and, in a broader classification, had already come to understand how they ought to be placed.

Doria Palace.—Filippo d'Angeli: landscapes in *tempera*.

Gaspar Poussin.—Splendid, with great breadth.

Cartiglione.—A Hunting-piece: strong painting, but of a disagreeable gusto: an obscurist, an imitator of Caravaggio. Here are bad Bassanos. Mere workmen, both the family and the followers. Spagnoletto.—Hagar and Ishmael; a work of genius, without any propriety of treatment: the dark dress of the mother against the wild sky, fine; the dying boy amazingly true. The intention in the expression is good.

Rubens.—Endymion, in imitation of Caravaggio.

Salvator. — Cain and Abel, and another, simple and greater in style.

D'Arpino.—The Doria Barge: ponderous colour; imitative of Giorgione.

Caravaggio.—Vulgar.

Spagnoletto.—A fearful St. Jerome.

Claude.—A piece of reality called the Mill. This is the finest Claude I have seen: it is not paint, but sky, hill, and tree: it has more strength and truth than any other Claude I have seen. Annibale Carracci.—Two landscapes below the Claudes are wretched: they are only called landscapes, but are merely paint.

Caravaggio.—In a new shape, light and dry. Andrea Mantegna.—Two wild-looking subjects: the costume is like German. The imitators of the Neapolitan style of Caravaggio and Spagnoletto, are very numerous.

Two small Claudes are hard and weakly painted in the lights; the shades are not sharp. Caravaggio.—A Girl; very modern looking. Padovanino.—A Dead Christ; strong and true; a union of the Carracci with a good deal of Venetian quality. Here is a portrait of the Queen of Naples, said to be by Leonardo.

Borghese Palace, in the Country. The Jacob More here is a poor raw performance; it is in the same room with the David by Bernini. The Council of the Gods by Lanfranco is an inane production, but lightly coloured. The cariatidæ and the whole roof, pleasant and light. These figures are in black-grey: they are more made out than the green of Annibale Carracci. The Triumph of Bacchus, by Poussin, is the most toned production he has left; it is without particular effect, but the colour is fresh.

Villa Massimi. Here are the rooms painted by the German

artists of the present school. Schnorr.—Subjects from Ariosto.

Koch.—From the Inferno of Dante.

Ph. Veit.—A roof from the Paradiso.

Overbeck.—From Tasso. Entire room, very good and true.

Academy of St. Luke. Here are two landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, deep and strong. Mola.—A fine Old Woman's Head. Bronzino is like Sarto in breadth of colour here in a picture of St. Andrino.

St. Luke painting the Virgin, by Raphael, is in his finest colour: the naked is broad in design: the heads are as essential and massy as Titian; the flesh is excellent in colour, the draperies good. This is not an early work—I should think it belongs to the period of the Cartoons, and the Massacre of the Innocents, after he had passed from his first clear and open method, through the heavy or dingy style of treatment exemplified in the St. Cecilia and St. John. Here there is nothing of that style—all is firm, rich, and open. The design is in his fullest and most urbane sentiment.

Titian.—Christ and a Pharisee: amazing strength in the latter. Albani.—A Virgin, very feeble. He was scarcely a painter; at least not one to rank with Guido, the Carracci, and others with whom he is associated. By intercourse with art, and such men as these, he effected some pictures which have been too much praised. He is a composite painter, of a productive class, made up like the mass of artists of the present time.

Spagnuolo.—A good group of sculpture by him. Harlow's picture is quite the English production. The effect broad but scumbly; it has too much artificiality. Titian.—St. Jerome, the flesh of the saint nearly all one tint; drapery red, ground light. Here is a little picture by Camuccini:

it is pretty; and a portrait of Kauffman, like the painting of Reynolds. A Vestal, by a Neapolitan, striking. Salvator.—A small picture of a long-bearded saint. Guido.—Cupid taking an Arrow from a Dove; and a Madonna by him, sharply painted: the chin and the eye are fine.

Ch. St. Andrea della Valle. Frescoes by Domenichino: the figures of the Evangelists on the dome are a compound of Michael Angelo and Correggio—of the former in form of design; of the latter in style of drawing and tone of colour, which is strong, open, and massy. They may be said to be very entire works: they are among the most perfected of a middle class I have seen. Domenichino was a hard-labouring artist: it must have been to him, as it is to those who look upon his works, an effort to arrive at their beauties: there is no innateness, no impulse in the sentiment. In these works, which are his finest, and which are certainly great, he arrives at a mediocre and earthy transcendentalism, totally different from the super-sensuous transcendency of the impression produced by the works in the Sistine Chapel. These last, to be rightly judged, must be taken as a whole.

Here I observed an effective instance of a broad piece of demi-tone, in a group of children, all in shade, contrasted with two figures above, all in light. The ground behind the Evangelists is all light grey.

The frescoes below, round the altar, are by an imitator of Domenichino. Considering Domenichino as an artist who went out of himself, one who raised the character of his works by reference to those of others, and to nature in a certain way, he is the most assiduous, and one of the greatest painters. In considering him in this particular view, the question arises, whether the whole of his power did not arise from the extrinsic, without any interior vitality or strength? This I would affirm, that he rather heard and

learned from others what was great, than felt it. The older masters, even before the great heads of the schools, had each a marked predisposition which they united to the imitation of nature; but Domenichino, in his idea of the study of nature, follows others, and copies them, although only in those respects that have been pronounced good.

NAPLES.

Second visit to the Pompeii pictures. In my first slight look at these, I mistook their mode of execution—they are in general so smeared with modern varnish. I observe that, like distemper colour, they have been apt to rub off. The colour is solid above the plaster, which is not incorporated or tinged by the colour. A ground is spread—it is often red, dark green, amber, black, &c., seemingly according to whim, or the workman's idea of harmony—and the figures, small birds, flowers, fruit, &c., simply painted over it. If these figures are large, and the back-ground dependent on their shape, they are each done independently of the other —the figures first. In regard to perspective, they are in the position of the Chinese—they observed its effects, but had no principles, and could not understand or draw from nature.

The plunging dexterity, and the grace of some of these productions, is beautiful. In some there is a unity of form or character even to the finger-ends, while at the same time they are mere mechanical productions. The rapidity of execution makes them mannered and worthless. There is, however, no effort, but great mastery—the result of a long apprenticeship. These are the slight productions of their time, but in various instances are the work of great ability. The compositions are at times full and studied,

also the draperies; and objects are introduced with the greatest rapidity in the most complicated way. But such pieces are few in number; the majority are worthless, judged by any standard; and the good instances can only be accounted for, in their strange mixture of good and bad, by supposing them copies by inferior hands of fine works.

The principle they follow is not that of literal imitation of nature, it is representative by general sentiment. In this they pursue the same course as the sculpture of the ancients. In the poorer works the attempted dexterity becomes affectation; and this dexterity seems the sole aim. In almost all the large works there is feebleness: china painting; there is not the character of great works in any respect in them.

The effect is always produced by the colour of the object: the composition has a good deal of the bas-relief. The pictures present a fund of materials, in ornament, &c., of the ancients; red and gold appears often employed in interiors. The Pompeian decorative painting itself is barbarous, and without principles.

The collection of vases, dishes, armour, instruments, &c., &c., makes us acquainted with even the household manners of the ancients. Were a modern town in Italy to meet the like fate, its exhumation would present a very different spectacle in all that relates to taste. Every *form* here is of a superior order.

It seems to me that there is something in common between the material used in coating and painting their vases, and that used on the walls. Both appear to have been applied when hot.

Fauns Dancing, and Satyrs ridden by Fauns: on black grounds: effective. Medea contemplating the Death of her Children, one of the best in thought of the Pompeian pictures. It is throughout almost one colour, having been originally

considerably so, and now changed by heat. Paris, with a dog beside him, a female descending, and two others behind, has been a good picture. It is deeper, more finished, and less touchy. The colours of the draperies dark, the background light; the style of drawing is also more round than in these pictures in general: it is much destroyed. A large picture of Hercules, now all of a brown colour, is rather a poor production: it is not sufficiently large in style for its size; it seems painted by one accustomed to minute small work: the remarkable sharpness of the material employed is here instanced. The Toilet is beautiful, and another picture—Three Females in Conversation; these two are by far the best pictures of all these remains; a good deal of white in them.

The Concert, No. 314, possesses beauty with dexterity; composition and style in drapery and the nude. Nos. 319-20-21-22 may be all by the same hand, but are not so distinctly done; they are airy in design. Also No. 388, of three figures called Venus, Pallas, and Juno: very fine. Briseis, taken from Achilles: the bold eyes strike one, but this seems to have been a common expression.

Nos. 665 and 67.—Ceremonies of Isis, or of Osiris. Here are figures of three colours—some fair, others black, and others brown; these last are few, and may be servants. Observe parts which may have been originally yellow, as helmets, &c., are now a dark brown.

Achilles discovered by Ulysses is very fine in design.

Gallery, Studi: Naples. Lanfranco imitated Domenichino at times; Domenichino never Lanfranco. The school of the Carracci is bad, often mean, and at the same time vacant. It came after the best; perhaps felt that, and attempted to gain something else. Annibale has much strength of gusto, and also Ludovico; yes, truly. Here is a Saint, by

Agostino, more true, correct, and learned, than either of the others, but the work has no elevated relation.

Lionello Spada—A grey brown imitation of the Obscurists. Guido here is finely toned; his colour seems to have changed a little. Here are two pictures, by Parmigianino (Mazzuoli), which may be called monstrosities. In displaying his knowledge, he shows how small it is: no true anatomy: poverty attempting great style: these might be the work of a boy, and probably were so: they should have been destroyed.

Niccolo dell Abate.—The Virgin with an Angel, &c., very deep, strong, and true, of the Leonardo gusto, but richer in the draperies. This is very carefully finished, the foreground, distance, and other parts. This picture is exquisite in its style, which is possibly the noblest for high dramatic works. Here is none of the halting with all the care of a studious mind: the shades are thick, but no part is clotted: done at a time when that mode seen in Raphael was dying out: all is sharply and smoothly done, and thin in colour. Another picture, by Abate, an imitation of Titian and Veronese: dark and heavy; the draperies heavy like the late Venetians. What a fall is here! the picture of the Virgin must have been an imitation too.

Parmigiano. — Hard, laboured, and little: subject, Lucretia: afterwards it appears he had imitated Correggio.

Luini.—A fine St. John.

Cesare da Sesto.—A large Adoration of the Magi: all well drawn, both Michael Angelo and Raphael seemingly assisting the style. Its grey tone, with the reds, blues, and browns, is worthy of remembrance: the flesh very much one grey-sand hue: all the making out is excellent. The antique hardness seems somewhat affected, but I find the same in another large picture of the Virgin, seated with two

cherubim, and more breadth, by means of large masses of dark drapery. This first picture is a grand production, combining light with the strength of dark: the contrasts of nature are strictly followed. I am here strengthened in my resolutions respecting certain treatments of effect.

Bernardino Campi.—A disgusting style.

Parmigiano.—An Annunciation; fine inventive genius.

Schidone.—A good painter, but black and disagreeable.

Correggio.—Some huge studies, and a Virgin and Christ very interesting, having been prepared in water colours, on a canvass, without a ground, this colouring being nearly what he intended it to be, when finished. Where the shadows were to come in, some parts the canvass scarcely touched; in others, as in the darks below the eyes, the threads quite filled up. It is all relatively produced: the effect is that of a sketch.

Dosso Dossi: a capital old fellow: rich and deep, of the school of Mantegna; in this Murder of the Innocents he is odd-looking enough, but in a female saint, simply clad, deep and grand: intense red, purple, black, and yellow. Here is a copy of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, by Venusti, most ably done: being small, it does not reach the full extent of expression, but it is very valuable. The Father and Holy Ghost are placed above the figure of Christ.

Fra. Bartolomeo.—The author of the style of Sarto, and the instructor of Raphael, if not also of Michael Angelo. Garofolo.—A Descent from the Cross, as in the Borghese at Rome, very grand art: the bearing of these two pictures, and their expression, is most worthy of remembrance: here he appears the most elevated of Raphael's followers. Polidoro, in his oil pictures, expresses a very distinct character. Raphael himself is here most noble in portraiture.

Titian.—A portrait of a young man, a direct and identical copy of his sitter: the dress blue, cold, and without full colour. Correggio.—Hagar in the Desert, painted in a thick broken style, the shades clotted; crumpled appearance of undried colours: much here that constituted the mannerists—facile, softening, and blending. Annibale Carracci, in the Choice of Hercules, is brown and dry beside Correggio. Sebastian del Piombo.—On a ground nearly black, of a cold grey-blue colour, almost as smooth as glass, spread with a palette knife on the wood.

Titian.—Portrait of Paul II., of which I have seen copies. Camuccini of Rome has a small one, seems painted on a light hardish ground; the breadth and tone preserved, but the whole awanting in the richness of his more prepared works: this head is a perfect art-reality.

Agostino Carracci.—Here is thought; splendid colour: a ruddy Rinaldo, dressed in red, Armida pale above: the background simple green.

Raphael here shows the large measure of his power in diverse directions: no portraits are superior to his—Titian alone disputes with him. A beautiful romantic head, with helmet and mace behind it. Cardinal Passermi, Cav. Tibaldeo, and Leo X., with two attendants, are splendid proofs of his ability. The colour of the picture of Cardinal Passermi may class with the finest ever painted; its reality and circumstantiality: the draperies, bell, book, &c., in Leo, are not surpassed by the most perfect instances of the material imitators.

Spagnoletto.—His imitation is unelevated, but truly stupendous in force. On dark soft grounds, his lights forced out with pulpy colour peculiar to himself, and seen sometimes in Caravaggio. The strength or simplicity of his design is equal to his execution, but coarse to the last

degree. His Silenus here makes Titian's Magdalene near it appear dirty and tame. This Magdalene is more finished than that in Venice. The expression is of an individual sort, somewhat disagreeable, the face a little out of drawing. The sweep of Spagnoletto's pencil on the flesh is expressive; it softens away in the shades. The shades of the white drapery are effected by the dark ground in a great measure.

M. A. Caravaggio.—Judith cutting off the Head of Holofernes is brown, coarse, and infernally ugly. Christ bearing the Cross, by Polidoro. Caravaggio is more shattered and picturesque than I should have expected from Polidoro: colour broken, rich, deep, and full, a freely executed work; no imitation of Raphael in it: red, and the peculiar dark asphaltum-like brown predominates, with yellow grey. Parmigiano is unfortunate in having perpetrated some boyish productions collected here.

An unfinished Titian of Paul II., begun perhaps on a soft ground, but seemingly intended to have been finished by the ordinary process of oil. Here is a Parmigiano in water colours: if it is a preparation for further painting, it is very much finished; most probably little more was intended to be done than to oil over. The shadows in parts prepared thin, in others covered up opaquely. Polidoro Caravaggio.—Six works in oil, all in the same dark, rich style; three large, three small: these confirm me in changing my opinion of his style formed from his frescoes.

Raphael.—The Madonna: a most beautiful face, no one but himself ever painted this Madonna beauty: Correggio, in his own Madonna, is the only painter that rivals this, but on a different ground, a face of physical lustiness.

Titian.—Erasmus; and a Boy blowing a Match, by Spagnoletto, are both things to remember.

Church of S. Paul. Here are two pictures by Solimene,

in the most wretched style of the mannerists. Here is a roof, by Masini, grey, green, and bad. Another by Vasari, an immense work: the Apostles, two and two, the Martyrdom of St. Peter, and other matter. Here is a rather good statue of the Virgin, by Luca Napolitano.

Church San Filippo Neri. Four Evangelists, by Mazzanti, imitation of Domenichino. Figures of David and others, by Solimene, are vapid. Two small works in the Chapel of S. Filippo, by Cavallino, after Caravaggio, are very good. Bernardo Siciliano, of the same school: two pictures; this school is always strong. Luca Giordano is a genius in his way: the breadth of reds and yellows is marked.

St. George, by Gandolfi; a spirited work.

Luca.—The Money Changers; a huge affair.

In Ch. St. Peter and Paul. A very fine deep-thoughted work, by Marco, of Siena: a large work of the two saints meeting as they go to their death; colour rich, shades deep. Below this picture a Madonna and Angels, by Zucchero, the best of the yellow and green Florentine sort.

The Danæ of Titian seems to have been painted almost in water colour, but again there is much shrinking, which only takes place in oil painting. It may have been solid in oil, and glazed while wet. (There is a method, I have found since, which includes and reconciles these appearances.) The practice of Titian undoubtedly varied. After all, the superiority of Titian over Raphael and others in colour consists greatly in the method,—he is not essentially superior in colour to Raphael, or in the perception of the use of colour. This method is only shown in a few

examples in its entireness and efficacy. A few only of his pictures are to be preferred to those of the best Roman masters. The chief of these are, the Assumption, the Florentine Venus, the Entombment, the St. Peter Martyr, and Christ crowned with Thorns..

Gallery. Canaletto.—Here are twelve of his finest works, painted with a most daring facility: Bonnington imitated Canaletto; Prout is like him. There is [illegible] cracking; they appear to be on a hard ground. Great sharpness in the lines of the pillars, windows, &c.; ropes done with one stroke.

In the great room a Satyr and Nymph, by Annibale Carracci: an attempt at the colour of Titian, but it is brown and somewhat dirty.

In the other gallery. Calabrese, a black and white coarse painter, but possessed of genius: subject, the Devil falling before Christ.

Salvator.—Three figure frescoes; clever, but black: a battle, wherein the figures are rather small, is the best, this size not being beyond his power. An old Hermit in a Hood, by him also; here his ability fully appears, small in size, dashing in execution.

Cav. d'Arpino.—One of the trashy imitators.

Caravaggio.—St. Sebastian: light true colour.

Marco of Siena.—A large and a small work; Florentine mode.

Pontormo.—Much like Sarto.

Rubens.—Christ bearing the Cross: looks like a picture painted in Naples from the colour of some of the figures. the effect that of the obscurists. If the heads attributed to Vandyke here are really his, he painted poorly and hardly at times. Here is an old Dutch picture of much finish, on unprepared cloth, in water colour, Brugel MDLXVIII. com-

fully marked in the corner; the subject is the Blind leading the Blind. Observed here, among other copyists, a poor fellow making a laboured imitation of the handle of a sword.

Gallery of Sculpture. (The notes on this gallery were lost.) Church of St. Dominico. Here is a Titian; a Flagellation, by Caravaggio; and a Glory, by Solimene; and in the Church of St. Maria Nuova, the Annunciation, by Santafede; a Crucifixion, by Marco da Siena; and above the organ are children, painted by Giordano at nine years of age.

THE END.

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